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CHICAGO: HALF FREE AND FIGHTING ON

BY

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AUTHOR OF "PHILADELPHIA: CORRUPT AND CONTENTED," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS

EVER since these articles on municipal corruption have been appearing, readers of them have been asking what they were to do about it all. As if I knew; as if "we" knew; as if there were any one way to deal with this problem in all places under any circumstances. There isn't, and if I had gone around with a ready-made reform scheme in the back of my head, it would have served only to keep me from seeing straight the facts that would not support my theory. The only editorial scheme we had was to study a few choice examples of bad city government and tell how the bad was accomplished, then seek out, here and abroad, some typical good governments and explain how the good was done;—not how to do it, mind you, but how it had been done. The bad government series is not yet complete, but since so many good men apparently want to go to work right off, it was decided to pause for an instance on the reform side. I have chosen the best I have found. Political grafters have been cheerful enough to tell me they have "got a lot of pointers" from the corruption articles. I trust the reformers will pick up some "pointers" from—Chicago.

Yes, Chicago. First in violence, deepest in dirt; loud, lawless, unlovely, ill-smelling, irreverent, new; an overgrown gawk of a village, the "tough" among cities, a spectacle for the nations;—I give Chicago no quarter and Chicago asks for none. "Good," they cheer, when you find fault; "give us the gaff. We deserve it and it does us good." They do deserve it. Lying low beside a great lake of pure, cold water, the city has neither enough nor good enough water. With the ingenuity and will to turn their sewer, the Chicago River, and make it run backwards and upwards out of the Lake, the city can not solve the smoke nuisance. With resources for a magnificent system of public parking, it is too poor to pave and clean the streets. They can balance high buildings on rafts floating in mud, but they can't quench the stench of the stockyards. The enterprise which carried through a World's Fair to a world's triumph is satisfied with two thousand five hundred policemen for two million inhabitants and one hundred and ninety-six square miles of territory, a force so insufficient (and inefficient) that it cannot protect itself, to say nothing of handling mobs, riotous strikers, and the rest of that lawlessness which disgraces Chicago. Though the city has an extra-legal system of controlling vice and crime, which is so effective that the Mayor has been able to stop any practices against which he has turned his face—the "panel game," the "hat game," "wine rooms," "safe blowing;"—though gambling is

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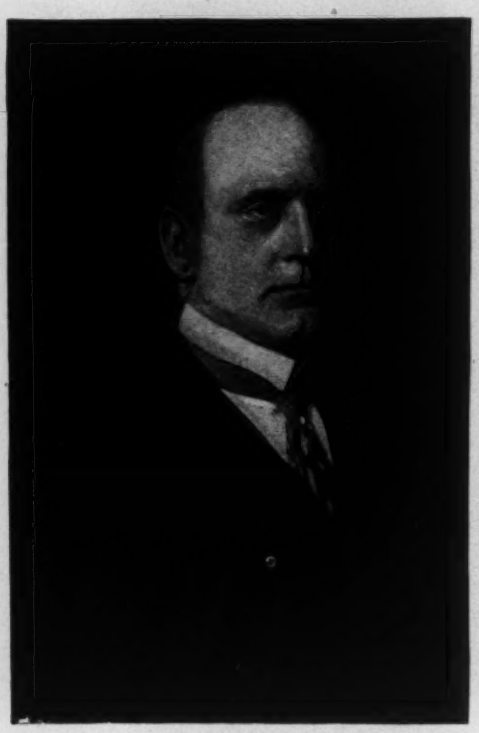
limited, regulated, and fair, and prostitution orderly; though, in short — through the power of certain political and criminal leaders — the Mayor has been able to make Chicago, criminally speaking, "honest" — burglary and cruel hold-ups are tolerated. As government, all this is preposterous.

But I do not cite Chicago as an example of good municipal government, nor yet of good American municipal government; New York has, for the moment, a much better administration. But neither is Chicago a good example of bad government. There is grafting there, but after St. Louis it seems petty and after Philadelphia most unprofessional. Chicago is interesting for the things it has "fixed." What is wrong there is ridiculous. Politically and morally speaking, Chicago should be celebrated among American cities for reform, real reform, not moral fits and political uprisings, not reform waves that wash the "best people" into office to make fools of themselves and subside leaving the machine stronger than ever — none of these aristocratic disappointments of popular government — but reform that reforms, slow, sure, political, democratic reform, by the people, for the people. That is what Chicago has. It has found a way. I don't know that it is *the* way. All that I am sure of is that Chicago has something to teach every city and town in the country — including Chicago.



JOHN MAYNARD HARLAN

Reform orator; the man who, as alderman and as independent candidate for Mayor, made the proper compensation for public franchises the leading issue of the local politics of his city.

For Chicago is reformed only in spots. A political map of the city would show a central circle of white with a few white dots and dashes on a background of black, gray, and yellow. But the city once was pretty solid black. Criminally it was wide-open; commercially it was brazen; socially it was thoughtless and raw; it was a settlement of individuals and groups and interests with no common city sense and no political conscience. Everybody was for himself, none was for Chicago. There were political parties, but the organizations were controlled by rings, which in turn were parts of State rings, which in turn were backed and used by leading business interests through which this corrupt and corrupting system reached with its ramifications far and high and low into the social organization. The grafting was miscellaneous and very general; but the most open corruption was that which centered in the City Council. It never was well organized and orderly. The aldermen had "combines," leaders, and prices, but, a lot of good-natured honest thieves, they were independent of party bosses and "the organizations," which were busy at their own graft. They were so unbusiness-like that business men went into the City Council to reduce the festival of blackmail to decent and systematic bribery. These men helped matters some, but the happy-go-lucky spirit persisted until the advent of Charles T. Yerkes from Philadelphia, who, with his large experience of Pennsylvania methods, first made boodling a serious business. He had to go right into politics himself to get anything done. But he did get things done. The aldermanic combine was fast selling out the city to its "best citizens," when some decent men spoke up and called upon the people to stop it, the people who alone can stop such things.

And the people of Chicago stopped it; they have beaten boodling. That is about all they have done so far, but that is about all they have tried deliberately and systematically to do, and the way they have

Photograph by Dyer, Chicago

GEORGE E. COLE

Called "Old King Cole"; the man who blazed the way of reform in Chicago.

done that proves that they can do anything they set out to do. They worry about the rest; half free they are not half satisfied and not half done. But boodling, with its backing of "big men" and "big interests," is the hardest evil a democracy has to fight, and a people who can beat it can beat anything.

Every community, city, town, village, State — the United States itself — has a certain number of men who are willing, if it doesn't cost anything, to vote right. They don't want to "hurt their business"; they "can't afford the time to go to the primaries"; they don't care to think much. But they will vote. This may not be much, but it is enough. All that this independent, non-partizan vote wants is leadership, and that is what the Chicago reformers furnished.

Photograph by Cox, Chicago

WILLIAM KENT

The wealthy young reformer, who is always ready to do the things nobody else wants to do; president and politician of the League in the middle — the reactionary — period.

They had no such definite idea when they began. They had no theory at all — nothing but wrath, experience, common Chicago sense, and newspapers ready to back reform, not for the news, but for the common good. Theories they had tried; and exposures, celebrated trials, even some convictions of boodlers. They had gone in for a civil service reform law, and, by the way, they got a good one, probably the best in any city in the country. But exposés are good only for one election; court trials may punish individuals, but even convictions do not break up a corrupt system; and a "reform law" without reform citizenship is like a ship without a crew. With all their "reforms," bad government persisted. There was that bear garden — the City Council; something ought to be done to that. Men like William Kent, John H. Hamline, W. R. Manierre, A. W. Maltby, and James R. Mann had gone in there from their "respectable" wards, and their presence proved that they could get there; their speeches were public protests, and their votes, "no," "no," "no," were plain indicators of wrong. But all this was not enough. The Civic Federation, a respectable but inefficient universal reforming association, met without plans in 1895. It called together two hundred representative men, with Lyman J. Gage at their head, "to do something." The two hundred appointed a committee of fifteen to "find something to do." One of the fifteen drew forth a fully drawn plan for a new municipal party, the old, old scheme. "That won't do," said Edwin Burritt Smith to Mr. Gage, who sat beside him. "No, that won't do," said Gage. But they didn't know what to do. To gain time Mr. Smith moved a sub-committee. The sub-committee reported back to the fifteen, the fifteen to the two hundred. And so, as Mr. Smith said, they "fumbled."

But notice what they didn't do. Fumblers as they were, they didn't talk of more exposures. "Heavens, we know enough," said one. They didn't go to the Legislature for a new charter. They needed one, they need one to-day, and badly, too, but the men who didn't know what, but did know what not to do, wouldn't let them commit the folly of asking one corrupt legislature to legislate another corrupt legislature out of existence. And they didn't wait till the next mayoralty election to elect a "business Mayor" who should give them good government.

They were bound to accept the situation just as it was — the laws, the conditions, the political circumstances, all exactly as they were — and, just as a politician would, go into the next fight whatever it was and fight. All they needed was a fighter. So it was moved to find a man, one man, and let this man find eight other men, who should organize the "Municipal Voters' League." There were no instructions; the very name was chosen because it meant nothing and might mean anything.

But the man! That was the problem. There were men, a few, but the one man is always hard to find. There was William Kent, rich, young, afraid of nothing and

always ready, but he was an alderman, and the wise ones declared that the Nine must not only be disinterested, but must appear so. William Kent wouldn't do. Others were suggested; none that would do.

"How about George E. Cole?"

"Just the man," said Mr. Gage, and all knew the thought was an inspiration.

George E. Cole described himself to me as a "second-class business man." Standing about five feet high, he knows he is no taller; but he knows that that is tall enough. Cole is a fighter. Nobody discovered it, perhaps, till he was past his fiftieth year. Then one Martin B. Madden found it out. Madden, a prominent citizen, president of the Western Stone Company, and a man of tremendous political power, was one of the business men who went into the Council to bring order out of the chaos of corruption. He was a Yerkes leader. Madden lived in Cole's ward. His house was in sight of Cole's house. "The sight of it made me hot," said Cole, "for I knew what it represented." Cole had set out to defeat Madden, and he made a campaign which attracted the attention of the whole town. Madden was reëlected, but Cole had proved himself, and that was what made Lyman J. Gage say that Cole was "just the man."

WALTER L. FISHER

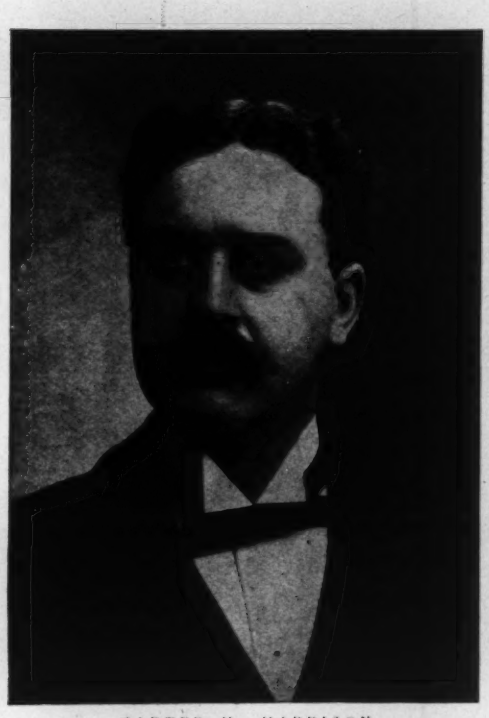
Reform boss; present secretary of the Municipal Voters' League, and a natural politician.

"You come to me as a Hobson's choice," said Mr. Cole to the committee, "as a sort of forlorn hope. All right," he added, "as a last chance, I'll take it."

Cole went out to make up the Nine. He chose William H. Colvin, a wealthy business man, retired; Edwin Burritt Smith, publicist and lawyer; M. J. Carroll, ex-labor leader, ex-type-setter, an editorial writer on a trade journal; Frank Wells, a well-known real estate man; R. R. Donnelly, the head of one of the greatest printing establishments in the city; and Hoyt King, a young lawyer who turned out to be a natural investigator. These made, with Cole himself, only seven, but he had the help and counsel of Kent, Allen B. Pond, the architect, Judge Murray F. Tuley, Francis Lackner, and Graham Taylor. "We were just a few commonplace, ordinary men," said one of them to me, "and there is your encouragement for other commonplace, ordinary men." These men were selected for what they could do, however, not for what they "represented." The One Hundred, which the Nine were to complete, was to do the representing. But the One Hundred never was completed, and the ward committee, a feature of the first campaign, was abandoned later on. "The boss and the ring" was the model of the Nine, only they did not know it. They were not thinking of principles and methods. Work was their instinct and the fighting has always been thick. The next election was to be held in April, and by the time they were ready February was half over. Since it was to be an election of aldermen, they went right out after the aldermen. There were sixty-eight in all — fifty-seven of them "thieves," as the League reported promptly and plainly. Of the sixty-eight, the terms of thirty-four were expiring, and these all were likely to come up for reëlection.

The thing to do was to beat the rascals. But how? Mr. Cole and his committee

were pioneers; they had to blaze the way, and, without plans, they set about it directly. Seeking votes, and honest votes, with no organization to depend upon, they had to have publicity. "We had first to let people know we were there," said Cole, so he stepped "out into the lime-light" and, with his short legs apart, his weak eyes blinking, he talked. The League was out to beat the boodlers up for reëlection, he said, with much picturesque English. Now Chicago is willing to have anybody try to do anything worth while in Chicago, no matter who you are or where you come from,



CARTER H. HARRISON

A Mayor who follows a people that wants to be led.

Chicago will give you a cheer and a first boost. When, therefore, George E. Cole stood up and said he and a quiet little committee were going to beat some politicians at the game of politics, the good-natured town said: "All right, go ahead and beat 'em; but how?" Cole was ready with his answer. "We're going to publish the records of the thieves who want to get back at the trough." Alderman Kent and his decent colleagues produced the records of their indecent colleagues, and the League announced that of the thirty-four retiring aldermen, twenty-six were rogues. Hoyt King and a staff of briefless young lawyers looked up ward records, and "these also we will publish," said Cole. And they did; the Chicago newspapers, long on the right side and ever ready, printed them, and they were "mighty interesting reading." Edwin Burritt Smith stated the facts; Cole added "ginger," and Kent "pepper and salt and vinegar." They soon had publicity. Some of the committee shrank from the worst of it, but Cole stood out and took it. He became a character in the town. He was photographed and caricatured; he was "Boss Cole" and "Old King Cole," but all was grist to this reform mill. Some of the retiring aldermen retired at once. Others were retired. If information turned up by Hoyt King was too private for publication, the committee was, and is to-day, capable of sending for the candidate and advising him to get off the ticket. This was called "blackmail," and I will call it that, if the word will help anybody to appreciate how hard these reform politicians played and play the game.

While they were talking, however, they were working, and their work was done in the wards. Each ward was separately studied, the politics of each was separately understood, and separately each ward was fought. Declaring only for "aggressive honesty" at first, not competence, they did not stick even to that. They wanted to beat the rascals that were in, and, if necessary, if they couldn't hope to elect an honest man, they helped a likely rascal to beat the rascal that was in and known. They drew up a pledge of loyalty to public interest, but they didn't insist on it in some cases. Like the politicians, they were opportunists. Like the politicians, too, they were non-partizans. They played off one party against another, or, if the two organizations hung together, they put up an independent. They broke many a cherished reform principle, but few rules of practical politics. Thus, while they had some of their own sort of men nominated, they did not attempt, they did not think of running "respectable" or "business" candidates as such. Neither were they afraid to dicker with ward leaders and "corrupt politicians." They went down into the ward, urged the minority organization leader to name a "good man" on promise of independent support, then campaigned against the majority nominee with circulars, house-to-house

canvassers, mass-meetings, bands, speakers, and parades. I should say that the basic, unstated principle of this reform movement, struck out early in the practice of the Nine, was to let the politicians rule, but through better and better men whom the Nine forced upon them with public opinion. But again I want to emphasize the fact that they had no fine-spun theories and no definite principles beyond that of being always for the best available man. They were with the Democrats in one ward, with the Republicans in another, but in none were they respecters of persons.

Right here appeared that insidious influence which we have seen defeating or opposing reform in other cities—the interference of respectable men to save their friends. In the Twenty-second Ward the Democrats nominated a director (now deceased) of the First National Bank and a prominent man socially and financially. John Colvin, one of the "Big Four," a politician who had gone away rich to Europe and was returning to go back into politics, also was running. The League preferred John Maynard Harlan, a son of Justice Harlan, and they elected him. The bank of which this candidate was a director was the bank of which Lyman J. Gage, of the League, was president. All that the League had against this man was that he was the proprietor of a house leased for questionable purposes, and his friends, including Mr. Gage, were highly indignant. Mr. Gage pleaded and protested. The committee was "sick of pulls" and they made short work of this most "respectable" pull. They had "turned down" politicians on no better excuse, and they declared they were not going to overlook in the friend of their friends what they condemned in some poor devil who had no friends.

There were many such cases, then and later; this sort of thing has never ceased and it never will cease; reform must always "go too far," if it is to go at all, for it is up there in the "too far" that corruption has its source. The League, by meeting it early, and "spotting it," as Mr. Cole said, not only discouraged such interference, but fixed its own character and won public confidence. For everything in those days was open. The League works more quietly now, but then Cole was talking it all out, plain to the verge of brutality, forcible to the limit of language, and honest to utter ruthlessness. He blundered and they all made mistakes, but their blundering only helped them, for while the errors were plain errors, the fairness of mind that rejected an Edward M. Stanwood, for example, was plain too.—Stanwood, a respectable business man, had served as alderman, but his reëlection was advised against by the League because he had "voted with the gang." A high public official, three judges, and several other prominent men interceded on the ground that "in every instance where he is charged with having voted for a so-called boodle ordinance, it was not done corruptly, but that he might secure votes for some meritorious measure." The League answered in this style: "We regard this defense, which is put forward with confidence by men of your standing, as painful evidence of the low standard by which the public conduct of city officials has come to be measured by good citizens. Do you not know that this is one of the most insidious and common forms of legislative corruption?" Mr. Stanwood was defeated.

The League "made good." Of the twenty-six outgoing aldermen with bad records, sixteen were not renominated. Of the ten who were, four were beaten at the polls. The League's recommendations were followed in twenty-five wards; they were disregarded in five; in some wards no fight was made.

A victory so extraordinary would have satisfied some reformers. Others would have been inflated by it and ruined. These men became canny. They chose this propitious moment to get rid of the committee of One Hundred respectables. Such a body is all very well to launch a reform, when no one knows that it is going to do serious work; but, as the Cole committee had learned, representative men with many interests can be reached. The little committee incorporated the League, then called together the big committee, congratulated it, and proposed a constitution and by-laws which would throw all the work—and all the power—to the little committee. The little committee was to call on the big committee only as money or some "really important" help was needed. The big committee approved, swelled up, adjourned, and that is the last time it has ever met.

Thus free of "pulls," gentlemanly pulls, but pulls just the same, the "nine" became nine by adding two—Allen B. Pond and

Francis Lackner — and prepared for the next campaign. Their aldermen, the "reform crowd," in the City Council were too few to do anything alone, but they could protest, and they did. They adopted the system of William Kent, which was to find out what was going on and tell it in Council meetings.

"If you go on giving away the people's franchises like this," Alderman Harlan would say, "you may wake up some morning to find street lamps are useful for other purposes than lighting the streets." Or, "Some night the citizens, who are watching you, may come down here from the galleries with pieces of hemp in their hands." Then he would picture an imagined scene of the galleries rising and coming down upon the floor. He made his descriptions so vivid and creepy that they made some aldermen fidget. "I don't like dis business all about street lamps and hemp — vot dot is?" said a German boodler one night. "We don't come here for no such a business."

"We meant only to make head-lines for the papers," said one of the reform aldermen. "If we could keep the attention of the public upon the Council we could make clear what was going on there, and that would put meaning into our next campaign. And we certainly did fill the galleries and the newspapers."

As a matter of fact, however, they did much more. They developed in that year the issue which has dominated Chicago local politics ever since — the proper compensation to the city for public franchises. These valuable rights should not be given away, they declared, and they repeated it for good measures as well as bad. Not only must the city be paid, but public convenience and interest must be safeguarded. The boodlers boodled and the franchises went off; the protestation hurried the rotten business; but even that haste helped the cause. For the sight, week after week, of the boodle raids by rapacious capital fixed public opinion, and if the cry raised then for municipal ownership ever becomes a fact in Chicago, capital can go back to those days and blame itself.

Most of the early Chicago street railway franchises were limited, carelessly, to twenty-five years — the first one in 1858. In 1883, when the earliest franchises might have been terminated, the Council ventured to pass only a blanket extension for twenty years — till July 30, 1903. This was well enough for Chicago financiers, but in 1886–7, when Yerkes appeared, with Widener and Elkins behind him, and bought up the West and North side companies, he applied Pennsylvania methods. He pushed bills through the Legislature, saw them vetoed by Governor Altgeld, set about having his own Governor next time, and in 1897 got, not all that he wanted (for the people of Illinois are not like the people of Pennsylvania), but the Allen bill, which would do — if the Chicago City Council of 1897 would give it force.

The Municipal Voters' League had begun its second campaign in December, 1896, with the publication of the records of the retiring aldermen, the second half of the old body, and, though this was before the Allen bill was passed, Yerkes was active, and his men were particularized. As the campaign progressed the legislation at Springfield gave it point and local developments gave it breadth. It was a mayoralty year, and Alderman John Maynard Harlan had himself nominated on an independent, non-partizan ticket. "Bobbie" Burke, the Democratic boss, brought forward Carter H. Harrison, and the Republicans nominated Judge Nathaniel C. Sears. Harrison at that time was known only as the son of his father. Sears was a fine man; but neither of these had seized the street railway issue. Mr. Harlan stood on that, and he made a campaign which is talked about to this day in Chicago. It was brilliant. He had had the ear of the town through the newspaper reports of his tirades in the Council, and the people went to hear him now as night after night he arraigned, not the bribed legislators, but the rich bribers. Once he called the roll of street railway directors and asked each what he was doing while his business was being boodled through the State Legislature. Earnest, eloquent, honest, he was witty too. Yerkes called him an ass. "If Yerkes will consult his Bible," said Harlan, "he will learn that great things have been done with the jaw-bone of an ass." This young man had no organization (the League confined itself to the aldermen); it was a speaking campaign; but he caught the spirit of Chicago, and in the last week men say you could feel the drift of sentiment to him. Though he was defeated, he got 70,000

votes, 10,000 more than the regular Republican candidate, and elected Harrison. And his campaign not only phrased the traction issue in men's minds; it is said it taught young Mayor Harrison the use of it. At any rate, Harrison and Chicago have been safe on the city's side of it ever since.

The League also won on it. They gave bad records to twenty-seven of the thirty-four outgoing aldermen. Fifteen were not renominated. Of the twelve who ran again, nine were beaten. This victory gave them a solid third of the Council. The reform crowd combined with Mayor Harrison, the President of the Council, and his followers, and defeated ordinances introduced to give effect to Yerkes's odious Allen law.

Here again the League might have retired in glory, but these "commonplace, ordinary men" proposed instead that they go ahead and get a majority, organize the Council on a non-partizan basis, and pass from a negative, anti-boodling policy to one of positive, constructive legislation. This meant also to advance from "beating bad men" to the "election of good men," and as for the good men, the standard was to be raised from mere honesty to honesty and efficiency too. With such high purposes in view, the Nine went into their third campaign. They had to condemn men they had recommended in their first year, but "we are always ready to eat dirt," they say. They pointed to the franchise issue, called for men capable of coping with the railways, and with bands playing, orators shouting, and Cole roaring like a sea-captain, they made the campaign of 1898 the hottest in their history. It nearly killed some of them, but they "won out"; the League had a nominal majority of the City Council.

Then came their first bitter disappointment. They failed to organize the aldermen. They tried, and were on the verge of success, when defeat came, a most significant defeat. The League had brought into political life some new men, shop-keepers and small business men, all with perfect records, or none. They were men who meant well, but business is no training for politics; the shop-keepers who knew how to resist the temptations of trade, were untried in those of politics, and the boodle gang "bowled them over like little tin soldiers." They were persuaded that it was no more than right to "let the dominant party make up committees and run the Council"; that was "usage," and, what with bribery, sophistry, and flattery, the League was beaten by its weak friends. The real crisis in the league had come.

Mr. Cole resigned. He took the view that the League work was done; it could do no more; his health was suffering and his business was going to the dogs. The big corporations, the railroads, great business houses and their friends, had taken their business away from him. But this boycott had begun in the first campaign and Cole had met it with the declaration that he didn't "care a d—n." "I have a wife and a boy," he said. "I want their respect. The rest can all go to h—l." Cole has organized since a league to reform the Legislature, but after the 1898 campaign the Nine were tired, disappointed, and Cole was temporarily used up.

The Nine had to let Cole and Hoyt King go. But they wouldn't let the League go. They had no successor for Cole. None on the committee would take his place; they all declined it in turn. They looked outside for a man, finding nobody. The prospect was dark. Then William Kent spoke up. Kent had time and money, but he wouldn't do anything any one else could be persuaded to do. He was not strong physically, and his physicians had warned him that to live he must work little and play much. At that moment he was under orders to go west and shoot. But when he saw what was happening, he said:

"I'm not the man for this job; I'm no organizer. I can smash more things in a minute than I can build up in a hundred years. But the League has got to go on, so I'll take Cole's place if you'll give me a hard-working, able man for secretary, an organizer and a master of detail."

Such a secretary was hard to find, but Allen B. Pond, the architect, a man made for fine work, took this rough and tumble task. And these two, with the committee strengthened and active, not only held their own, they not only met the receding wave of reactionary sentiment against reform, but they made progress. In 1899 they won a clear majority of the Council, pledged their men before election to a non-partizan organization of the Council, and were in shape for constructive legislation. In 1900 they increased their majority, but they did

not think it necessary to bind candidates before the election to the non-partizan-committees plan, and the Republicans organized the house. This party maintained the standard of the committees; there was no falling off there, but that was not the point. Parties were recognized in the Council, and the League had hoped for only one line of demarcation: special interests versus the interests of the city. During the time of Kent and Pond, however, the power for good of the League was established, the question of its permanency settled, and the use of able conscientious aldermen recognized. The public opinion it developed and pointed held the Council so steady that, with Mayor Harrison and his personal following among the Democrats on that side, the aldermen refused to do anything for the street railway companies until the Allen bill was repealed. And, all ready to pass anything at Springfield, Yerkes had to permit the repeal, and he soon after closed up his business in Chicago and went away to London, where he is said to be happy and prosperous.

The first time I went to Chicago, to see what form of corruption they had, I found there was something the matter with the political machinery. There was the normal plan of government for a city, rings with bosses, and a grafting business interest behind. Philadelphia, Pittsburg, St. Louis, are all governed on such a plan. But in Chicago it didn't work. "Business" was at a standstill and business was suffering. What was the matter? I beleaguered the political leaders with questions: "Why didn't the politicians control? What was wrong with the machines?" The "boss" defended the organizations, blaming the people. "But the people could be fooled by any capable politician," I demurred. The boss blamed the reformers. "Reformers!" I exclaimed. "I've seen some of your reformers. They aren't different from reformers elsewhere, are they?" "No," he said, well pleased. But when I concluded that it must then be the weakness of the Chicago bosses, his pride cried out. "Say," he said, "have you seen that blankety-blank Fisher?"

I hadn't, I said. "Well, you want to," he said, and I went straightway and saw Fisher—Mr. Walter L. Fisher, secretary of the Municipal Voters' League. Then it was that I began to understand the Chicago political situation. Fisher was a reformer: an able young lawyer of independent means, a mind ripe with high purposes and ideals, self-confident, high-minded, conclusive. He showed me an orderly bureau of indexed information, such as I had seen before. He outlined the scheme of the Municipal Voters' League, all in a bored, polite, familiar way. There was no light in him nor anything new or vital in his reform as he described it. It was all incomprehensible till I asked him how he carried the Seventeenth Ward, a mixed and normally Democratic ward, in one year for a Republican by some 1,300 plurality, the next year for a Democrat by some 1,800, the third for a Republican again. His face lighted up, a keen, shrewd look came into his eyes, and he said: "I did not carry that ward; its own people did it, but I'll tell you how it was managed." And he told me a story that was politics. I asked about another ward, and he told me the story of that. It was entirely different, but it, too, was politics. Fisher is a politician—with the education, associations, and the idealism of the reformers who fail, this man has cunning, courage, tact, and, rarer still, faith in the people. In short, reform in Chicago has such a leader as corruption alone usually has; a first-class executive mind and a natural manager of men.

When, after the aldermanic campaign of 1900, Messrs. Kent and Pond resigned as president and secretary of the League's executive committee, Charles R. Crane and Mr. Fisher succeeded in their places. Mr. Crane is a man with an international business, which takes him often to Russia, but he comes back for the Chicago aldermanic campaigns. He leaves the game to Mr. Fisher, and says Fisher is the man, but Crane is a backer of great force and of persistent though quiet activity. These two, with a picked committee of experienced and sensible men—Pond, Kent, Smith, Frank H. Scott, Graham Taylor, Sigmund Zeisler, and Lessing Rosenthal—took the League as an established institution, perfected its system, opened a headquarters for work the year around; and this force, Mr. Fisher, with his political genius, has made a factor of the first rank in practical politics. Fisher made fights in the "hopeless" wards, and won them. He has raised the reform majority in the City Council to two-thirds; he has lifted the standard of aldermen from

honesty to a gradually rising scale of ability, and in his first year the Council was organized on a non-partizan basis. This feature of municipal reform is established now, by the satisfaction of the aldermen themselves with the way it works. And a most important feature it is, too. "We have four shots at every man headed for the Council," said one of the League—"one with his record when his term expires; another when he is up for the nomination; a third when he is running as a candidate; the fourth when the committees are formed. If he is bad he is put on a minority in a strong committee; if he is doubtful, with a weak or doubtful majority in an important committee with a strong minority,—a minority so strong that they can let him show his hand, then beat him with a minority report." Careful not to interfere in legislation, the League keeps a watch on every move in the Council. Cole started this. He used to sit in the gallery every meeting night, but under Crane and Fisher, an assistant secretary—first Henry B. Chamberlain, now George C. Sikes—has followed the daily routine of committee work as well as the final meetings.

Fisher has carried the early practice of meeting politicians on their own ground to a very practical extreme. When tact and good humor failed, he applied force. Thus, when he set about preparing a year ahead for his fights in unpromising wards, he sent to the ward leaders on both sides for their lists of captains, lieutenants, and heelers. They refused, with expressions of astonishment at his "gall." Mr. Chamberlain directed a most searching investigation of the wards, precinct by precinct, block by block, and not only gathered a rich fund of information, but so frightened the politicians who heard of the inquiries that many of them came around and gave up their lists. Whether these helped or not, however, the wards were studied, and it was by such information and undermining political work, combined with skill and a fearless appeal to the people of the ward, that Fisher beat out with Hubert W. Butler the notorious Henry Wulff, an ex-State Treasurer, in the ward convention of Wulff's own party, and then defeated Wulff, who ran as an independent, at the polls.

Such experience won the respect of the politicians, as well as their fear, and in 1902 and 1903 the worst of them, or the best, came personally to Fisher to see what they could do. He was their equal in "the game of talk," they found, and their superior in tactics, for when he could not persuade them to put up good men and "play fair," he measured himself with them in strategy. Thus one day "Billy" Loeffler, the Democratic leader in the Democratic Ninth Ward, asked Mr. Fisher if the League did not want to name the Democratic candidate for alderman in his ward. Loeffler's business partner, "Hot Stove" Brenner, was running on the Republican ticket and Fisher knew that the Democratic organization would pull for Brenner. But Fisher accepted what was a challenge to political play and suggested Michael J. Preib. Loeffler was dazed at the name; it was new to him, but he accepted the man and nominated him. The Ninth is a strong Hebrew ward. To draw off the Republican and Jewish vote from Brenner, Fisher procured the nomination as an independent of Jacob Diamond, a popular young Hebrew, and he backed him too, intending, as he told both Preib and Diamond, to prefer in the end the one that should develop the greater strength. Meanwhile the League watched Loeffler. He was quietly throwing his support from Preib to Brenner. Five days before election it was clear that, though Diamond had developed unexpected strength, Preib was stronger. Fisher went to Loeffler and accused him of not doing all he could for Preib. Loeffler declared he was. Fisher proposed a letter from Loeffler to his personal friends asking them to vote for Preib. Loeffler hesitated, but he signed one that Fisher dictated. Loeffler advised the publication of the statement in the Jewish papers, and, though he consented to have it mailed to voters, he thought it "an unnecessary expense." When Fisher got back to the League headquarters, he rushed off copies of the letter through the mails to all the voters in the ward. By the time Loeffler heard of this it was too late to do anything; he tried, but he never caught up with those letters. His partner, Brenner, was defeated.

A politician? A boss. Chicago has in Walter L. Fisher a reform boss, and in the Nine of the Municipal Voters' League, with their associated editors and able finance and advisory committees, a reform ring. They

have no machine, no patronage, no power that they can abuse. They haven't even a list of their voters. All they have is the confidence of the anonymous honest men of Chicago who care more for Chicago than for anything else. This they have won by a long record of good judgments, honest, obvious devotion to the public good, and a disinterestedness which has avoided even individual credit; not a hundred men in the city could name the Committee of Nine.

Working wide open at first, when it was necessary, they have withdrawn more and more ever since, and their policy now is one of dignified silence except when a plain statement of facts is required; then they speak as the League, simply, directly, but with human feeling, and leave their following of voters to act with or against them as they please. I have laid great stress on the technical, political skill of Fisher and the Nine, not because that is their chief reliance; it isn't: the study and the enlightenment of public opinion is their great function and force. But other reform organizations have tried this way. These reformers have, with the newspapers and the aldermen, not only done it thoroughly and persistently; they have not only developed an educated citizenship; they have made it an effective force, effective in legislation and in practical politics. In short: political reform, politically conducted, has produced reform politicians working for the reform of the city with the methods of politics. They do everything that a politician does, except buy votes and sell them. They play politics in the interest of the city.

And what has the city got out of it? Many things, but at least one great spectacle to show the world, the political spectacle of the year, and it is still going on. The properly accredited representatives of two American city railway companies are meeting in the open with a regular committee of an American board of aldermen, and they are negotiating for the continuance of certain street railway franchises on terms fair both to the city and to the corporations, without a whisper of bribery, with composure, reasonableness, knowledge (on the aldermen's part, long-studied information and almost expert knowledge); with an eye to the future, to the just profit of the railways, and the convenience of the people of the city. This in an American city — in Chicago!

Those franchises which Yerkes tried to "fix" expired on July 30. There was a dispute about that, and the railways were prepared to fight. One is a Chicago corporation held by Chicago capital, and the men in it knew the conditions. The other belongs to New York and Philadelphia capitalists, whom Yerkes got to hold it when he gave up and went away; they couldn't understand. This "foreign" capital sent picked men out to Chicago to "fight." One of the items said to have been put in their bill of appropriation was "For use in Chicago — $1,000,000." Their local officers and directors and friends warned them to "go slow."

"Do you mean to tell us," said the Easterners, "that we can't do in Chicago what we have done in Philadelphia, New York, and ——?"

"That's exactly what we mean," was the answer.

Incredulous, they did do some such "work." They had the broken rings with them, and the "busted bosses," and they had the city on the hip in one particular. Though the franchises expired, the city had no authority in law to take over the railways and had to get it from Springfield. The Republican ring, with some Democratic following, had organized the Legislature on an explicit arrangement that "no traction legislation should pass in 1903." The railways knew they couldn't get any; all they asked was that the city shouldn't have any either. It was a political game, but Chicago was sure that two could play at it. Harrison was up for reëlection; he was right on traction. The Republicans nominated a business man, Graeme Stewart, who also pledged himself. Then they all went to Springfield, and, with the whole city and State looking on, the city's reform politicians beat the regulars. The city's bill was buried in committee, but to make a showing for Stewart the Republican ring had to pass some sort of a bill. They offered a poor substitute. With the city against it, the Speaker "gavelled it through" amid a scene of the wildest excitement. He passed the bill, but he was driven from his chair, and the scandal compelled him and the ring to reconsider that bill and pass the city's own enabling act.

Both the traction companies had been interested in this Springfield fiasco; they had been working together, but the local capitalists did not like the business. They soon

offered to settle separately, and went into session with the city's lawyers, Edwin Burritt Smith, of the League, and John C. Mathis. The Easterners' representatives, headed by a "brilliant" New York lawyer, had to negotiate too. Their brilliant lawyer undertook to "talk sense" into the aldermanic committee. This committee had been out visiting all the large Eastern cities, studying the traction situations everywhere; on their own account they had had drawn for them one of the most complete reports ever made for a city by an expert. Moreover, they knew the law and the finances of the traction companies, better far than the New York lawyers. When, therefore, the brilliant legal light had made one of his smooth, elaborate speeches, some hard-headed alderman would get up and say that he "gathered and gleaned" thus and so from the last speaker; he wasn't quite sure, but if thus and so was what the gentleman from New York had said, then it looked to him like tommy rot. Then the lawyer would spin another web, only to have some other commonplace looking alderman tear it to pieces. Those lawyers were dumfounded. They were advised to see Fisher. They saw Fisher.

"You are welcome, if you wish," he is said to have said, "to talk foolishness, but I advise you to stop it. I do not speak for the Council, but I think I know what it will say when it speaks for itself. Those aldermen know their business. They know sense and they know nonsense. They can't be fooled. If you go at them with reason they will go a long way toward helping you. However, you shall do as you please about this. But let me burn this one thing in upon your consciousness: Don't try money on them or anybody else. They will listen to your nonsense with patience, but if we hear of you trying to bribe anybody — an alderman or a politician or a newspaper or a reporter — all negotiations will cease instantly. And nobody will attempt to blackmail you, no one."

This seems to me to be the highest peak of reform. Here is a gentleman, speaking with the authority of absolute faith and knowledge, assuring the representatives of a corporation that it can have all that is due it from a body of aldermen by the expenditure of nothing more than reason. I have heard many a business man say such a condition of things would be hailed by his kind with rejoicing. How do they like it in Chicago? They don't like it at all. I spent one whole forenoon calling on the presidents of banks, great business men, and financiers interested in public utility companies. With all the evidence I had had in other places that these men are the chief source of corruption, I was unprepared for the sensation of that day. Those financial leaders of Chicago were "mad." All but one of them became so enraged as they talked that they could not behave decently. They rose up, purple in the face, and cursed reform. They said it had hurt business; it had hurt the town. "Anarchy," they called it; "socialism." They named corporations that had left the city; they named others that had planned to come there and had gone elsewhere. They offered me facts and figures to prove that the city was damaged.

"But isn't the reform Council honest?" I asked.

"Honest! Yes, but — oh, h—l!"

"And do you realize that all you say means that you regret the passing of boodle and would prefer to have back the old corrupt Council?"

That brought a curse or a shrewd smile or a cynical laugh, but that they regretted the passing of the boodle regime is the fact, bitter, astonishing, — but natural enough. We have seen those interests at their bribery in Philadelphia and St. Louis; we have seen them opposing reforms in every city. Here in Chicago we have them cursing reform triumphant, for, though reform may have been a benefit to the city as a community of freemen, it is really bad; it has hurt their business!

Chicago has paid dearly for its reform, and reformers elsewhere might as well realize that if they succeed, their city will pay too, at first. Capital will boycott it and capital will give it a bad name. The bankers who offered me proof of their losses were offering me material to write down the city. And has Chicago had conspicuous credit for reform? No, it is in ill-repute, "anarchistic," "socialistic" (a commercial term for municipal ownership); it is "unfriendly to capital." But Chicago knows what it is after and it knows the cost. There are business men there who are willing to pay; they told me so. There are business men on the executive and finance commit-

tees of the League and others helping outside who are among the leaders of Chicago's business and its bar. Moreover, there are promoters who expect to like an honest Council. One such told me that he meant to apply for franchises shortly, and he believed that, though it would take longer than bribery to negotiate fair terms with aldermen who were keen to safeguard the city's interests, yet business could be done on that basis. "Those reform aldermen are slow, but they are fair," he said.

The aldermen are fair. Exasperated as they have been by the trifling, the trickery, and past boodling of the street railways, inconvenienced by bad service, beset by corporation temptations, they are fairer today than the corporations. They have the street railways now in a corner. The negotiations are on, and they could squeeze them with a vengeance. What is the spirit of those aldermen? "Well," said one to me; "I'll tell you how we feel. We've got to get the city's interests well protected. That's first. But we've got more to do than that. They're shy of us; these capitalists don't know how to handle us. They are not up to the new, reform, on-the-level way of doing business. We've got to show capital that we will give them all that is coming to them, and just a little more—a little more, just to get them used to being honest." This was said without a bit of humor, with some anxiety, but no bitterness, and not a word about socialism or "confiscating municipal ownership"; that's a "capitalistic" bugaboo. Again, one Saturday night a personal friend of mine who had lost a half-holiday at a conference with some of the leading aldermen, complained of their "preciseness." "First," he said, "they had to have every trivial interest of the city protected, then, when we seemed to be done, they turned around and argued like corporation lawyers for the protection of the corporation."

Those Chicago aldermen are an honor to the country! Men like Jackson and Mavor, Herrmann and Werno, would be a credit to any legislative body in the land, but there is no such body in the land where they could do more good or win more honor. I believe capital will some day prefer to do business with them than with blackmailers and boodlers anywhere.

When that day comes the aldermen will share the credit with the Municipal Voters' League, but all the character and all the ability of both Council and League will not explain the reform of Chicago. The citizens of that city will take most of the glory. They will have done it, as they have done it so far. Some of my critics have declared they could not believe there was so much difference in the character of communities as I have described. How can they account then for Chicago? The people there have political parties, they are partizans. But they know how to vote. Before the League was started, the records show them shifting their vote to the confusion of well-laid political plans. So they have always had bosses, and they have them now, but these bosses admit that they "can't boss Chicago." I think this is partly their fault. William Lorimer, the dominant Republican boss, with whom I talked for an hour one day, certainly does not make the impression, either as a man or as a politician, that Croker makes, or Durham of Philadelphia. But an outsider may easily go wrong on a point like this, and we may leave the credit where they lay it, with the people of Chicago. Fisher is a more forceful man than any of the regulars, and, as a politician, compares with well-known leaders in any city; but Fisher's power is the people's. His leadership may have done much, but there is something else deeper and bigger behind him. At the last aldermanic election, when he discovered on the Saturday before election that the League was recommending, against a bad Democrat, a worse Republican, he advised the people of that ward to vote for the Socialist; and the people did vote for the Socialist and they elected him! Again, there is the press, the best in any of our large cities. There are several newspapers in Chicago which have served always the public interest, and their advice is taken by their readers. These editors wield, as they wielded before the League came, that old-fashioned power of the press which is supposed to have passed away. Indeed, one of the finest exhibitions of disinterestedness in this whole reform story was that of these newspapers giving up the individual power and credit which their influence on public opinion gave them, to the League, behind which they stepped to get together and gain for the city what they lost themselves. But this paid them. They did not do it with that motive; they did it for the city, but the city has recognized the service, as another fact shows: There are

bad papers in Chicago — papers that serve special interests — and these don't pay.

The agents of reform have been many and efficient, but back of them all was an intelligent, determined people, and they have decided. The city of Chicago is ruled by the citizens of Chicago. Then why are the citizens of Chicago satisfied with half-reform? Why have they reformed the Council and left the administrative side of government so far behind? "One thing at a time," they will tell you out there, and it is wonderful to see them patient after seven years of steadfast fighting reform.

But that is not the reason. The administration has been improved. It is absurdly backward and uneven; the fire department is excellent, the police is a disgrace, the law department is expert, the health bureau is corrupt, and the street cleaning is hardly worth mention. All this is Carter H. Harrison. He is an honest man personally, but indolent; a shrewd politician, and a character with reserve power, but he has no initial energy. Without ideals he does only what is demanded of him. He does not seem to know wrong is wrong, till he is taught; nor to care, till criticism arouses his political sense of popular requirement. That sense is keen, but think of it: Every time Chicago wants to go ahead a foot, it has first to push its Mayor up inch by inch. In brief, Chicago is a city that wants to be led, and Carter Harrison, with all his political ambition, honest willingness, and obstinate independence, simply follows it. The League leads, and its leaders understand their people. Then why does the League submit to Harrison? Why doesn't the League recommend mayors as well as aldermen? It may some day; but, setting out by accident to clean the Council, stop the boodling, and settle the city railway troubles, they have been content with Mayor Harrison because he had learned his lesson on that. And, I think, as they say the Mayor thinks, that when the people of Chicago get the city railways running with enough cars and power; when they have put a stop to boodling forever; they will take up the administrative side of the government. A people who can support for seven years one movement toward reform, should be able to go on forever. With the big boodle beaten, petty political grafting can easily be stopped. All that will be needed then will be a Mayor who understands and represents the city; he will be able to make Chicago as rare an example of good government as it is now of reform; which will be an advertisement; good business; it will *pay*.

NAUGHTINESS

BY

FLORENCE WILKINSON

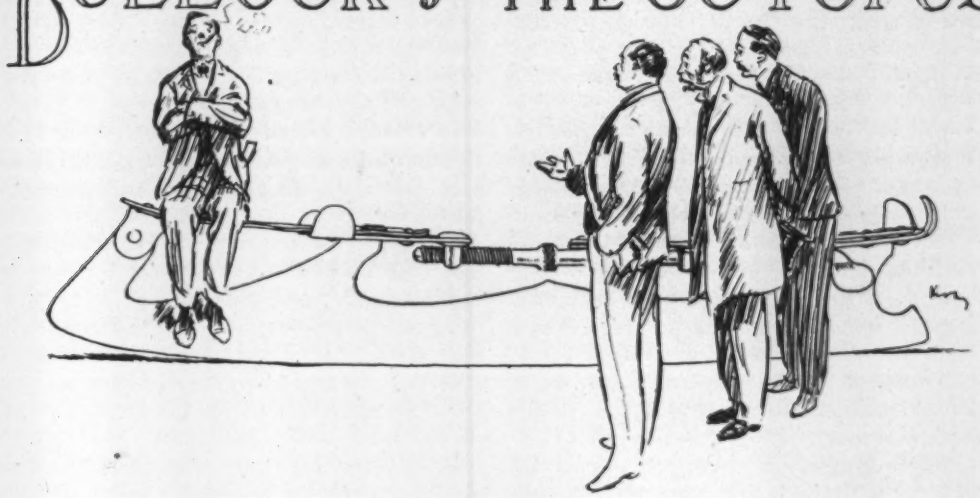
WHY am I sometimes naughty
And sometimes very good?
What makes me act so different?
I never understood.

When in the morning I wake up
I don't know which 'twill be,
A day all full of naughtiness
Or a good day for me.

But when I go to bed at night
I know which I have been,
A Mamma's Joy all day or else
A creature full of sin.

"I thank thee, Lord, for my good heart,"
This is the prayer I make;
Or else: "Forgive my naughtiness,
Dear God, for Jesus' sake."

BULLOCK JR. AND THE OCTOPUS



BY

WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

ILLUSTRATED BY ROLLIN KIRBY

BULLOCK JR. walked slowly down the street. It was a week after the funeral. He passed many men and women that he knew. They looked at his somber dress and the band of crape upon his sleeve, and nodded to him with glances of kindly sympathy. One old gentleman stepped up and caught him by the arm.

"Chester," he remarked earnestly, "I don't know what better thing a man could do than that your father did — to leave to you, his only child, a business of that kind." He nodded admiringly across the way at a large brick building, upon the front of which appeared the words:

CHESTER BULLOCK & SON
MANUFACTURERS & DEALERS IN
ICE SKATES

"That was a legacy worth while," concluded the old man, tapping him in a consolatory way upon the shoulder. Bullock thanked him, and then crossed the street and slowly ascended the high wooden steps to the office.

He sat down at his desk and tried to think. He repeated in his mind what the old man had said. Yes, that was what they all had thought — that this was a prosperous business, that his father had been a wealthy man. No one had known, except his father and himself, that it was the business and nothing but that, that had carried the elder Bullock to his grave. The town had never known it — never would know it, if Chester could prevent it.

They had always lived in the pretentious house upon the hill, in which, however, the elder Bullock had been but a life tenant, and which now reverted to the heirs of his deceased wife — Chester's stepmother. The town did not know that — yet. Bullock Sr. had always paid his debts — never had any, in fact, to pay; and always kept a little ready money on hand. But he never borrowed, and never asked more than the usual amount of credit, so the town had put him down as a wealthy man, and his business as a most prosperous one.

They had always paid their men high wages — the highest paid; — his father had insisted upon that; and they had always

manufactured a first-class article — the Bullock skate was known, in its modest way, all over the world.

And yet Chester and his father — and possibly Williamson, their close-mouthed foreman — were the only individuals who knew what a fight they had made for bare existence. The demand for skates fluctuated little, but the competition had grown steadily, year by year, more formidable. When Bullock Sr. had started up in 1871, he was one of very few — he had made his business pay and pay well. When the enormous competition had crushed out his life, and well-nigh destroyed his business, he had become one of very, very many manufacturers of skates. With each year the supply was becoming greater — the demand proportionally less.

And, now, here was this trust — the National Skate Concern — created, by a grim coincidence, upon the very day his father died. Bullock Jr. wondered vaguely what they would do with him — whether they would buy him up or freeze him out. The one chance was that they would buy him up — for a mere song. But they wouldn't even do that if they found out by any means the small business the Bullocks had done the year before. It would be a case of freeze out then, and a quick freeze out too. Bullock Jr. knew then what the town would say — what it always said when a dead man's business goes to smash — that his father's successor couldn't run the business. Three hundred men would be thrown out of employment — the sentiment of the people would rise against him — business houses would be closed against him. And then — and then he would turn his back upon the place and go where he was unknown, and seek employment — and starve, most likely.

But the town should never know that his father had not prospered as they thought he had — that he had not died the wealthy man the town supposed he was. Bullock Jr. would take care of that. His father's memory and standing in the town constituted his dearest assets.

As for Bullock Jr., he would go down into obscurity among the great forgotten host of rich men's sons. This was the thing, he said to himself, that was bound to happen. He proposed to strain every nerve and muscle, to oppose every fiber of his energy against it — but it was the inevitable, he felt that. There was not one chance in a thousand — in ten thousand, even — that he could survive.

He rose, and, stepping to a small door, that led inside, opened it. The room became flooded with the sound of polishers and grinders. Young Bullock glanced out over fifty men at work. Finally his glance fixed upon a man walking slowly down between the lines of men. He beckoned to this man.

"Williamson!" he called. It was the foreman — the superintendent of the factory. He came.

"Williamson," said the young man, "take a chair. I want to talk to you." Williamson sat down. Bullock Jr. glanced out of the window. For a long time he was silent. Finally he leaned over and touched the other man upon the arm.

"Williamson!" he exclaimed earnestly, "we are up against it."

Williamson took off his cap and slowly scratched his head. "Do you really think so?" he returned. He too glanced out of the window. "I thought so at one time myself," he continued; "but I kind of thought we could pull through. Your dad had a season like this once, but he lived it down."

"But this is different," went on young Bullock; "he didn't have so much to confront him — there was less competition then. As it is now, here's this trust in the field — you heard of that?"

Williamson nodded. "I heard of it," he responded. "But, Chester"—he leaned forward and tapped the other man on the knee — "I was kind of figuring on this. The Loewenthal patent's a-going to expire on"— he took a small chart from the wall and consulted it—"on September 1st, this year. I was figuring that we could make up a lot of the Loewenthal pattern now, and have 'em on hand, and then flood the market with them in September. We could afford to do it at the same price that we're sellin' our skate. That's what I was figuring on."

He looked young Bullock in the face with the air of a man who had completely solved an otherwise insurmountable difficulty.

Young Bullock smiled and shook his head. "I thought of that myself, Williamson," he replied, "many a time. But it won't work. You forget that the whole country is watching the Loewenthal patent — the skate trust the most of all; and

on September 1st, if we flooded the market with the Loewenthal skate, it would be to find that our contribution would be only a drop in the bucket compared with the aggregate supply that will be forthcoming at that time. So there you are."

"That's a fact," returned Williamson; "I didn't think of that."

"No, we've got to think of something else, Williamson," resumed the younger man, "or else we go under. I thought you might have had something to suggest, that's all."

Williamson rose to his feet and looked out of the window. "They say a hard winter's due this year," he remarked uncertainly; "we might pull through after all."

"That won't help us," replied Bullock; "for last winter was a soft one, and the skates we shipped to customers last year are still in stock." He shook his head again. "No, we're up against it, Williamson, for fair."

Williamson in turn shook his head and whistled softly to himself. Bullock swung around and took a parcel from his desk. "Here, Williamson, are the pay envelopes. Pay off the men, will you? Thank heaven," he added, half to himself, half to Williamson, "we're still able to take care of the hands."

The superintendent placed the bundle beneath his arm and walked out.

The Loewenthal skate was the best skate in the market. Years ago, when the patent was fresh, it had sold at from ten to fifteen dollars per pair, in the retail stores. Even now, at ruling market prices, low as they were, Loewenthal sold his skate to the trade from a dollar to a dollar and a half higher than any other skate. He manufactured at Donaldson, fifty miles north of Monroe, the town where Bullock lived.

All the next week young Bullock sat in his office waiting for the trust to make an offer. None came. On Saturday noon he wrapped up a few of his old order books, put on his hat, and started for the railroad station.

"I'll sell out to Loewenthal — that's the only thing there is left to do," he explained to Williamson. Williamson agreed with him that it was the only thing to do — if it could be done. He bought his ticket and paced the platform, waiting for his train. As he did so a local bound in the other direction steamed in and the passengers alighted. One of them was a portly, prosperous looking German. He pushed through the small crowd and started through the station. Bullock caught him by the arm. "Loewenthal!" he exclaimed.

The other man turned. "Ah!" he cried; "this is auspicious. I was making for your place."

Bullock retraced his steps and, with Loewenthal, reëntered his office. Bullock waited for Loewenthal to speak.

"Well, my friend," exclaimed Loewenthal, "I came to see you. I am selling out my business. I am about to retire. I give you first chance to buy. Your father was my old friend, and I give you first chance — old friend Bullock's son first chance."

He smiled benignantly. Bullock turned to him. "How much?" he asked, carelessly.

The German held up his hands. "For ten thousand dollars, for ten thousand dollars — to friend Bullock's son. To another, more."

Bullock looked at him sharply. "The trust," he said; "have they been after you — maybe they'd give you more, Loewenthal?" Loewenthal peered through his glasses cunningly at the other man. Bullock looked him steadily in the face. Finally Loewenthal withdrew his glance.

"The trust," he replied; "no, son Bullock, the trust has not been after me. And if they do, I would rather sell to you. But they have not been after me; no, not yet."

Bullock swung toward his desk. "I'm not buying, Loewenthal. To tell the truth, I was going over to Donaldson to-day to sell out to you. Why don't you buy instead of selling? Come — make an offer."

The German raised his hands. "No, I am through. I sell out. And buy! Why, no one would buy your place — not even the trust itself."

Bullock wheeled around sharply. "How do you know it wouldn't, Loewenthal?" he asked. "How do you know it wouldn't?"

Loewenthal shook his head vigorously. "I do not know. It is just what I say — I think they would not do it. I do not know."

Bullock smiled grimly. "So ho," he said to himself, after the other man had left, "so they've offered Loewenthal a price, after all — something less than ten thousand — a good deal less, too, if I know the man. Think of it, — less than ten thousand, — and he does ten times the business that we do!

"'LOEWENTHAL!' HE EXCLAIMED"

And they're going to freeze me out—they've told him so, that's clear—they're going to leave me out, as not worth their while."

"Well, then," he added, striking his desk with his clenched fist, "it's a case of fight—fight—fight to the finish, and may the best man win. And," he concluded, with a sigh of relief, "I'm glad to know it."

A week later a representative from a steel house called upon him. "Bullock," he exclaimed, referring to a paper in his hand, "did you intend to order all this plate? There must be some mistake." He passed the paper over.

Bullock smiled. "I did," he replied. "Why?"

The other man shrugged his shoulders. "That's all right then," he said. "We just wanted to know, for your sake. We thought you had made a blunder."

Bullock hesitated a moment. "Do you want security?" he asked. And then he never breathed until he heard the answer.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the man. "No. Your credit's good with us for double this quantity—for anything you want. Security!" he snorted, as he left.

Bullock touched a bell. "Williamson," he remarked to his foreman, "we've got to lay on some more men for next week."

Williamson gasped. "Lay 'em off, you mean."

"I mean what I said," returned Bullock, with a mysterious smile. "Put on a hundred extra men—good ones, too. Loewenthal's place may shut down. You might be able to get them there."

"I can get them," said Williamson. "That ain't it. I'd like to know what's in your mind, that's all. You ain't surely goin' to fight the trust. You can't do it. It's a losin' game."

Bullock touched him gently on the breast. "Williamson," he said, "I am not going to fight them. I am going to dodge them—that's all. See if I don't."

"Any new orders?" inquired Williamson, glancing at the desk.

"Yes," returned Bullock, "but only three—from our old Canadian stand-bys, Burke & Brother, Phillips & Canda, and

Tow, Jennings & Co. They're not exactly orders either. They want us to quote lowest on Loewenthal skates for delivery in two months."

"What price you goin' to quote?" asked the superintendent. Bullock named it — it was way below cost. Williamson jumped about ten feet. "No!" he exclaimed. "You can't do that — that's worse than a losin' game."

"Nevertheless," concluded Bullock, "to these three people that's the price I'm going to quote." And he did, and accordingly got the orders. On the day they came in the steel company made its delivery of steel.

"Now, Williamson," directed he, "here are these orders. You got the steel. Make up all the steel you got into the Loewenthal skate — all of it — and have it ready for delivery by September 1st — not later. Here's the Loewenthal pattern. Make up the whole business."

Williamson glanced at the orders. "The whole business!" he exclaimed. "You don't need it all just to fill these three small orders."

The young man laughed. "Williamson," he remarked, "you take good care of your heart and your lungs, and I'll take care of the rest. Make up all the steel you've got into the Loewenthal skate, and" — he reached up and took down from the shelf a small model — "to every pair I want you to add my automatic strap tightener attachment."

"BULLOCK . . . SMILED TO HIMSELF"

This small affair, known as the Bullock Automatic Heel Strap Tightener, young Bullock had invented some years previously, but found that it was adapted only to the Loewenthal skate. He therefore had offered it to Loewenthal, who had refused to purchase it — necessarily, therefore, it had been shelved. It was a contrivance by which the heel strap, always difficult to be properly adjusted, was tightened by the movement of the same lever that fastened on the skate. The patent was still in existence — in fact, was but five years old.

A day or two after September 1st, Bullock forwarded to the Canadian firms the skates which they had ordered, but without the attachment — that he was reserving for the present. Then he sat down and watched the trade journals. Finally he saw what he was looking for. It was the announcement that the Canadian firms had been able to purchase the Loewenthal at a phenomenally low price. He read it with interest, but not with surprise — the fact being that he had himself furnished to the journals the necessary information.

"That'll give 'em a turn," he laughed to himself.

Next day he mailed circulars to every wholesale dealer in the country — in the world almost. These circulars he had carefully and ingeniously prepared. They contained a photograph of the Loewenthal skate, with the Bullock attachment complete, and a full explanation of both. In addition they contained an offer by Chester Bullock & Son to fill orders for skates to any reasonable number of the Loewenthal pattern, with the Bullock attachment, "*at prices lower than those quoted at the present time by any other dealer in the world.*" That was the literal offer. *No prices whatever were quoted.* Bullock contented himself with the general statement that he would undersell any other dealer's present price. His circulars were dated.

Down in the metropolis the representatives of the National Skate Concern were also perusing the trade journals. They noted the seductive prices offered to the Canadian concerns by Bullock & Son. It did, as Bullock had supposed, give them a

turn. But they were ready for it. *One week* after the mailing of Bullock's circulars the trust also prepared and mailed *its* offer. They agreed with all creation to furnish Loewenthal skates (without the attachment, of course; they knew nothing of that, and, more than that, Bullock held the patent) at prices *five cents less* per pair than the prices at which Bullock had sold to the Canada contingent.

Both sides were approaching the battle-ground. The busy season was just beginning, but had not begun. Bullock Jr. finished up his stock, and rested on his arms. The trust did likewise.

One morning Bullock Jr., who had left his window wide open the night before, rose stiff in every joint. He shivered as he rose. The north wind howled and whistled as he hurried into his clothes. When he had done so he glanced at the thermometer. It was twenty-five above. Twenty-five, and not yet the tenth of November. He hurried through his breakfast, hunted up his winter overcoat, and rushed out on the street. He bought a paper. His hands became numb as he counted out the change. It was getting colder every moment. He glanced at the news.

It was all about the cold. The local streams were freezing over. Two hundred miles to the north the lakes and rivers had frozen to the bottom. From the great Northwest more was coming. It was the precursor of a long and strong cold wave.

All that day and all the next his mail was heavy. The first letter he opened was a sample of the many. It was from Bond & Faitoute and read about as follows:

CHESTER BULLOCK & SON.

Gentlemen: — We want at once three thousand pairs of skates — Loewenthal pattern. We received your circular — like the attachment. We enclose, however, the offer of the National Skate Concern, recently received, for Loewenthal skates — note their price. If you can ship us three thousand pairs with the small attachment, at their prices, or even five cents more per pair, you may consider this an order. Wire us at once. Yours, etc.,

BOND & FAITOUTE, Robbins.

They were all about alike. Bullock did not wire. He sat down and waited. And all the while it grew colder.

Down in the metropolis the National Skate Concern were also sitting down and waiting — waiting for the orders they were sure would come. But they got tired waiting after a while. Then they hustled out to discover the reason. The first man they tackled told them — he himself had just sent in an order to young Bullock.

On the afternoon of the next day three well-dressed men stepped into the office of Chester Bullock & Son. Bullock received them with a smile which was cordial — and significant. They sat down.

"We represent the National Skate Concern," began the spokesman. Bullock nodded. "We've come to make you an offer for your stock and business," the man went on.

Bullock wasted no words. "How much?" he asked.

The other nodded approvingly. "That's business," he replied. He leaned over confidentially. "We'll give you," he said, with the air of a man making a very liberal proposition; "we'll give you, Mr. Bullock, twenty-five thousand dollars down. Not a cent less, and," he added, "not a cent more."

Bullock laughed out loud. "Let's talk about something else," he remarked. He reached over and passed around a box of cigars. Then he leaned comfortably back in his chair, with the attitude of a man about to enter into a desultory conversation with his friends.

"Cold weather," he remarked pleasantly, with a twinkle in his eye; "good season for ice."

The men looked at each other. They were nonplussed. "Do you mean to say you won't take it?" they asked.

"What!" snorted Bullock, "twenty-five thousand dollars — I should think not." He fumbled among the papers on his desk for a pencil and a pad. He passed them to the spokesman.

"Read this letter," he said, taking one at random from his pigeon-hole; "read that first. They're all alike. Now take that pencil. You put down the figures as I read them off. Pilch & Co., three thousand. Bland Hardware, twenty-two hundred. Coe & Conover, thirty-seven hundred and fifty. William Johnson, five hundred—" And so on. Bullock read off the orders he had received to date, handing each letter, as he finished with it, to another of the three for verification.

"Now, if you've finished, add it up," directed Bullock.

"But — but," protested the man who had spoken before, "you can't fill these — you

"RETIRED TO THE CORNER AGAIN"

haven't got the goods." Bullock pressed a button.

"Williamson," he requested, as that functionary appeared, "will you kindly show these gentlemen through the warehouse and give them our figures of supply? And explain to them, Williamson," he added, with another twinkle, "the working of the Bullock Automatic Heel Strap Tightener." The men followed Williamson. Bullock Jr. remained behind, smoking his cigar. They finally returned.

"Now, Mr. Bullock," resumed the spokesman, a bit rattled, but trying hard not to show it, "you've got a good stock and all that. We concede that. But — Here, we might just as well get down to business." He took some papers from his pocket.

"I tell you frankly, at the start," he went on, "that we don't go about this business blindly. We've known all along just what you've been doing for the last few years, and just what your business is worth. And we know what you can do in the future. We can even tell you pretty accurately how much actual capital you've got to run your place. Here, if you don't believe me, look at that."

He handed over the papers. He was right — they had come close to the figures. And these three men — besides Bullock himself — were the only men in the town that day who knew actually how poor he was. He tossed the papers back with an air of indifference. "Well?" he said.

"Well," resumed the other, "we concede that you can ship these goods and fill the orders at that cut-throat price — that we admit. But when you do, that ends you. You stop right there — you can't go on. You must certainly realize that."

Bullock blew a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling and smiled to himself. "Gentlemen," he responded, "you forget that that is entirely my own concern. There is no reason why you should worry about that. All that need interest you is that I'm going to fill these orders at those prices — and to-day, not later; I'm behindhand now. You are here not at my suggestion — but at your own. We've talked business and we can't meet on common ground, and there's an end to it, so far as I can see. If you will take dinner and drive around the town later, I'm your man. Otherwise, I'm through."

The three withdrew to the corner of the room and conferred there for a few minutes.

"Here," said the former speaker, as they came back; "I'll tell you what we'll do. We're authorized to offer you one hundred thousand straight." Bullock only laughed.

"What you want to do," he replied, "is to take the figures I gave you, and figure up your loss this year in case I fill these orders. You can figure it out in your own way. I've figured it out in mine, and mine is probably the more conservative of the two."

"Well," asked the other, "what do you make it?"

"I make it," returned Bullock, carefully watching the other man's face, "just about four hundred and fifty thousand dollars — not a cent less." The other man breathed a sigh of relief. His figures had been more than that. "Now," resumed Bullock, "since you mean business, I'll tell you what I'll do with you. First, I won't sell at any figure unless you agree absolutely to keep this factory running, and to keep it busy for a reasonable period, say five years. And more: you must keep at least two hundred and fifty hands working all the time — I can't have them thrown out of employment. And you must keep Williamson, my superintendent — you can't find a better one anyway. These things I insist upon. Second, taking your probable loss at four hundred thousand dollars, instead of four hundred and fifty thousand

dollars, which is a liberal deduction, I'll take just one-half of it, not a cent more or a cent less. Gentlemen, you can pay me two hundred thousand dollars down or we'll drop the subject, once and for all."

They retired to the corner again. Bullock turned to his desk and dictated telegrams. Five minutes passed — then ten — then a quarter of an hour. Then they came back.

"We'll go you, Bullock," was all they said.

"All right," returned Bullock, looking up and lighting a fresh cigar. "When will you close?"

They consulted together. "This afternoon at two," they said.

"Very well," assented Bullock. "In the meantime I can dictate the refusal to these orders." And he did. He wrote a brief circular letter, stating just the facts, and that he would be unable to quote any prices for the skates in question.

At two o'clock the men returned — they were the President, Vice-President, and Secretary of the trust.

"Now, gentlemen," concluded Bullock, as he pocketed their check and the agreement they had signed, "to-morrow you can fill this batch of orders yourselves. And if I'm not mistaken," he added, glancing at the thermometer outside — it was growing colder every moment; "if I'm not mistaken, you'll get them, thick and fast. And you can handle them at your own price."

They shook hands and he bowed them out. "At their own price," he repeated to himself with a laugh. "At their own price."

He sat down at his desk, pulled the check from his pocket, and looked at it for half an hour.

And the trust did as he said. It started in to fill orders at the prevailing price — but it was brought up with a round turn.

The dealers whose letters lay upon Bullock's desk, upon his refusal, had wired the trust, requesting — nay, demanding — the shipment of Loewenthal skates at the price the trust had already quoted — the cut-throat figures they had quoted so widely and confidently to beat Bullock at his own game.

Bullock had quoted no prices in his circular — his skirts were clear.

But the trust — yes, Bullock Jr. was right — they had the privilege of filling all the orders mentioned, and more, too — literally, *at their own price*.

And it turned out to be a cold winter — very cold. And the demand for skates was large. And skates were cheap and good.

"That young Bullock," they were saying in the old town of Monroe, "is in luck. It's a big thing to have your father leave a pile of money, and that's just what old Bullock did. One of the richest men we ever had, old Bullock was."

And Chester Bullock, Jr., was glad to let it go at that.

THE BARBIZON SCHOOL

SECOND PAPER

COROT, ROUSSEAU, AND MILLET

BY

JOHN LA FARGE

AUTHOR OF "MICHELANGELO," "REMBRANDT," "HOGARTH," ETC.

Corot

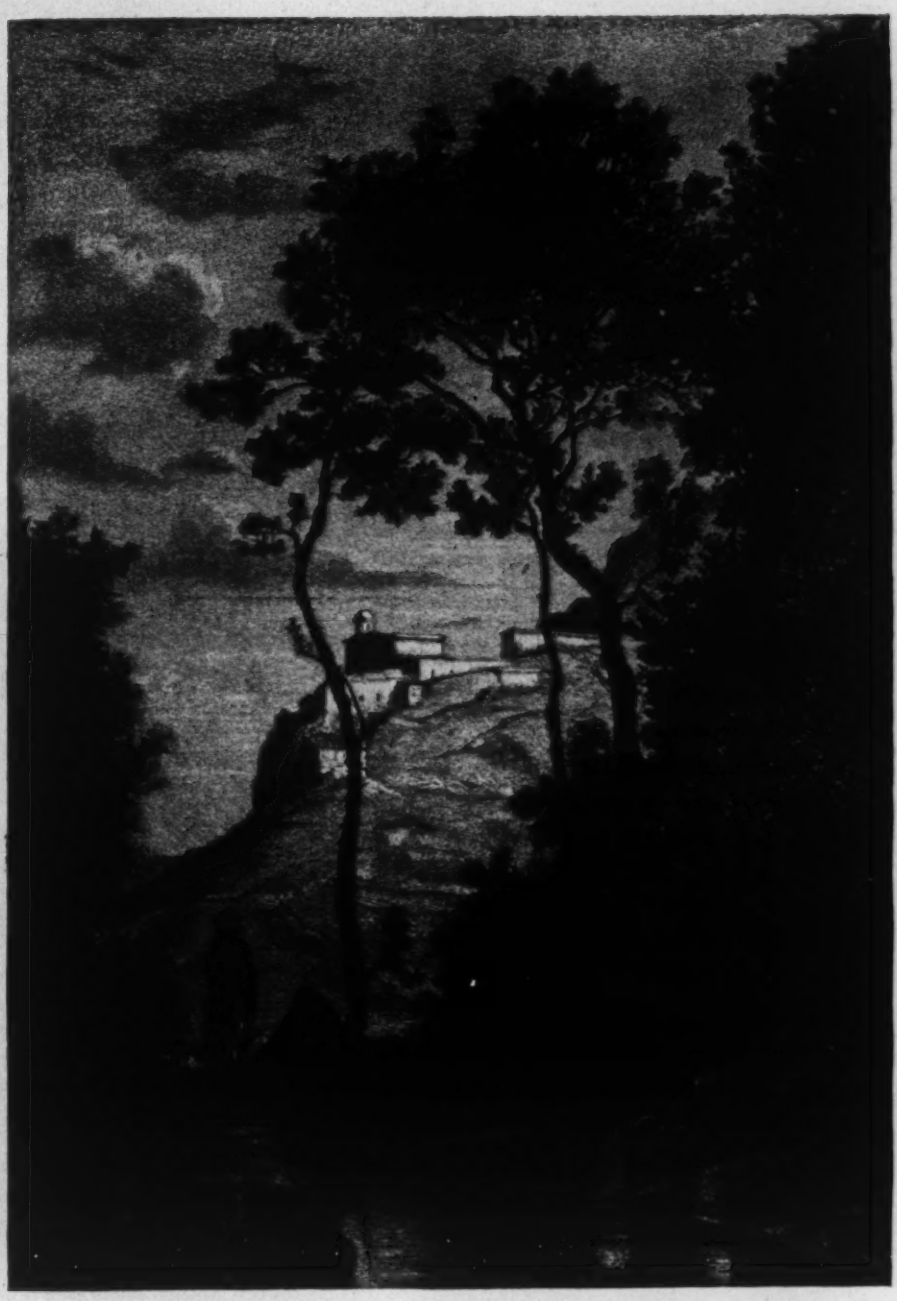
AS he began late, somewhat obscurely, and certainly modestly, Corot appears as a younger artist than he was. In reality he was born in 1796, and, although he has struck a new and special note never heard before, a something afar back of the very beginning of the century remains in his paintings, in his reminiscence of the earlier dry painters of his childhood and of the glories of earlier classical landscape painters.

Corot came of good peasant stock of Burgundy, of which origin he was proud, and from which he inherited perhaps the strong body and steady good nature which carried him thankfully through life. His mother was a successful milliner in Paris and his father a thrifty tradesman. After the usual school days passed away from Paris in that charming city, Rouen, far down the great River Seine, the boy was employed in a draper's shop from 1812 until 1820 — a disagreeable discipline to which he attributed, however, his habits of order and regularity.

We have any number of anecdotes about Corot: there is one which explains the artistic mind. He had reported to his employer how successfully he had sold a quantity of beautiful Lyons silks, and he expected some acknowledgment. On the contrary, the draper explained to him that there was no merit in disposing of excellent goods, as the real merit was to sell what was bad. Whereupon Corot perceived that this was exactly what an artist can not do; and he decided to quit commerce. He obtained his father's consent for his career as a painter, on what was to him a large annuity of three hundred dollars.

He was over thirty years old when he first began to paint, on the very day that his father freed him. He used to show that first picture of his to his friends, saying, "It is as young as ever; it marks the hour and the time of day when I did it; but Mademoiselle Rose, who worked at my mother's and who looked at me at my work, and I, where are we?"

He studied faithfully under the direction of his masters, who represented the school of artificial, misnamed "classical," formula in all its rigor. In 1825 he went to Rome to carry out still further this mode of study, but, curiously enough, he began there to study for himself in exactly the opposite way, by rapid notes of everything



ITALIAN LANDSCAPE

FROM THE PAINTING BY COROT

that moved, that was transient, and different from the posing of the studio. In that way he learned the difference there is between nature on the wing, as it were — its details in relation to all other details — and that artificial combination of parts successfully adjusted which is the usual foundation of the picture or the statue made in the

studio. At the same time he retained that part of his training which obliged him to firmness and precision, and his studies in that direction are still models of very complete observation. But they were already a little beyond the average school formulas, though a few of the better artists of the classical school, to whom he was forever grateful, encouraged him.

In 1827 Corot began exhibiting regularly in the official exhibition which we call the Salon. He continued to the day of his death, in 1875. If he was discouraged by being misunderstood, he was patient and made no protest. The critics of the day passed over his work; he sold nothing; the admiration of a few artists rather impressed upon the public that there was something mysterious and over-æsthetic in his work; and the representatives of official art were slow to understand that this man did not believe himself to be at all revolutionary, but was, in fact, a worshipper of all that they preached, but which, alas, he and they practiced differently. With fifteen or twenty years of waiting, some more open recognition came at length. Corot went again to Italy and carried out still further the direction of his studies. Then he began to be recognized, though still considered strange. In 1847 he was made a Knight of the Legion of Honor, a form of acknowledgment which made his father increase the allowance of this man now past middle age.

More and more years passed on, and towards the end of the fifties Corot's work, though not triumphant, was known and even admired beyond the circle of his great admirers, the other men of whom I am writing. The new poetic feeling in his treatment of well-worn subjects began to be recognized, and the accuracy of impression of those of his paintings which seemed mere records of nature was understood better and better by the many artists who had started out to conquer the different phases of outdoor nature. Further than any of them, it carried the translation of special light and color into what is called values, that is to say, the relation of light and dark of any place in the entire scheme of a picture.

He was no longer an eccentric; he was a master, evidently capable of handling easily some of the most formidable problems which the painter meets. But it required still another decade to affirm this for everyone, and perhaps even the next quarter of the century was necessary to place him in his secure position. Meanwhile, he was looked at with friendly feeling and even affection by all who knew him. His kindliness to all who needed it, his sincere admiration for those who deserved it, the simplicity and serenity of his mind — gave him a position free from all envy, and allowed those who stood in his way to forgive him more easily the harm they had done *him*. He was charitable, and when he began to make money, helped others with it. As he said, "It all comes back again." In 1870, when he saw that the siege of Paris was inevitable, he returned to help in the ambulance service, giving to the poor what was a large sum for him, and yet managing even then to go on with his work as a consolation. And he was happy in it, as his paintings show. He said to another painter a few hours before his death:

"Truly, if my hour has come, I shall have nothing to complain of. For fifty-three years I have been a painter. I have, therefore, been permitted to devote myself entirely to that which I love most in the world. I have never suffered from poverty; I have had good parents and excellent friends. I can only be thankful to God."

This was in the beginning of 1875. Corot, therefore, lived through the entire movement of the nineteenth century. Only two of the men who belonged to his group outlived him — Dupré and Daubigny. He belonged to them in so far that he was passionately fond of nature in all its aspects, though he more especially loved certain features of landscape which he saw most frequently, and also certain times of day which seemed to him especially lovely. A letter of his, describing the delightful day of a landscape painter, tells just what he liked most. He has watched for the dawn:

"Nature is behind a white veil on which some masses of form are vaguely indicated. Everything smells sweet, everything trembles under the invigorating breezes of the dawn. The sun begins to rend the veil of gauze; the vapors of night still hang like silver tufts of cold green grass. The leaves feel cold and move to and fro in the morning air. Under the leaves the unseen birds are singing. It sounds as if the flowers were saying their morning prayer. We can see nothing; but the landscape is all there,

Negative by Braun, Clément & Co.

THE BATHERS

FROM THE PAINTING BY COROT

all perfect behind the transparent gauze. The mist rises and rises and pales the sun. As it rises, it discloses the river's silver scales, the meads, the trees, the cottages, the vanishing distance. We can distinguish now all that we divined before.

"The sun has risen, all things breaking forth into glistening, and glittering, and shini ıg, and a full flood of light — of pale, caressing light — as yet. The sun grows hot—we can see too much now. Let us go home."

The wet morning and the dewy eve, then, were what he painted most; and on that side of representing moments in nature, he was closely affiliated to those of his day who were moving more and more toward realism. For all else he held on to the sequence of the greater masters of the classical past. It needs not for that to follow his choice of stories, his pleasant poetical legends in landscape derived from what he saw about him or remembered of Italy; the essence of his paintings, even when most

veiled by the movements of light and shade, is the arrangement of light and shade, is the arrangement of light and the proportion of space. It is that which gives him the strange recall of something that we have dreamed of. It is the recall of all the solemn dispositions of light and space that have come down to us from all time. In such landscapes he has placed figures under influences equally divided. They are placed as if they had been really seen — they have the look of realism very often — and they are so, in that they are intimately associated with the space that holds them, with an accuracy far beyond that of the majority of the most accurate representations. They are so placed that they could move; they do not look as if the painter had chosen their position, but had only recorded what he saw, and, at the same time, they are a part of the mechanism of the make-up of the picture which could not do without them.

In this matter, as in almost all others of Corot's excellencies, we have been slow to discover the wonderful art concealed under the appearance of that simplicity — what the French call "naïveté" — which belonged to Corot's expression as it was a part of his nature; which prevented his being taken so seriously as he might have been under more pompous formulas; which allowed many to patronize him under the name of the "Good Corot," of "Father Corot"; but which, far down at bottom, was what might have been expected of that rich ancient Burgundian sap, which through peasant ancestry developed intense shrewdness under the forms of ironical indifference.

Rousseau

With the name of Rousseau we touch more closely the reasons which gave to our group of painters the name of the Barbizon School. He is essentially a landscape painter with no influence of the human figure in his work, such as we feel in Corot, for instance, whose view of nature is constantly steeped in that peculiar influence inseparable from the love of the human form; that is to say, that he is a composer, a builder of proportion even when the apparent record is only that of a landscape at a given time of day. With Rousseau the love is that of earth and its growths, and comes from the impression made by outside nature and a desire to conquer it and carry it away. This love of outdoors began with the boy Rousseau when at the early age of twelve he was secretary to the proprietor of a sawmill in the forests of Franche-Comté. His employer was a relative. He failed in his business and the boy returned home to school, but, having shown by some early attempts at painting an extraordinary desire and capacity, the family allowed a cousin, a landscape painter, to begin his training under a teacher perhaps as far removed as could well be from what was really to be the view of nature expressed by Rousseau. He was born in Paris in 1812; his father was a clothier; the family had for a long time some connection with art; an uncle had been a portrait painter, and his mother's cousin was the artist who first directed the boy's studies. Rousseau's explanation of himself is, that his first teaching was so bad that its specter pursued him for years, but he seems, however, to have, while a boy, up to his seventeenth year, played truant most of the time and made continuous but timid attempts to express what he was beginning to see. The boy of eighteen broke away from the wishes of his teacher, anxious to have him prepare for the career of the reputable official artist by competing for the Roman Prize; and he began in the mountains of Auvergne certain studies which to his official friends were monstrous, but which brought him the good-will of some of the more important men of the new movement. The young man then became one of the new movement, with which he had really little connection but that of hatred of the Academy and a willingness to believe that all the new ideas were his. They were not, but the youth's entanglement with men of revolutionary and socialistic leanings stood later in his way and served as an excuse for a continuous opposition on the part of the representatives of government teaching, which lasted almost to the end of his meritorious and independent career.

Thus the young man was already in 1833 a prominent person, fought for by writers upon art who delighted in introducing their political and social questions into the peaceful domain of æsthetics. His first celebrated picture, "La Descente des Vaches," a picture which to-day is almost

LE PUY
FROM THE PAINTING BY ROUSSEAU
COLLECTION OF J. A. HOAGLAND

gone, owing to some imperfections of execution, was refused at the Exhibition of 1836, but it made a great sensation, was defended and admired by critics and artists, established the position of the painter in relation to all the greater men of the day, brought him the friendship and good-will of such men as Scheffer, Delacroix, Decamps, Barye, and Dupré, and, naturally, increased still more the opposition of the Institute.

Jules Dupré* and Rousseau began to work together, visiting different parts of France and establishing a community of feeling and interest which was only once broken into by a jealous suspicion of Rousseau's: There seemed to be always some more special and curious opposition to him, beyond all the others who were in the new movement not belonging to the Institute. Time and time again his pictures were refused, or, if accepted, then badly hung, and honors granted to others were denied him. Money matters were also difficult until 1851, when the tide began to turn, and Rousseau was able to earn a living and to enjoy for some time a commercial success. He was then able to help his friends, purchasing under another name, for instance, Millet's Salon picture in 1855. Fluctuations in his means, however, kept him involved in constant financial difficulties for which his temperament was not fitted, and his living in solitude, in a state of opposition and of intellectual struggle, brought on an irregularity of habit of work which is singular in the career of perhaps the most strenuous and sincere of all the landscape artists of modern times. He occasionally painted pictures which were nothing but the result of much knowledge and well understood recipes, and then again, putting aside all question of interest, attacked new problems of extreme difficulty, expending months extending into years, for elaboration, change, and rehandling of the entire problem. He is known to have absolutely repainted in a new way works which were already among the most remarkable studies of nature that modern art has given. He had undertaken, as it were, a personal struggle with nature, a wish to transfer absolutely into the space of a frame all the characteristics of nature which he saw before him,—the solidity of the ground, the growth

* Another Barbizon artist of great importance, whom limitations of space prevent my considering in this brief article.

of plants and trees, the complications of foliage, the infinite tapestries of weeds and grass, the hardness of rock, the softness of marsh, the flow of water, its transparency, its reflection, the play of the clouds over the scene, their make, their lights and shadows, and the sunlight or cloudiness that drops through all this vegetation, lighting here and there logically this more than that; and yet, also, not to have the view a piece cut out from the panorama, but a little world complete in itself, with the optical modulations which our eyes make and which constitute a picture, and not a mere study. In other words, Rousseau's struggle was to take up the work of the great masters of the past who painted pictures, that is to say, little worlds, and to introduce into his new creations all that he could gather together of the infinite facts which make the world we see. Hence, perhaps, there is too much in many of his pictures, but it is not the too much of a mere record, it is that less would be sufficient, and that in a struggle with all the difficulties of representing nature the man must be to a certain extent defeated.

Millet

I have chosen to close with the story of Jean François Millet because of his bringing a vision of emotional art fit to balance the record of Delacroix, with whom I began. Delacroix was Millet's first and only admiration among modern painters, notwithstanding their very opposite points of view, the extreme difference of their natures, and their use of the most divergent technique. But in the work of Delacroix, Millet could see the proper dramatic expression belonging to the art of painting, while the expressions of most of the painters of the time were for him based on the art and methods of the theater. As he once wrote: "The paintings of the Luxembourg* have given me a distaste for the theater itself." Millet's characteristic paintings are the expression of his deepest feeling, but they are based on actual sight, on a severe realism. His antecedents and his origin are in reality the

*Gallery of Modern French Art.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Co.

THE EDGE OF FONTAINEBLEAU FOREST AT SUNSET

FROM THE PAINTING BY ROUSSEAU

THE LOUVRE

subject of his pictures. Therefore, his early story is all-important. It has the note of his pictures — austerity.

The landscape of his birthplace is beaten by the winds and rains of the Channel, and is simple and stern in form. The names of places through that part of France indicate that from there came the persistent invaders of England and adventurers to other lands. On the cliffs of La Hogue that overlook the sea by Cherbourg, in the hamlet of Gruchy, Jean François Millet was born, October, 1814. His first name came from his father's, Jean Louis, and the second for the love of St. Francis of Assisi which filled the austere soul of his grandmother, who was the real head of the family, according to ancestral habits. They were no commonplace people, these peasant proprietors, who, with frugality and unremitting toil, in "respectability of admitted poverty," in religious practice and the fear of God, maintained a large family on the few inherited acres. François' mother was of a family of gentlemen broken by the Revolution. His father had a great sense of beauty, and early called the child's attention to the perfection of natural objects, to the lines and arrangements of the landscape about them. He was fond of music also, and noted the church chants with the care and elegance of a mediæval scribe. There was an uncle, a miller, who read Montaigne and Pascal, and the great Jansenists of the seventeenth century; another was a physician and chemist; another was a peasant priest, who had at the risk of his life refused to conform with the state against his conscience. Later, when freed from church obligations, he helped with his enormous size and strength in the harsh field labors, still keeping the dress of his cloth and observing its rules in little and great things, and teaching besides the children too poor to pay for schooling.

But the grandmother was the great influence; she was the director and help of all — her austere ideas of duty and religion mingled, as Millet has said, with the love of nature, as they did in the life of the St. Francis after whom she had named the little boy François. "Wake up," she used to say at dawn to the boy; "wake up, little Francis; already the birds have begun to sing of the glory of God." They all read St. Augustine and the Lives of the Saints, St. Jerome's letters, which the painter later read and re-read, and the works of the great opposing bishops, Bossuet and Fénelon. When Millet went to school, the exquisite charm of Virgil moved him; and Virgil and the Bible remained his books to the end. They are the books of his great pictures, if we see them right.

For eighteen years the boy labored in the fields with his kindred. His father, however, had always followed kindly the boy's attempts at drawing. One day, on his making some special drawing, his father said: "I should have been willing to have thee taught the painter's trade: they say it is beautiful: but I needed thee: now thy brothers are growing up and I shall not prevent thy learning what thou desirest." So they went to the neighboring town of Cherbourg, and showed the drawings to a painter of the place, who, recognizing a great promise, began to direct the boy — a training interrupted by the father's death. Jean François returned for a time to help the family, then resumed his studies under another artist professor at the Cherbourg College, drawing and copying pictures in the city museum, and reading all that he could find, from Homer to Cooper's novels. Then, upon the recommendation of his teacher, the municipality of Cherbourg agreed to give the young Millet an annuity of one thousand francs — two hundred dollars — to allow him to study in Paris more seriously. With this small amount and a little aid from home, Millet began his studies and his work in Paris.

He was then twenty-two years old. He had read as we see. Without knowing it, he had already prepared his views of art and the direction of his technique. But he suffered from isolation, having developed a shyness that never left him and which he says he always felt when he met a stranger or a new question. This shyness, the habit of silence, that we know to be born of the fields, made Millet appear to the youngsters of his time a barbarian — a "man of the woods," as they said.

The young "barbarian" entered the studio of Delaroche, then one of the most famous and successful painters. His fellow students did not understand him, though the teacher in a way appreciated the merits of the beginner's points, which were not those that he most especially taught. Millet's consolation lay in the works of the old masters — Michelangelo's designs and the

early paintings that he saw in the Louvre. They "magnetized" him. When he was alone in his little garret he "thought alone of those fervid masters who have made human creatures so passionate as to be beautiful, and thus so nobly beautiful that they are images of Good." (Millet to his friend Sensier.)

Delaroche, who had thought of making him an assistant, chilled him by explaining that whether he deserved it or not, the support he could give him in his contest for the Roman Prize, which sends a youth free to Italy and study of the masters, could not be his until another more favored but less deserving pupil was helped first. Millet then decided to work by himself and for himself. He had made a studio friend who studied with him, and helped him to sell little pictures and drawings that Millet made by his friend's advice in more or less imitation of the eighteenth century. These paintings and drawings which, we call, among artists, "pot-boilers," realized small sums — four dollars, one dollar sometimes; there were also portraits at one dollar, and with these sums Millet managed to continue his more serious studies. Once he went back to his town of Cherbourg, where he had some orders whose execution seemed unsuccessful to people there; but with what he had of his own and his little gains, he dared to marry and brought his wife with him to Paris. Then began the more serious struggle from which he never absolutely escaped. His work at that time shows occasionally the future gravity that we know, but it is usually either very realistic in the manner of study, or conversely is merely a pleasant arrangement of color and form sufficient to make an appeal to the public, for a reward to keep the little family going. Some appreciation he met, but not enough to help him far. His wife died and, broken in mind, for a time he escaped and made for his old home. There he did

Negative by Braun, Clément & Co.

SPRING

FROM THE PAINTING BY MILLET

THE LOUVRE

better; had some little success at Havre, gathered some money, and, marrying again, ventured a second time to Paris. He was very slowly finding his way to the expression by which we know him later; for he painted imaginative subjects, and only occasionally the reminiscences of his peasant life. According to the usual habit of painters, and especially of the fashion of the moment, many of his pictures represented nude subjects; which allowed him to study further the construction of the human form at the expense of the purchaser. Nor should I note the fact, were it not that upon this question of the morality of the subject turned the decision of Millet's later life. The question is placed in a letter addressed to him by his grandmother, referring to his painting of an imaginary "Temptation of St. Jerome." Its biblical appeal is the key to the mind of all that family. This is what the old lady wrote: "Thou art painting a portrait of St. Jerome, mourning over the dangers of his youth. Do thou, dear child, reflect as he did and draw therefrom a holy profit. Follow the example of that man of thy profession who said, 'I paint for eternity.' For whatever reason, never allow thyself to do any wrong work; lose not the presence of God; with St. Jerome think continually of the call to judgment."

Like all true artists, Millet was in love with life. He pictured it as it came to his memory or his imagination, but the temper of the man was too simple and serious to pass over that line which limits our view of life and our self-abandonment to its impulses. Whatever his subjects, his rendering of them is essentially chaste. In that he resembles the great Tintoretto, whose most important representations of the classical mythology are as far from censure as his religious work. They are merely the human form in health and glorious innocence. Millet had begun to make friends and to save a little; whereupon came the well-known episode of his hearing two young men looking at a picture of his in a shop window, which represented some women bathing. One of them had said, "The picture is by a certain Millet who paints only naked women." Our artist's dignity revolted. He told his wife what he had heard, saying, "If it suits you, I shall never do any more of that kind of work; our life must become harder and harder for you, but I shall be free, and I shall accomplish what has filled my mind for a long time." To this she answered, "I am ready." They had a little money and left Paris for the country, at Barbizon, which was to become the continuous residence of Millet for the next twenty-seven years — the remainder of his life. He found other painters there; among them Rousseau who, with him, was to give to the forest adjoining a celebrity in art sufficient to name a school — the School of Fontainebleau.

Then began in 1849–50 the development of the extraordinary and singular career which separates him from all other painters before him, and which will never be repeated. The charm of landscape surrounding him had seized him. It was sufficiently different from his native open spaces to begin a new enthusiasm for what nature says: "The calm and grandeur of the Forest is so great that I feel as if I were afraid; I don't know what the trees say to each other, but they say something which we do not quite understand, because we do not speak the same language." (Letter to Sensier, 1850.) Besides these new varieties of shapes of things, different but yet the same; the dawn, the mid-day heat, the cool of the evening, the rain of autumn, the snow, every mood of which brought back the man's eighteen years of field life, Millet saw again the peasants somewhat similar to those of his youth, to those from whom he sprung. All their ways he understood: he himself could instruct a man at work in the field how to do a better job. His friend William Hunt, the American, has told me that he has seen Millet tie up the bundles of corn to prove to a peasant how much better it could be done. All the more was Millet impelled to disengage from the realism, which he understood and could copy, the ideal type of each of the functions in the life of the worker of the field. Therefore, it is not a sower, a reaper, a gleaner that he has given, but it is *the* sower, *the* reaper, *the* gleaner. In that he resembles the Greek masters who have expressed themselves under the form of sculpture, and who have given us great types which may or may not be portraits, but which have fixed the expression of certain human conditions in such a way that we, unconsciously, think of them as the definition of things. For that very reason his

THE SHEPHERD AT THE SHEEPFOLD

FROM THE PAINTING BY MILLET

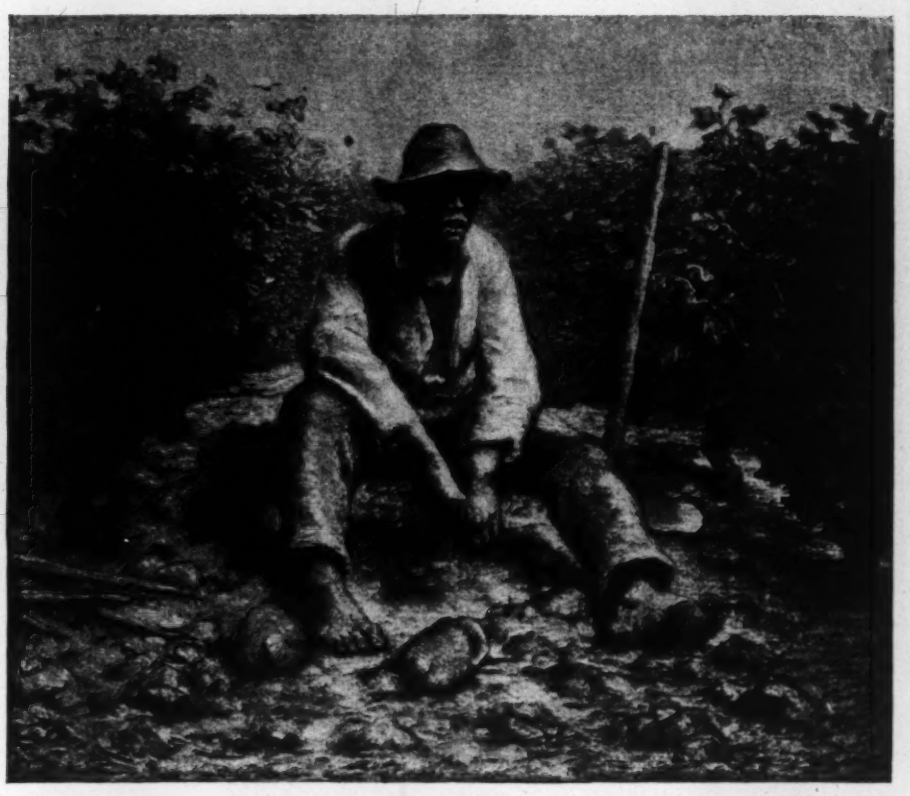
work tended to a form of technique which resembles the idea of sculpture. That is its great charm, its superiority: but at the same time its limitation as far as the idea of painting interferes. He was forced to a balance of expression which obliged him to forego many charms belonging to the special art of painting which is a representation of surfaces. These great sacrifices, sacrifices of beauties he himself loved, shocked the public of his time and many of his fellow artists. They will always be felt and will repel to some extent the desire for charm that we naturally expect in the representation by color; but as they are logical and necessary, and caused by great emotion and the noblest sincerity, they will also be accepted as final. No one without the mind and aim of Millet can hope to tread a similar path, nor can the first impulse that created these pictures come again easily. It came from a long inheritance of hard work accepted in a religious disposition of mind; in an acceptance of labor and suffering as the lot of the many; and indeed as a *divine gift*. It was based also on the rarest of all possible expressions through art of the ancestral respect for poverty, and in so far he was misunderstood by many, especially by the critics of his day, who thought that they saw a social protest in what was really the expression of resignation to duty and to the common fate of most men. The echoes of these objections have died away, but they served as a means of opposing the painter and of preventing his obtaining reasonable recognition, and were even used to turn away his pictures from the great exhibitions (the Salons). The gravity and sometimes the harshness of Millet's works met an opposing current in the art of his time among the official artists, the teachers of the great Government School, and all those who desired to be amused by painting, rather than to be moved. But difficult as was Millet's struggle, and though his gains were but just enough to support himself and his family, he had the advantage of sincere friendships among a few of the artists, notably Rousseau; and slowly the perception grew that a great master, absolutely different from and yet belonging to classical antiquity, was working for the glory of French art, and as the one recorder of a side of France that explains its extraordinary persistence.

Religious art had ceased to have any real expression. In these works of Millet remains the feeling which made the great works of the middle ages in which the soul of old France established a form as important as the Greek. So much of modern France for centuries has moved in another direction, that it is but natural that Millet's work should have been appreciated more immediately by Americans or Englishmen, in whom remained a certain mental tradition belonging to an older time.

The story closes as it began. Our artist painted to the end in difficulties — very often in the ill-health which came from earlier hardships — but he managed to bring up a family and to live a life which does honor to man.

In the first and in the last of the men I have written about under the insufficient title of the Barbizon School, we have seen a wish to express at times religious emotion or feeling. In each case, that of Delacroix and of Millet, the form of expression is extremely different. But theirs is almost the last successful attempt. The church itself has no place at present for such expressions. The religious feeling is permanent in man, but it must of course find a place, an opportunity; the conditions of the last two centuries have not been favorable. The other men of whom I write have certainly expressed their moral nature in their landscapes. Nature to them was not a mere thing to copy from, but, in Dupré's wording, "an excuse for the statement of their capacity for reverence and admiration." These excuses they did not find otherwise about them.

They found about them, and perhaps to their surprise, an official coldness and military dogmatism in church and state (and in France especially the church has little but what the state grants, even in art). But the state long ago had laid its hand on art as on everything that it could regulate. The military organizations of Napoleon reached after him into the domain of art and literature, and the great educational mechanism of France is the means of controlling the powers which in their essence are the freest function of man. By the management of state patronage a hierarchy is established which holds the furthest removed into some manner of control by those chosen by the state. Consequently,



LABORER IN THE VINEYARD RESTING

FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING BY MILLET

the struggle has been for ambitious talent to get some place in this machinery which would insure it for life a safe position on the military conditions of obedience and discipline, and the keeping out of all who knowingly or not believed in independence of thought and feeling. The reason or secret of the constant opposition to our group of painters is thus a perfectly natural one. They were forced into an antagonism from which morally and intellectually they could not escape. Nor did they always know how much they were in opposition. They pursued what are called ideals, which allowed little compromise. It may be said that they were imprudent; that they might have yielded some higher ideas to practical success. But in reality they were mostly unaware of the danger of their tendencies. They scarcely knew that they were the successors of the great artists detested by the Academy and the Government School. As Fromentin has put it, the Academy and the School, on the contrary, clearly saw behind these men the hated tradition of Rubens and of Rembrandt. They, on the contrary, like the devotees of science, saw only the disinterested end which they pursued with difficulty and often in adversity. Nor can we blame them any more than we do the mathematician or the astronomer whose calculations aim at abstract results. We know, and they know too, that, though there is no absolute mathematics in practice, yet it is only by the pursuit of such abstractions that the progress of practical science advances. Thus these men were bound together, more evidently to us than to themselves, by the opposition of the great government influences which still rule in

France. Their not being in the list of the authorized producers of art left the official art of France relatively barren, and more of an educational force than one of production. The names of these men also are those which have been carried throughout the world. Their names are known far beyond the limits they knew themselves, and their fame was as great as if they had not been Frenchmen. In some form or other, all outside art has been influenced by them, and they stand as types of forms of art. With all of them — except perhaps the more general favorite, Diaz — a certain moral dignity, a certain human value, is part of the texture of their work. Through its weight it has helped to carry their influence out of the fashions of their native land. It has made some of the beauties which they tried to embody more sympathetic. So that, however partial and deficient were some of them, it may be said of their works in the words the Greeks used for their favorite poets — that "many times the immortal gods had chosen to be seated at their hearthstone."

Negative by Braun, Clément & Co.

THE SHEPHERD GIRLS

FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING BY MILLET

"'THE SHEEP ARE COMING! THEY'RE COMING OVER THE HILL! WATCH, LIEBCHEN; WATCH, PRECIOUS!'"

THE END OF THE TASK

BY

BRUNO LESSING

AUTHOR OF "CHILDREN OF MEN"

ILLUSTRATED BY SIGISMOND DE IVANOWSKI

I

THE sewing-machines whirred like a thousand devils. You have no idea what a noise thirty sewing-machines will make when they are running at full speed. Each machine is made up of dozens of little wheels and cogs and levers and ratchets, and each part tries to pound, scrape, squeak and bang and roar louder than all the others. The old man who went crazy last year in this very same shop used to sit in the cell where they chained him, with his fingers in his ears, to keep out the noise of the sewing-machines. He said the incessant din was eating into his brains, and, time and again, he tried to dash out those poor brains against the padded wall.

The sewing-machines whirred and roared and clicked, and the noise drowned every other sound. Braun finished garment after garment and arranged them in a pile beside his machine. When there were twenty in the pile he paused in his work — if your eyes were shut you would never have known that one machine had stopped, — and he carried the garments to the counter, where the marker gave him a ticket for them. Then he returned to his machine. This was the routine of his daily labor from seven o'clock in the morning until seven o'clock at night. The only deviation from this routine occurred when Lizschen laid the twentieth garment that she had finished upon her pile and Braun saw her fragile figure stoop to raise the pile. Then his machine would stop, in two strides he would be at her side, and with a smile he would carry the garments to the counter for her and bring her the ticket for them. Lizschen would cease working to watch him, and when he handed her the ticket she would smile at him, and sometimes, when no one was looking, she would seize his hand and press it tightly against her cheek — oh! so tightly, as if she were drowning and that hand were a rock of safety. And, when she resumed her work, a tear would roll slowly over the very spot where his hand had rested, tremble for an instant upon her pale cheek, and then fall upon the garment where the needle would sew it firmly into the seam. But you never would have known that two machines had stopped for a moment; there were twenty-eight others to keep up the roaring and the rattling and the hum.

On and on they roared. There was no other sound to conflict with or to vary the monotony. At each machine sat a human being working with hand, foot, and eye, watching the flashing needle, guarding the margin of the seams, jerking the cloth hither and thither quickly, accurately, watching the spool to see that the thread ran freely, oiling the gear with one hand while the other continued to push the garment rapidly under the needle, the whole body swaying, bending, twisting this way and that to keep time and pace with the work. Every muscle of the body toiled, but the mind was free — free as a bird to fly from that suffocating room out to green fields and woods and flowers. And Braun was thinking.

Linder had told him of a wonderful place where beautiful pictures could be looked at for nothing. It was probably untrue. Linder was not above lying. Braun had been in this country six long years and in all that time he had never found anything that could be had for nothing. Yet Linder said he had seen them. Paintings in massive gold frames, real, solid gold, and such paintings!

Woodland scenes and oceans and ships and cattle and mountains, and beautiful ladies — such pictures as the theatrical posters and the lithograph advertisements on the streets displayed, only these were real. And it cost nothing to look at them!

Nineteen — twenty! That completed the pile. It had taken about an hour, and he had earned seven cents. He carried the pile to the counter, received his ticket and returned to his machine, stopping only to smile at Lizschen, who had finished but half a pile in that time and who looked so white and tired, yet smiled so sweetly at him — then on with his work and thoughts.

He would take Lizschen to see them. It was probably all a lie, but the place was far, far up-town, near Madison Square — Braun had never been north of Houston Street — and the walk might do Lizschen good. He would say nothing to her about the pictures until he came to the place and found out for himself if Linder had told the truth. Otherwise the disappointment might do her harm.

Poor Lizschen! A feeling of wild, blind rage overwhelmed Braun for an instant, then passed away, leaving his frame rigid and his teeth tightly clenched. While it lasted he worked like an automaton, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, feeling nothing save a chaotic tumult in his heart and brain that could find no vent in words, no audible expression save in a fierce outcry against fate — resistless, remorseless fate. A few months ago these attacks had come upon him more frequently and had lasted for hours, leaving him exhausted and ill. But they had become rarer and less violent; there is no misfortune to which the human mind cannot ultimately become reconciled. Lizschen was soon to die. Braun had rebelled; his heart and soul, racked almost beyond endurance, had cried out against the horror, the injustice, the wanton cruelty, of his brown-eyed, pale-cheeked Lizschen wasting away to death before his eyes. But there was no hope, and he had gradually become reconciled. The physician at the public dispensary had told him she might live a month or she might live a year longer, he could not foretell more accurately, but of ultimate recovery there was no hope on earth. And Braun's rebellious outbursts against cruel fate had become rarer and rarer. Do not imagine that these emotions had ever shaped themselves in so many words, or that he had attempted by any process of reasoning to argue the matter with himself or to see vividly what it all meant, what horrible ordeal he was passing through, or what the future held in store for him. From his tenth year until his twentieth Braun had worked in factories in Russia, often under the lash. He was twenty-six, and his six years in this country had been spent in sweat-shops. Such men do not formulate thoughts in words: they feel dumbly, like dogs and horses.

II

The day's work was done. Braun and Lizschen were walking slowly up-town, hand in hand, attracting many an inquiring, half-pitying glance. She was so white, he so haggard and wild-eyed. It was a delightful spring night, the air was balmy and soothing, and Lizschen coughed less than she had for several days. Braun had spoken of a picture he had once seen in a shop-window in Russia. Lizschen's eyes had become animated.

"They are so wonderful, those painters," she said. "With nothing but brushes they put colors together until you can see the trees moving in the breeze, and almost imagine you hear the birds in them."

"I don't care much for trees," said Braun, "or birds either. I like ships and battle pictures where people are doing something great."

"Maybe that is because you have always lived in cities," said Lizschen. "When I was a girl I lived in the country, near Odessa, and oh, how beautiful the trees were and how sweet the flowers! And I used to sit under a tree and look at the woods across the valley all day long. Ah, if I could only ——!"

She checked herself and hoped that Braun had not heard. But he had heard and his face had clouded. He, too, had wished and wished and wished through many a sleepless night, and now he could easily frame the unfinished thought in Lizschen's mind. If he could send her to the country, to some place where the air was warm and dry, perhaps her days might be prolonged. But he could not. He had to work and she had to work, and he had to look on and watch her toiling, toiling, day after day, without end, without hope. The alternative was to starve.

They came to the place that Linder had described, and, surely enough, before them

rose a huge placard announcing that admission to the exhibition of paintings was free. The pictures were to be sold at public auction at the end of the week, and for several nights they were on inspection. The young couple stood outside the door a while, watching the people who were going in and coming out, then Braun said:

"Come, Lizschen, let us go in. It is free."

Lizschen drew back timidly. "They will not let people like us go in. It is for nobility." But Braun drew her forward.

"They can do no more than ask us to go out," he said. "Besides I would like to have a glimpse of the paintings."

With many misgivings Lizschen followed him into the building, and found herself in a large hall, brilliantly illuminated, walled in with paintings whose gilt frames shone like fiery gold in the bright light of numerous electric lamps. For a moment the sight dazzled her, and she gasped for breath. The large room with its soft carpet, the glittering lights and reflections, the confused mass of colors that the paintings presented to her eyes, and the air of charm that permeates all art galleries, be they ever so poor, were all things so far apart from her life, so foreign not only to her experience, but even to her imagination, that the scene seemed unreal at first, as if it had been taken from a fairy tale. Braun was of a more phlegmatic temperament and not easily moved. The lights merely made his eyes blink a few times, and after that he saw only Lizschen's face. He saw the blood leave it and a bright pallor overspread her cheeks, saw the frail hand move convulsively to her breast, a gesture that he knew so well, and feared that she was about to have a coughing spell. Then, suddenly, he saw the color come flooding back to her face and he saw her eyes sparkling, dancing with a joy that he had never seen in them before. Her whole frame seemed suddenly to become animated with a new life and vigor. Somewhat startled by this transformation he followed her gaze. Lizschen was looking at a painting.

"What is it, dear?" he asked.

"The picture," she said in a whisper. "The green fields and that tree! And the road! It stretches over the hill! The sun will set, too, very soon. Then the sheep will come over the top of the hill. Oh, I can almost hear the leader's bell! And there is a light breeze. See the leaves of the tree; they are moving! Can't you feel the breeze? Oh, darling, isn't it wonderful? I never saw anything like that before."

Braun looked curiously at the canvas. To his eyes it presented a woodland scene, very natural, to be sure, but not more natural than nature, and equally uninteresting to him. He looked around him to select a painting upon which he could expend more enthusiasm.

"Now there's the kind I like, Lizschen," he said. "That storm on the ocean with the big ship going to pieces. And that big picture over there with all the soldiers rushing to battle."

He found several others and was pointing out what he found to admire in them, when, happening to look at his companion's face, he saw that her eyes were still fastened upon the woodland picture, and he realized that she had not heard a word of what he had said. He smiled at her tenderly.

"Ah, Lizschen," he said, "if I were rich I would take that picture right off the wall and give them a hundred dollars for it, and we would take it home with us so that Lizschen could look at it all day long."

But still Lizschen did not hear. All that big room with its lights and its brilliant colorings, and all those people who had come in, and even her lover at her side had faded from Lizschen's consciousness. The picture that absorbed all her being had ceased to be a mere beautiful painting. Lizschen was walking down that road herself; the soft breeze was fanning her fevered cheeks, the rustling of the leaves had become a reality; she was walking over the hill to meet the flock of sheep, for she could hear the shepherd's dog barking and the melodious tinkling of the leader's bell.

From the moment of their entrance many curious glances had been directed at them. People wondered who this odd-looking, ill-clad couple could be. When Lizschen became absorbed in the woodland scene and stood staring at it as if it were the most wonderful thing on earth, those who observed her exchanged glances, and several onlookers smiled. Their entrance, Lizschen's bewilderment, and then her ecstasy over the painting had all happened in the duration of three or four minutes. The liveried attendants had noticed them and had looked at one another with glances that

expressed doubt as to what their duty was under the circumstances. Clearly these were not the kind of people for whom this exhibition had been arranged. They were neither lovers of art nor prospective purchasers. And they looked so shabby and so distressingly poor and ill-nourished.

Finally one attendant, bolder than the rest, approached them, and tapping Braun lightly upon the sleeve, said, quite good-naturedly:

"I think you've made a mistake."

Braun looked at him and shook his head and turned to Lizschen to see if she understood. But Lizschen neither saw nor heard. Then the man, seeing that he was dealing with foreigners, became more abrupt in his demeanor, and, with a grunt, pointed to the door. Braun understood. To be summarily ordered from the place seemed more natural to him than to be permitted to remain unmolested amid all that splendor. It was more in keeping with the experiences of his life. "Come, Lizschen," he said, "let us go." Lizschen turned to him with a smiling face, but the smile died quickly when she beheld the attendant, and she clutched Braun's arm. "Yes, let us go," she whispered to him, and they went out.

III

On the homeward journey not a word was spoken. Braun's thoughts were bitter, rebellious; the injustice of life's arrangements rankled deeply at that moment, his whole soul felt outraged, fate was cruel, life was wrong, all wrong. Lizschen, on the other hand, walked lightly, in a state of mild excitement, all her spirit elated over the picture she had seen. It had been but a brief communion with nature, but it had thrilled the hidden chords of her nature, chords of whose existence she had never dreamed before. Alas! the laws of this same beautiful nature are inexorable. For that brief moment of happiness Lizschen was to submit to swift, terrible punishment. Within a few steps of the dark tenement which Lizschen called home a sudden weakness came upon her, then a violent fit of coughing which racked her frail body as though it would rend it asunder. When she took her hands from her mouth Braun saw that they were red. A faintness seized him, but he must not yield to it. Without a word he gathered Lizschen in his arms and carried her through the hallway into the rear building and then up four flights of stairs to the apartment where she lived.

Then the doctor came — he was a young man with his own struggle for existence weighing upon him and yet ever ready for such cases as this where the only reward lay in the approbation of his own conscience, — and Braun hung upon his face for the verdict.

"It is just another attack like the last," he was saying to himself. "She will have to lie in bed for a day, and then she will be just as well as before. Perhaps it may even help her! But it is nothing more serious. She has had many of them. I saw them myself. It is not so terribly serious. Not yet. Oh, it cannot be yet! Maybe, after a long time — but not yet — it is too soon." Over and over again he argued thus, and in his heart did not believe it. Then the doctor shook his head and said: "It's near the end, my friend. A few days — perhaps a week. But she cannot leave her bed again."

Braun stood alone in the room, upright, motionless, with his fists clenched until the nails dug deep into the skin, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, feeling nothing. His eyes were dry, his lips parched. The old woman with whom Lizschen lived came out and motioned to him to enter the bedroom. Lizschen was whiter than the sheets, but her eyes were bright, and she was smiling and holding out her arms to him. "You must go now, liebchen," she said faintly. "I will be all right to-morrow. Kiss me good-night, and I will dream about the beautiful picture." He kissed her and went out without a word. All that night he walked the streets.

When the day dawned he went to her again. She was awake and happy. "I dreamt about it all night, liebchen," she said joyfully. "Do you think they would let me see it again?"

He went to his work, and all that day the roar of the machines set his brain a-whirring and a-roaring as if it, too, had become a machine. He worked with feverish activity, and when the machines stopped he found that he had earned a dollar and five cents. Then he went to Lizschen and gave her fifty cents, which he told her he had found in the street. Lizschen was much weaker, and could only

speak in a whisper. She beckoned to him to hold his ear to her lips, and she whispered:

"Liebchen, if I could only see the picture once more."

"I will go and ask them, darling," he said. "Perhaps they will let me bring it to you."

Braun went to his room and took from his trunk a dagger that he had brought with him from Russia. It was a rusty, old-fashioned affair which even the pawnbrokers had repeatedly refused to accept. Why he kept it or for what purpose he now concealed it in his coat he could not tell. His mind had ceased to work coherently: his brain was now a machine, whirring and roaring like a thousand devils. Thought? Thought had ceased. Braun was a machine and machines do not think.

He walked to the picture gallery. He had forgotten its exact location, but some mysterious instinct guided him straight to the spot. The doors were already opened, but the nightly throng of spectators had hardly begun to arrive. And now a strange thing happened. Braun entered and walked straight to the painting of the woodland scene that hung near the door. There was no attendant to bar his progress. A small group of persons, gathered in front of a canvas that hung a few feet away, had their backs turned to him, and stood like a screen between him and the employees of the place. Without a moment's hesitation, without looking to right or to left, walking with a determined stride and making no effort to conceal his purpose, and, at the same time, oblivious of the fact that he was unobserved, Braun approached the painting, raised it from the hook, and, with the wire dangling loosely from it, took the painting under his arm and walked out of the place. If he had been observed, would he have brought his dagger into use? It is impossible to tell. He was a machine and his brain was roaring. Save for one picture that rose constantly before his vision, he was blind. All that he saw was Lizschen so white in her bed, waiting to see the woodland picture once more.

He brought it straight to her room. She was too weak to move, too worn out to express any emotion, but her eyes looked unutterable gratitude when she saw the painting.

"Did they let you have it?" she whispered.

"They were very kind," said Braun. "I told them you wanted to see it and they said I could have it as long as I liked. When you are better I will take it back."

Lizschen looked at him wistfully. "I will never be better, liebchen," she whispered.

Braun hung the picture at the foot of the bed where Lizschen could see it without raising her head, and then went to the window and sat there looking out into the night. Lizschen was happy beyond all bounds. Her eyes drank in every detail of the wonderful scene until her whole being became filled with the delightful spirit that pervaded and animated the painting. A master's hand had imbued that deepening blue sky with the sadness of twilight, the soft, sweet pathos of departing day, and Lizschen's heart beat responsive to every shade and shadow. In the waning light every outline was softened; here tranquillity reigned supreme, and Lizschen felt soothed. Yet in the distance, across the valley, the gloom of night had begun to gather. Once or twice Lizschen tried to penetrate this gloom, but the effort to see what the darkness was hiding tired her eyes.

IV

The newspapers the next day were full of the amazing story of the stolen painting. They told how the attendants at the gallery had discovered the break in the line of paintings and had immediately notified the manager of the place, who at once asked the number of the picture.

"It's number thirty-eight," they told him. He seized a catalogue, turned to No. 38, and turned pale. "It's Corot's 'Spring Twilight!'" he cried. "It cost the owner three thousand dollars, and we're responsible for it!"

The newspapers went on to tell how the police had been notified and how the best detectives had been set to work to trace the stolen painting, how all the thieves' dens in New York had been ransacked and all the thieves questioned and cross-questioned, all the pawnshops searched — and it all had resulted in nothing. But such excitement rarely leaks into the Ghetto, and Braun, at his machine, heard nothing of it, knew nothing of it, knew nothing of anything in the world save that the machines were roaring away in his brain and that Lizschen was dying. As soon as his work was done he

went to her. She smiled at him, but was too weak to speak. He seated himself beside the bed and took her hand in his. All day long she had been looking at the picture; all day long she had been wandering along the road that ran over the hill, and now night had come and she was weary. But her eyes were glad, and when she turned them upon Braun he saw in them love unutterable and happiness beyond all description. His eyes were dry; he held her hand and stroked it mechanically; he knew not what to say. Then she fell asleep and he sat there hour after hour, heedless of the flight of time. Suddenly Lizschen sat upright, her eyes wide open and staring.

"I hear them," she cried. "I hear them plainly. Don't you, liebchen? The sheep are coming! They're coming over the hill! Watch, liebchen; watch, precious!"

With all the force that remained in her she clutched his hand and pointed to the painting at the foot of the bed. Then she swayed from side to side, and he caught her in his arms.

"Lizschen!" he cried. "Lizschen!" But her head fell upon his arm and lay motionless.

The doctor came and saw at a glance that the patient was beyond his ministering. "It is over, my friend," he said to Braun. At the sound of a voice Braun started, looked around him quite bewildered, and then drew a long breath which seemed to lift him out of the stupor into which he had fallen. "Yes, it is over," he said, and, according to the custom of the orthodox, he tore a rent in his coat at the neck to the extent of a hand's breadth. Then he took the painting under his arm and left the house.

It was now nearly two o'clock in the morning and the streets were deserted. A light rain had begun to fall, and Braun took off his coat to wrap it around his burden. He walked like one in a dream, seeing nothing, hearing nothing save a dull monotonous roar which seemed to come from all directions and to center in his brain.

The doors of the gallery were closed and all was dark. Braun looked in vain for a bell, and after several ineffectual taps on the door began to pound lustily with his fist and heel. Several night stragglers stopped in the rain, and presently a small group had gathered. Questions were put to Braun, but he did not hear them. He kicked and pounded on the door, and the noise resounded through the streets as if it would rouse the dead. Presently the group heard the rattling of bolts and the creaking of a rusty key in a rusty lock, and all became quiet. The door swung open, and a frightened watchman appeared.

"What's the matter? Is there a fire?" he asked.

A policeman made his way through the group and looked inquiringly from Braun to the watchman. Without uttering a word Braun held out the painting, and at the sight of it the watchman uttered a cry of amazement and delight.

"It's the stolen Corot!" he exclaimed. Then turning to Braun, "Where did you get it? Who had it? Do you claim the reward?"

Braun's lips moved, but no sound came from them, and he turned on his heel and began to walk off, when the policeman laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Not so fast, young man. You'll have to give some kind of an account of how you got this," he said.

Braun looked at him stupidly, and the policeman became suspicious. "I guess you'd better come to the station-house," he said, and without more ado walked off with his prisoner. Braun made no resistance, felt no surprise, offered no explanation. At the station-house they asked him many questions, but Braun only looked vacantly at the questioner and had nothing to say. They locked him in a cell over night, a gloomy cell that opened on a dimly-lighted corridor, and there Braun sat until the day dawned, never moving, never speaking. Once, during the night, the watchman on duty in this corridor thought he heard a voice whispering, "Lizschen! Lizschen!" but it must have been the rain that now was pouring in torrents.

V

"There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary be at rest.

"There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor.

"The small and the great are there; and the servant is free from his master."

It is written in Israel that the rabbi must give his services at the death-bed of even the lowliest. The coffin rested on two

stools in the same room in which she died; beside it stood the rabbi, clad in somber garments, reading in a listless, mechanical fashion from the Hebrew text of the Book of Job, interpolating here and there some time-worn, commonplace phrase of praise, of exhortation, of consolation. He had not known her; this was merely part of his daily work.

The sweat-shop had been closed for an hour; for one hour the machines stood silent and deserted; the toilers were gathered around the coffin, listening to the rabbi. They were pale and gaunt, but not from grief. The machines had done that. They had rent their garments at the neck, to the extent of a hand's breadth, but not from grief. It was the law. A figure that they had become accustomed to see bending over one of the machines had finished her last garment. Dry-eyed, in a sort of mild wonder, they had come to the funeral services. And some were still breathing heavily from the morning's work. After all, it was pleasant to sit quiet for one hour.

Some one whispered the name of Braun, and they looked around. Braun was not there.

"He will not come," whispered one of the men. "It is in the newspaper. He was sent to prison for three years. He stole something. A picture, I think. I am not sure."

Those who heard slowly shook their heads. There was no feeling of surprise, no shock. And what was there to say? He had been one of them. He had drunk out of the same cup with them. They knew the taste. What mattered the one particular dreg that he found? They had no curiosity. In the case of Nitza, it was her baby who was dying because she could not buy it the proper food. Nitza had told them. And so when Nitza cut her throat they all knew what she had found in the cup. Braun hadn't told — but what mattered it? Probably something more bitter than gall. And three years in prison? Yes. To be sure. He had stolen something.

"Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery," droned the rabbi, *"and life unto the bitter in soul:*

"Which long for death, but it cometh not; and dig for it more than for hid treasures;

"Which rejoice exceedingly, and are glad, when they can find the grave?"

And the rabbi, faithful in the performance of his duty, went on to expound and explain. But his hearers could not tarry much longer. The hour was nearing its end and the machines would soon have to start again.

It is an old story in the Ghetto, one that lovers tell to their sweethearts who always cry when they hear it. The machines still roar and whir as if a legion of wild spirits were shrieking within them, and many a tear is stitched into the garments, but you never see them, madame — no, gaze as intently upon your jacket as you will, the tear has left no stain. There is an old man at the corner machine, gray-haired and worn, but he works briskly. He is the first to arrive each morning and the last to leave each night, and all his soul is in his work. His machine is an old one and roars louder than the rest, but he does not hear it. Day and night, sleeping and waking, there are a hundred thousand machines roaring away in his brain. What cares he for one more or one less?

BABIES OF THE ZOO

BY

A. W. ROLKER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

UNDOUBTEDLY the most rare and one of the most interesting youngsters ever seen in menageries is that most mischievous and most amusing of all champion "bouncers," the baby elephant. Not until twenty-five years ago — not even in the history of the centuries during which the huge pachyderm has served man in India — was an elephant born in captivity. In 1878, however, after hovering for twenty months over the J. A. Bailey Circus, a giant stork headed for Philadelphia, and, staggering under a fat, gray hundred-and-fifty-pound burden, presented "Hebe," a cow-elephant, with the greatest little animal curiosity in natural history. No more lovable tot can be imagined than this playful caricature of an elephant, a veritable vest-pocket edition of its huge, gray mother. In every detail of its thirty inches length and three-foot height the baby was a complete elephant, even to the delicate pink nostrils at the end of the little eight-inch trunk.

Never was the coming of a baby more tumultuously celebrated. Led by Hebe, every cow and tusker in the herd trumpeted short, shrill blasts of excitement, and between the strain and clank of heavy chains, the stabs of mighty tusks, and the splintering of timbers, it seemed that night as if the entire herd had stampeded. When keepers, armed with elephant hooks, rushed to still the fright, they saw Hebe, the docile, intelligent leviathan, down on her knees, trumpeting wildly with joy and rolling a mite of an elephant back and forth on its back. With every roll the wise, anxious nurse was driving deep breaths of delicious, life-giving air into her daughter's tender lungs, nor for half an hour did she feel that she might safely abandon the case. Then the baby was allowed to find herself.

She scrambled to her feet — a disreputable sight, with wisps of straw and hay clinging to every blue-black hair of her tubby, beer-keg body. Her back was grotesquely hunched with fat; fat lay in creases covering the joints of the chubby legs; even the little belly bulged, fat to the bursting point. Something she found wrong with her legs as, cautiously, she tried one foot after another, tottering unsteadily in zigzag path. And then, before she had fairly learned to balance, a shadow fell into her young life, a serious, irremediable affliction which was to stay with her always. A long Thing dangled where her nose ought to be. It dangled when she moved her head, it dangled when she stood still, and it followed her and dangled when she tried to walk away from it. She curled it upward and looked up at it; it stayed. She let it hang and gazed down at it; it remained. The Thing must go! She lowered her head till the pink tip of the tiny trunk touched the floor, squeezed the end between her fore feet, held it tight, and pulled upward. But the Thing stayed, till the mother's long trunk, extended like a big python, grasped the objectionable member, and for the first time drew her baby toward her.

Like every other baby, this one came into the world with a huge appetite and a fair idea of where to get breakfast: and then came an exhibition that surprised even the oldest animal experts. An adult elephant uses his trunk to drink. Like the barrel of a huge pump he sucks it full of water, aims it into his mouth, and squirts the liquid down his throat. It was expected that the baby would nurse the same way. But she didn't. Up curled the little trunk, no longer than a

boy's arm, the mouth was applied direct, and she drank in copious draughts, with closed eyes and a devout expression, while the mother slightly raised a foreleg to make the mite more comfortable. Full fifteen minutes the first meal lasted, until, finally, the fat baby plumped at her mother's feet and fell asleep. With lowered head and swaying trunk the big sentinel stood guard. And, while the baby slept, the mother's master came and named her "Columbia."

Gentle though Hebe ever had been, none but her own, well-trusted keeper dared enter the stall with little Columbia. The mother never tried to injure an intruder, but the stall was distinctly sacred ground, and the stranger who entered was gently swept out of bounds by the python trunk. Even from troublesome insects the mother guarded her little daughter. A whisk of straw brushed over the funny fat heap shooed flies and gnats from her thick yet sensitive skin. For hours at a stretch, while Columbia slept, Hebe softly stroked and caressed her. Over and over, the trunk stroked the chubby body, from the tip of the tail to the pink tip of the trunk, while deep into the night the mother swayed her four tons from side to side above her baby.

Columbia grew at a surprising rate. Before she was two weeks old she had gained twenty pounds and discovered the use of her trunk. This was to play tricks on her parent, on her keeper, and on everything in sight. Soon she acquired the knack of tossing hay over herself, like the big elephants, and thereafter made practice at the head of her mamma. The instinct of the burly strength that was to be hers was shown early, even in her play with the keeper. With lowered head, trunk thrown upward, and ears tilted forward she would charge him — whenever he was not looking. The assault, however, was purely in play. She knew her keeper and was attached to him, frequently standing at the bars of her stall waiting for sight of him, when she would try to coax him to pat her trunk and to engage her in a wrestling match.

Photograph by Curtis Bell

THE BABY HIPPOPOTAMUS WITH HIS MOTHER, MISS MURPHY
A RECENT ARRIVAL AT THE CENTRAL PARK ZOO. TAKEN AT THE AGE OF TWO WEEKS

When Columbia was eight months old and weighed four hundred and fifty pounds, she began to eat hay; but it was sixteen months after this before she was weaned. Meanwhile the trainers had taught her to "waltz," to eat with a napkin while sitting on her haunches, and to "ring for the waiter." She learned her lessons readily and became one of the "star" performers in the "Barnum and Bailey Greatest Show on Earth," until 1886, when she perished

Photograph by Curtis Bell

THE YOUNG CAMEL IN THE CENTRAL PARK ZOO

TAKEN AT THE AGE OF TWO DAYS. THIS IS THE FINEST AND HEALTHIEST CAMEL EVER BORN IN THIS COUNTRY

with many other fine wild animals in the flames that razed the show's winter quarters in Bridgeport, Conn.

Next to the new-born elephant, the most rare, and one of the most interesting, of all wild animal babies is the young hippopotamus. In a steel barred court of the Central Park Menagerie, New York City, floating side by side in a huge tank, and almost level with the water, may be seen the broad, gray backs of the famous loving pair, Calif and Miss Murphy — the ponderous, seven-thousand-pound bull and the ungainly five-thousand-pound cow. The coming of the first baby into the narrow world of Calif and his mate, in 1889, was a complete surprise. A keeper caught sight of a remarkable apparition one morning — a pig-shaped, big-headed, wide-mouthed, pink little creature. Sight of the man shook its nervous system to the roots, for it ran with a frightened squeal, splashed into the water, swam to the far side of Miss Murphy, and, with chin on the mother's broad back, gazed frightened at the intruder. Then Miss Murphy, never before known to offer violence to anyone, came lumbering out of the tank, mouth wide open, showing the short, yellow tusks, and advanced to run down the enemy with her head and to grind him in her powerful maw.

A baby, it seems, had appeared in the tank over-night. It did not weigh quite forty pounds, was ten inches high from the soles of the fat, waddle-feet to the plump back, and measured twenty-four inches from the tip of the tiny pig's tail to the tip of the homely, wide, cushion maw. A calamitously homely little beast it was. Its eyes bulged and were set far apart, and its face was all bumps and lumps. In every detail the young hippo was a miniature model of Calif or Miss Murphy, all except its pink color, for only its back was slate gray.

At large, in the sword grass of the muddy Nile, the cow would have taken her calf to some secluded spot to start it well on its career. But among anxious experimenting scientists she was powerless. When the baby was a few days old it occurred to some of the experts that the mother was not doing her duty, the wonder was, they said, that the little one had lived so long without nursing, and it was decided to take it from the mother and to raise it on a bottle. None had realized that the hippopotamus really is more of a water than a land animal, and that when a hippopotamus calf has its dinner, it takes a deep, deep breath, closes its little wag ears, pinches its nostrils shut, and dives under its mother, where it nourishes like a kid or a lamb So, in an unguarded moment, the baby was caught, and, squealing and kicking, was carried to the hospital ward of the menagerie, where it was fed from a bottle. Within ten days the baby died — a martyr to science. Within a year, however, a second baby appeared, and this time the experts decided to let the mother have a trial at the game.

This second baby was named "Fatima." The calf grew steadily, becoming darker and darker in color, until, when weaned at nine months, she tipped the scales at three hundred pounds, and had turned to a uniform slate gray. For an animal reputed stupid, the young cow showed unusual intelligence She learned to approach when called by name, and delighted in playing with her keeper, like the baby elephant charging him with open mouth and pretending to crush him against the bars of her court From the old hippos she had learned the trick of coming to the side of her cage to beg with mouth open to its full extent — a foot wide and eighteen inches high — expecting to have it filled with peanuts. Nothing delighted her more than to be patted inside her mouth by the hand of her keeper. All day long she could have stood with wide open maw and closed eyes, enjoying this strange form of caress

As Fatima grew she became subject to all the diseases that threaten her kind in captivity. In summer, on very hot days, she sweated blood, and it was necessary to wash her frequently with castile soap and to provide water to bathe in. She was reared to full growth, however, and was finally exchanged for other animals, with the Hamburg Zoölogical Gardens, whither four of her sisters followed her and are on exhibition to-day.

A sight as familiar as that of a young hippo is rare, is a no less interesting wild baby — the fawn-colored, dogged, sturdy bison calf.

The chief interest about a buffalo calf, however, does not lie in the young one itself, but in that boundlessly jealous, vicious

Photograph by Curtis Bell

THE BABY BISON IN THE CENTRAL PARK ZOO
TAKEN AT THE AGE OF FIVE WEEKS

brute, his mother. The youngster takes life easy at his mother's side. When he does not nurse he looks sour because he has no appetite, and while he nurses he is sour because he is losing it. Occasionally the mother unbends, and her long, red tongue licks the ears and the head and the mouth of her pet, who takes the caresses as a matter of course, much the same as a domestic calf.

But what the baby lacks in playfulness and demonstrativeness his mother more

Photograph by Frank M. Woodruff

A BABY LION IN THE LINCOLN PARK ZOO
AGE ABOUT FOUR MONTHS

than makes up in her savage watchfulness in his behalf. Often, without sane provocation, she bounds from the side of her calf and with lowered head, nostrils distended, eyes bulging, and with deep grunts at every leap, gallops like an animated catapult clear across her range, only to bring up short, to find the threatening spectators on the far side of the fence Few more stupid brutes ever lived than this mother and her calf, but the redeeming feature is the savage affection which the parent bestows on her offspring. It is not uncommon for a young buffalo to nurse until he is a yearling, long after he has begun to eat grass and hay, and until his calf-like head has begun to develop into the ponderous, shaggy, forbidding ram characteristic of these mighty beasts.

A baby camel, as it lies basking alongside its tall, bumpy mother in the shadows of the pyramids, protected by its white-turbaned, dusky master, would awaken little curiosity. But the sphinx and the pyramids and the great Sahara itself are brought before us by this captive of the zoo — that scrawny, gawky, ungainly problem in solid geometry, the baby camel. Except for the broad cushion-feet, built especially to walk readily on the surface of yielding sands, and the head with the overhanging split lip, and the crooked neck, this calf little resembles the adult beast. Where the hump ought to be, only a slight bulge of soft, spongy tissue appears. Perched high on telegraph-pole legs; the gawky, well-nourished body seems thrice too great a burden for the pipe-stems to bear — for a baby camel is as heavy as a baby elephant.

As might be expected of semi-domestic animals so docile as these, they multiply steadily in captivity, and the young are readily tamed and reared. No more affectionate fawn ever kissed the shiny nose of her doe than this curiously misshaped calf with soft brown eyes and slit upper lip. And no gentler, more loving mother could be found than that of this baby.

The life of a young camel is uneventful. It is forever making love to its mother who, with lowered head and soft nose, caresses her young son or young daughter until at the end of a year he begins to nibble grass. After three months the hump begins to develop, growing harder and harder at the base, while the spongy tissue continues heaping up, to become harder and harder with age.

Among the huge cages of the carnivorous animals — the lithe tigress, the treacherous and soft-footed leopardess, and, frequently, even the generous lioness herself, — the life of a baby wild animal becomes sometimes a tale of bloodshed and tragedy. Nagged and galled by prison bars, by narrow confines that make exercise impossible, and by the excitement of throngs of sightseers, these naturally nervous and high strung brutes become overwrought to a pitch where they satisfy an unnatural cannibal

Photograph by New York Zoölogical Society

LION CUBS BORN MARCH 28, 1903, IN THE NEW YORK ZOÖLOGICAL PARK
TAKEN AT THE AGE OF THREE MONTHS

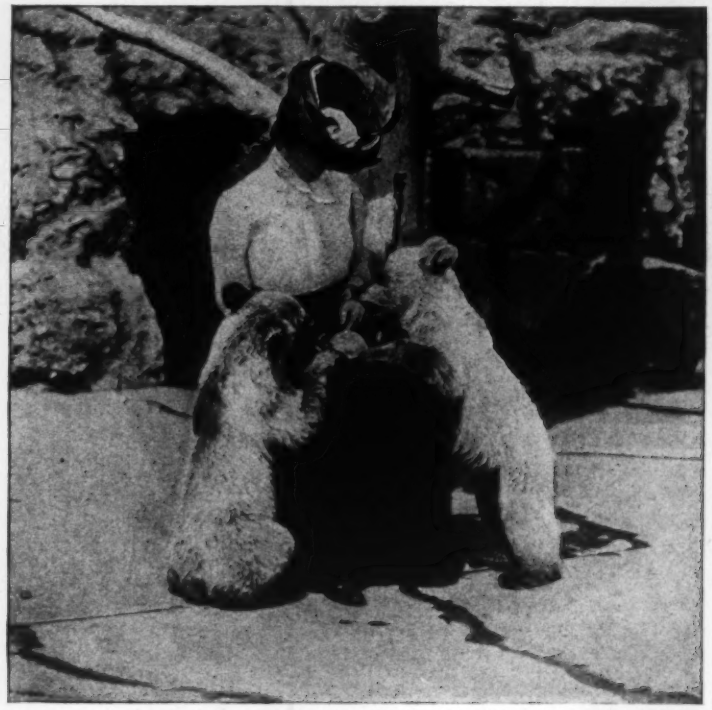
appetite on their own flesh and blood. Like little bundles of sunshine the kittens of these ferocious brutes appear, mewing plaintively with tight-shut eyes and groping in the darkness. Thousands of them have been born behind the bars of menagerie cages — no fault lies with the stork himself, — but most frequently the irresponsible, crazy mothers pounce upon and devour them, or else injure them beyond hope of recovery. When the watchfulness and a pitchfork of a keeper succeed in rescuing one of these kittens, it is given in charge of some big mother dog who adopts the stranger and rears him. Now and then, however, some strong, healthy, intelligent member of this ferocious family ceases to worry and fret at captivity, and, the maternal instinct cropping to the fore, the care of a litter of cubs becomes a welcome relief from the stern monotony of prison life.

In one of the "show" cages of the Hagenbeck Animal Circus, there is a splendid, young, healthy, docile lion mother, "Nellie," known throughout the menagerie world for having presented her owner with eighteen whelps, in instalments of four litters, numbering from one to five cubs each. The first litter appeared, four in number, soft, fat, and pudgy, no larger than St. Bernard pups — animated rolls of copper-golden butter, that crawled and mewed with tight-shut eyes, like kittens hunting their mother cat. Should you see a tiger or a leopard cub you would recognize the youngster by its stripes or its spots, as the case might be, but had you seen these lion cubs, likely you would have failed to recognize them. According to many book authorities they should have been a golden yellow. As a matter of fact, however, their downy coats were of a reddish, fawn tint, sprinkled, leopard-like, with faint black spots big as dimes — marks that remained till the young were six months old.

For four days they crawled and crept and groped in darkness. Then the lids steadily slit more and more, showing large, lustrous, hazel eyes that gazed puzzled, while their owners stood on weak, drunken legs contemplating the strange creatures in front of the bars of their homes.

During the early days of responsibility, the great, yellow mother seldom left her babes. It was as if the little cold noses,

the velvety paws, and the soft melody of "mews" had softened her great heart. Still and majestic she lay at times gazing proudly over the heads of the curious ones who came to see, and, again, too busy with her family to think except of her pretty ones. Now and then the big, rough tongue caressed them. Over and over she turned one baby after another, giving it its proper bath; or, again, she would stand aside, gazing thoughtfully at the group of huddled ones. "Mine! All these are mine!" she seemed to say, and with a glance of defiance sweeping the crowd, she would lie beside the cubs.



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TWO SYRIAN BEAR CUBS (FROM TREBIZOND, ASIA MINOR) IN THE NEW YORK ZOÖLOGICAL PARK

They nursed, night and day, with huge appetites, and the powerful milk worked wonders. At the end of a month they could walk readily. Then came the instinct common to all warm-blooded animals, to play, and to play with the kind, big creature which is the first to enter every baby's life. Where no human hand would have dared to rest the young ones crawled fearlessly — across the knotty muscles of the back, over the sinewy neck, across the death-dealing paws, even between the frightful jaws. Patiently, as only mothers can suffer annoyance, this lion mother submitted. The babies learned to fight as they had learned to eat. They practiced with one another, and when they were two months old and weighed ten pounds, they had rolled and wrestled and tumbled in wild play. Before they were a fortnight old their hatred of man had shown itself, when they began to spit and to "siss" at their keeper.

Three months an ideal lion family life may last, no longer. When a lioness is angered she acts exactly as you might expect her to act. She lights sudden as a shot, sees nothing, and the next instant she stands with red-dripping paw, and death is in her cage. One of Nellie's whelps was lost that way.

With teeth, the appetite for meat had waxed strong on the babies. Whenever the old lioness was fed the four youngsters stood in a half-circle, and, with restless tails and bulging eyes, watched the long, snowy fangs and the crooked claws as the tearing of meat from bones struck envy to their

little hearts. Once, the stern mother warned with a snarl — and a lion mother speaks but once. Pedro, a fine little cub more venturesome than the rest, decided if there was "nothin' doin'" with the meat, he'd at least try his new teeth on his mother's long tail. There was a chopped-off roar, the flash of a paw, a dull thud, and little yellow Pedro lay dying in a corner of the cage, one of his sides torn off. That was the beginning of the end of the happy family life, a sample of jungle discipline. Thereafter the cubs were sep-

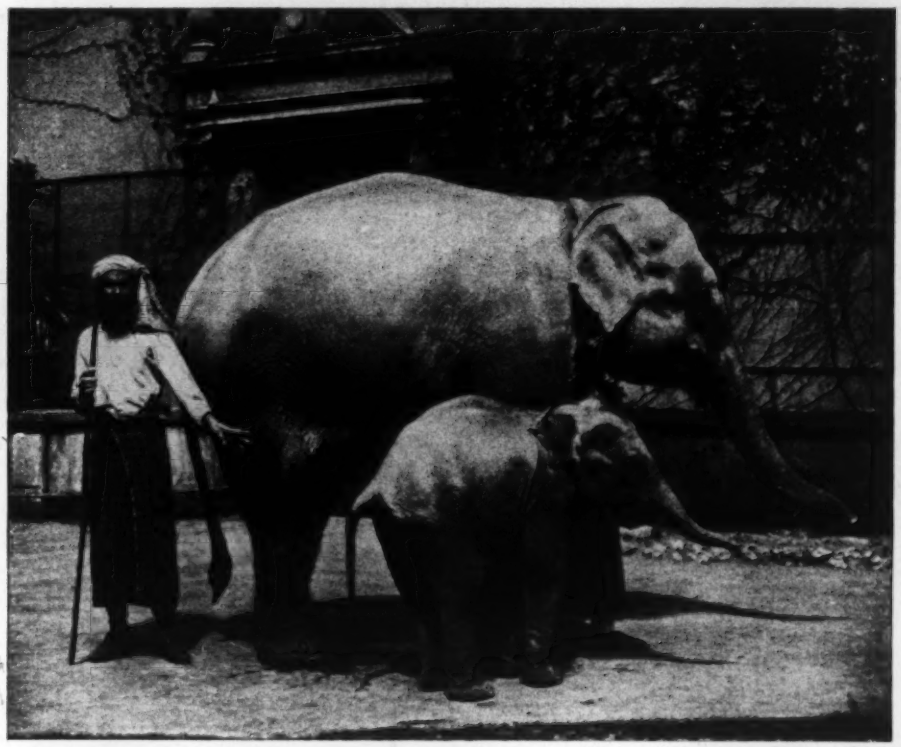
Photograph by Curtis Bell

A THREE MONTHS' OLD BEAR BEING FED BY HEAD KEEPER WILLIAM SNYDER, IN THE CENTRAL PARK ZOO

arated from the mother while feeding, until, when six months old, they were put in a separate cage for good and fed on a pound of beef a day.

Lion babies raised at large and lion babies raised in captivity are widely different problems. About the time the cubs were isolated it was noticed that they were becoming lame. Also, they showed a disgraceful tendency toward bow-leggedness. They were growing too fast and getting too heavy for their bones and their paws, the latter made sore by the hard cage floor. Loam and clay were strewn in the cage and the lameness ceased and only the bow-legged trouble remained In the jungle a lioness provides fowl for her cubs at this age, the bones of the birds containing the lime necessary to harden the tender legs. Therefore phosphate of lime was mixed with the daily ration of meat, and the cubs, now big as Newfoundland dogs, grew perfect and strong. Young lions they were, really ferocious, powerful young brutes, with stern, set, wrinkled faces. A twelve-inch soft-pine ball was thrown into their cage to play with. Like kittens dodging with a ping pong ball they played, boxing the sphere from one to another, or all pouncing upon it at once and landing in a heap, or smashing it against the bars of the cage. Better than all else they loved to play fight. Standing on hind legs they wrestled and boxed each other with resounding thwacks, all aimed at the one spot which is the objective of every carnivorous animal — the throat.

At the end of the first year the young lions shed their teeth, the first indications



Photograph by Carl Hagenbeck

A YOUNG INDIAN ELEPHANT AND ITS MOTHER
EXHIBITED LAST FALL IN HAGENBECK'S GARDENS, HAMBURG

of manes appeared on the males, and the playfulness between brothers and sister ceased. The happiest time of their lives was past. The long weary trudge of captivity was setting its teeth into the young lion hearts, and of the three but one was there with hopes of temporarily being transformed at sight of her own toddling tots.

If the lioness is a frequent sinner against the mighty instinct of love for her young, the tigress, the leopardess, the female jaguar, and the female panther are even worse. The cubs of these animals are indeed seen in zoos from time to time, but as a rule they have to be reared by foster mothers.

Sad and tragic as the lives of the whelps of one of these huge cats mostly are, there is another young animal whose fate is even more pathetic — the baby of that well-fed, sleek, half-clown scoundrel, the bear. No other wild animal enters the world so pitifully destitute and helpless as this unfortunate naked little creature; yet even the mercy of a quick, violent death is denied him. Almost from the very first his mother treats him as an outcast. His little pink nose muzzles in vain seeking for the warm, soft spot where to still the hunger that gnaws within him. With eyes tight shut and plaintive squeal, he drags his naked, pink, puppy body, looking for the thick, shaggy pelt which God intended should warm him. He is forsaken. The ponderous mother of sinew and bone who, standing over her babes in her lair, would have grunted her hated challenge against hopeless odds, has turned hard and merciless. The cold bars of her den have chilled her through and left her heart a stone.

Why bears in captivity spurn their captive-born cubs is one of the problems which zoölogists are trying to fathom. Many attempts have been made to breed bears in captivity, but almost without exception — barring cases where cubs have been raised by foster mothers — the experiments have been failures. In the New York Zoölogical Park, where an unusually fine bear collection is maintained, a superb, four-hundred-pound specimen of a Siberian brown bear presented the Park with a mite of a cub no larger than a month-old kitten. Except for the slope of the back and the flat-footed paws, it would have required an expert to decide to what family the nondescript baby

belonged. The body was pink and bare of hair as the palm of a hand. Where the ears should have been only two pink swellings appeared, while a wee pink slit showed an opening which one day would develop into a mouth.

From the beginning the animal experts of the Park feared the cub would be deserted, though at first the mother showed every interest in her young one. Almost constantly she was beside her baby, gently hugging it close, nosing it, licking warmth into it, pawing it softly, and guarding it jealously, as a a house cat watches her kittens. At times she ventured from her cave to exercise in the cold of the barred court of her den; but the least squeal from the tiny one brought her to its side on a lumbering run.

But no one that knows a bear will trust him further than he can sling him by the tail, and from the very beginning Director William T. Hornaday, who probably has shot and skinned and eaten and bred and reared and captured and doctored and operated on more wild animals than any other man in the country, distrusted Ursula despite her good behavior. He ordered that every night the sliding door of her cave be let down in its grooves, excluding the beast from the barred court. For two nights all went well — the mother cuddling her baby close to her, the baby sleeping deep and warm. But on the third night Ursula, in a fit of the sulks, crept off by herself to a corner of her den, heartlessly ignoring her baby. It was found next morning — while the thermometer registered eight degrees above zero — almost frozen stiff. A keeper ran to the aid of the unconscious handful. The chubby legs were extended, rigid and numb. But the heart still fluttered. The man wrapped the frozen baby in his coat and ran to the Director's office with his find. Instantly it was immersed in a warm bath, and respiration was encouraged by artificial means. Finally, a box with warm cotton was hastily procured, the cub was rolled up in the soft, downy stuff, and messengers were despatched in search of a suitable foster mother.

Not far from the Park are the Morris Track Stables. In the stalls of most of the thoroughbreds a dog is kept to afford the high strung beasts company and to keep them from fretting. Here a fine black and brown hound — just deprived of her own young — was found, and despatched post-haste in an open wagon to the Park. The hound arrived, a beautiful animal, mild-eyed and affectionate. The box with the cub was taken from a steam radiator and was shown the hound. For an instant she stood puzzled and uncertain. But the cub complained in a tiny squeal and the hound grasped the situation and did what was expected of her at once. In high glee, into the box went her soft, long muzzle. Over and over she turned the baby bear, caressing him and licking warmth into him. What all the experts had been unable to bring about, the mother dog accomplished.

The foster mother took complete charge of the foundling. She nursed him at regular intervals. Though half-starved herself, at the slightest whine from the suffering baby she would drop her meat and hasten to his side. But the pretty service was not to endure. A cough developed in the delicate lungs of the bear, and on top of it came a high fever. At the shoulder of the little left foreleg the thermometer registered higher and higher, until the hound, after a long regretful look, was led back to the stables. "Pneumonia, due to exposure" was the official verdict when a veterinary surgeon had performed an autopsy on all that was mortal of "Jo-Jo."

Despite the difficulty of raising a captive-born bear, baby bears — the presents of hunters — are seen frequently in menageries. In the same den in the Zoölogical Park where Jo-Jo was born, a pair of European brown bears were quartered — "Bounce" and "Towser" — but six weeks old. Unlike many other dangerous animals, the adult bear is chivalrous toward the young of his kind once they can shift for themselves, and six weeks is time enough for any cub of sense to worry along somehow. Therefore, Bounce and Towser were put in the huge concrete court with a dozen big lumbering bears, where they picked out the star corner, beside the iron gate, through which the man with the big white bottles with the rubber nipples must enter. Gentle, loving brothers were the gray, shaggy babies. They lay forever one on top of the other, religiously taking turns at sucking each others ears and "spinning" almost like contented cats. They took to higher education as ducks to water, learned to drink from their bottles while sitting on their haunches, learned to walk upright while each held a hand of his keeper, learned

to shake hands through bars with every pretty girl who was willing, and would have learned to play "horse and driver" if the Park Department had not become discouraged buying new wagons and harnesses trying to keep up with the growth of the little clowns.

Only one real trouble came to blight their lives. President Roosevelt presented the dens with a young black bear (caught in West Virginia) who was named "Jonathan" and put in the den with Bounce and Towser. Jonathan was a degraded ruffian, a savage from the backwoods, devoid of every instinct of a gentleman. Among all the bears in the den, however, only Bounce and Towser were small enough for him to maltreat. He loved to see them huddled on top of each other, to listen to them "spin," and to see them lie with dozy eyes and devout expressions, one because the itch in his ears was stilled, and the other because the exercise helped his teeth. He would steal softly behind them, hit each a cuff alongside the ear, and beat a hasty retreat to laugh at his mischief from the rocks in the far end of the court, while the cubs picked themselves up, blinked, and resumed their exercise. They stood this patiently for many months, and got so used to it they missed it when Jonathan failed to cuff; but all the time they were growing strong and sturdy and ready for Jonathan, till the day of reckoning came.

One day Jonathan cuffed and retreated as usual. Bounce and his brother picked themselves up and advanced for a hearing. Bounce went for the black bear's forepaws, Towser for his heels. The strong youngsters worried him round and round himself, directing him nearer the big swimming tank in the center of the court till, with a grunt and a splash, he fell in. Wherever he put paw on an embankment, there was one of the cubs with his teeth. At the end of an hour the keeper interfered and rescued Jonathan; but to this day, when the two young bears see a good chance, they worry the black bear in for a swim, and Jonathan is the most miserable bear in New York.

A LITTLE FLYER IN LOVE

BY

LLOYD OSBOURNE

AUTHOR OF "LOVE, THE FIDDLER"

ILLUSTRATED BY POWER O'MALLEY

I KNEW it was Edith Champlain the moment I entered the car and followed the porter to my seat. In fact, I felt so sure that I completely lost my head as to everything else; and, on being asked, I could not remember whether I was a through passenger or not. The darky gently brought me back to mundane affairs and his eyes clouded with suspicion as he insisted on seeing my ticket.

"But the lady?" I said.

"What lady?" he demanded.

"The one down there with the bunch of flowers and the candy," I said.

"Your wife, sir?" he said.

I felt like saying that she might have been — had she wanted to — but refrained in time.

"No," I said. "I only wanted to know where she was going."

"Haven't taken her up yet, sir," said the porter. "Can't say, sir."

He was whisked off at this juncture by two elderly ladies and I was left to my own reflections. I had spent two years in trying to get Edith Champlain out of my head, and, until I brushed past her in the aisle, I should have said that I had done so with some success. At any rate the old wound had ceased to hurt, and there were even a few new dents on a heart I had once professed as wholly

hers. Now I awoke to a full realization of my own weakness, and found with dismay that time had been less my friend than I had hoped.

I went into the smoking-car to think the situation over and have the benefit of a quiet talk with myself. It would be weak, it would be silly, it would be downright madness, to voluntarily expose myself again to those poignant emotions. Was I a moth or a sensible business man named Phipps, nearing the thirty-second year of his mortal span? I decided impressively that I was the latter.

Besides, apart from all that, it would be undignified to again seek Edith's acquaintance. It would embarrass her and me — equally. When chapters are closed it is well to let them stay closed. Heroes on the stage, after tearing their hair and retiring in a frenzy, never returned to talk about the weather. Why should I? I rang the bell and, getting my own porter, ordered him to change my berth in the car ahead and shift my things from the other. Half a dollar settled the difficulties he was inclined to make, and, leaning back in my chair, I breathed the deep sigh of a resolute and level-headed man.

Then, when the victory was won, and I began to pat myself on the back and total up my credit side with the world — health, money, the capacity to make friends and keep them — the silly ass suddenly commenced to waver. He got up. He made a pretense of looking out of the window. He threw away his half-smoked perfecto. Then he made a bee-line through that train and never stopped until he had reached Edith Champlain's seat.

"Edith!" I exclaimed.

I think she turned pale when she saw my face. You see she had cared too — a little.

"I was waiting for you to come," she said. "Sit down, won't you, Jack?"

I did so, taking the opposite seat.

"So you were sure I would come?" I said.

"Aren't we old friends?" she returned.

"I don't know that I'd call us that," I said.

She looked a little hurt. It came over me that I had forgotten how beautiful she was.

"I thought it was agreed we were always to be friends," she said softly, "when — when ——"

"My recollection is that you did most of the talking that last time," I remarked. "My memory is that you were going to be a sister to me."

"I never said anything half so banal," she broke out. "I was as nice as I knew how, and when you went away without a word and didn't even take the trouble to write to me — I felt terribly bad."

"So did I," I remarked.

"Surely there are other things in the world besides marrying people," she said.

"I didn't think so then," I said.

"I notice you say *then*," she returned.

"Oh, I found heaps afterwards," I retorted.

"What sort of heaps?" she asked.

"Business," I said. "Money. Success."

"No women?" she persisted.

"Yes — and women," I returned.

"I suppose I've no right to ask you about them," she said.

"If it comes to asking —" I said, and looked down at her hands.

She held them up to me with a pretty gesture.

"Not yet," she said smiling. "There is still hope for you, Jack."

Our eyes met, and the mockery in hers filled me with exasperation.

"I didn't come back here to make love to you," I said. "I never meant to speak of the thing at all if you had not brought it up. I'd feel a contempt for myself if I slid back into being your old dog Tray again."

"Oh, I understand exactly," she said. "You were always cruel even when you were devoted to me the most. Now you wish to show me how completely I've lost you."

"I hope it gives you a pang," I said.

"It does a little," she confessed. "I didn't want to marry you, but I always liked having you around."

"That's the kind of thing that drives a man to desperation," I said.

"Do you know I think you have improved a great deal," she said. "I don't believe any woman now could twist you around her little finger as I used to do."

"Thank you," I said.

"I thought I'd mention it," she said.

"It's like the Blue and the Gray for us to be together again," she went on. "Two old generals talking over the bygone battle, you know."

"I guess I must have been the Gray," I remarked. "If I remember right they were the under-dog in the transaction."

"But it is beautiful all the same," she said, "and awfully tender and touching; and then in a battle somebody's got to win, you know, and now, when it is all finished and done with, and the old bitter feeling has died out, and they respect each other for being brave and chivalrous, and work themselves into a glow of——"

"Don't stop," I said, as she hesitated. "You don't know how nice you look when you glow."

"You haven't any poetry in you," she broke out.

"I'm afraid this old general's a beast!" I exclaimed. "He doesn't glow a bit, only turns red all over with resentment. He remembers how the other general fired on flags of truce, and burned his hospitals full of wounded, and acted throughout with incredible treachery and deceit."

I fully thought she would color up and deny it with vivacity. In our year together I had learned how well able she was, when pressed, to rend me to tatters with her tongue. Her gentleness now abashed me.

"I was younger then," she said.

"I wish you wouldn't be so infernally sweet about it," I said.

"Did it hurt you?" she said. "Really and truly, Jack, did it hurt you?"

"It took me two years to get over it," I said. "That is, if it is over."

"Oh, I think it must be," she returned, with a shade of sadness in her voice.

"Well, I'll touch wood anyway," I said.

"You wouldn't care to come back then?" she asked.

"Edith!" I cried, starting in my seat. "If you'd say to me—if—. Do you mean that you——"

"I didn't mean anything of the kind," she said quickly. "I don't know what made me say it. I suppose I wanted to hear what you'd say."

"You came mighty near hearing it," I said bitterly.

"Besides, I want to spin you out for my trip," she went on. "Make you last—like a box of candy."

"You did wonders with the last box—ran it through a whole year if I remember—and then threw the empty old thing out of the window."

"I hated to see it go," she said.

"You are the most cold-blooded creature that ever lived!" I exclaimed. "If you liked me less I wouldn't mind, but you know you really like me tremendously."

"You oughtn't to complain of that," she said.

"I don't want to be anybody's candy," I said.

"It's awful how fast we are getting through the box," she returned. "I'm going to put it away now before we reach the bottom layer."

"What does that imply exactly?" I asked. "Am I dismissed? Do you want to read your book?"

"I only want to pull up the conversation," she said.

"Would I be overstepping the bounds if I asked after your mother?" I said.

"Oh, she's well," she returned.

"And your father?"

"He's well too."

"I could keep up this kind of thing forever," I said. "Where are you going to anyway?"

"Same old place," she returned. "Butte, Montana."

"Lucky Butte," I said. "Happy Montana! But, are you all alone? Isn't there any one with you?"

"Oh, of course, papa insisted on my maid going with me, and I was willing enough until I found out that I was expected to pay the maid's ticket out of my poor little allowance."

"What are passes for?" I demanded.

"Oh, the pass-factory was shut, you know," she returned. "Papa quarreled with the railroad. They wouldn't indorse him for Senator, and so he looped the loop by blocking their San Luis Obispo street franchise; and now one can't go a mile on their horrid cars without paying two and a half cents in advance. Well, that settled the maid. I needed all my money for the races."

"But what did your father say?" I asked.

"Oh, he said he was glad I understood the value of money."

"And so you are all alone," I said.

"Don't say that word while I have you, Alfonso!" she exclaimed dramatically.

"Yes, I am going through," I said, "and if I can be of any service you will please command me."

"You have an awfully winning nature," she said, "and you were always the dearest

boy at running errands, and no back talk either."

"I wish it wasn't such a one-sided arrangement," I said.

"It's up to you to make it reciprocal," she returned.

"I tried and failed," I said.

"If I were a man I'd never say die," she returned.

"Oh, Edith," I said, leaning forward, "how can you ——"

"When I say *candy* you're to stop," she interrupted.

"But you didn't say it!" I exclaimed.

"*Candy! Candy!*" she cried.

"And when I talk commonplaces it means I hate you," I said.

"Just say *weather* and I'll understand," she said. "Now you can go and smoke a cigar. If you are going to revive all the old feeling I must put on a clean collar and a perfectly killing waist I have in my dress-suit case. I want to make it worth your while to love me."

"Oh, I don't want to go!" I said.

"Now jump before I can say *candy!*" she exclaimed.

I obediently sought the smoking-car, and, looking at my watch, settled myself comfortably in a settee for an hour of waiting. I was glad in some ways to get a moment to myself. My head was in a whirl and I wanted to think things out. It was indeed a singular sensation to find myself once more in the thrall of that inveterate little coquette, and to piece together, little by little, the disconnected threads of our half-laughing flirtation. I had thought myself so strong, so free, and here I was tied hand and foot again to her reckless little chariot wheels. Yet was she a coquette? Had I not perhaps been stupid in accepting her refusal so readily that afternoon two years ago? With a dozen men at her feet, and amongst them some that nine girls in ten would have taken gladly, she had at least remained unmarried, and even unengaged. Of course she was very young — only nineteen when I had first met her — and with all her apparent light-heartedness she was undeniably pleased to see me; and some of the things she said reëchoed in my ears with a little convincing note of sincerity.

It was pleasant to lean back and think of her, so radiant, so charming, so gay. What was the good of saying I did not love her as much as ever? — by Jove, more if anything; and it gave me a strange feeling of remorse to think I had fought so hard to forget her. By the time the hour was up I was on the most excellent terms with myself, and had even contrived in my mind to dovetail in a little trip to Butte in the near future. True, it would cost me about eighteen hundred dollars to manage it, but what was the good of being well off if you never spent your money? I'd call it my little flyer in love, and if the stock took the right turn perhaps I might come out ahead of the game after all.

I was unprepared for the transformation in Edith's appearance. She was the picture of exquisite freshness, and her beauty seemed enhanced by her own pleasure in looking her best. She was, moreover, in as good a humor as I, and we laughed like children from sheer pleasure as we had a little table put in between us and began to play euchre for chocolate creams. I could not but notice the indulgent glances of the rest of our fellow-passengers, and felt indeed that the men might envy me the companionship of this young and beautiful woman.

"All the world loves a lover," I said.

"Why, you as good as told me you weren't in that class any more," she said.

"That hour in the smoking-car settled it," I said.

"Oh, I'm glad it's settled," she said.

"I was afraid you were going to say *candy*," I said.

She looked up from the outspread game and our eyes met. It was but the thing of a second. Yet when I took the card she gave me my hand trembled.

The afternoon slipped quietly away, the latter part of it spent on the platform of the observation-car, where we sat side by side on a couple of stools and saw the State of California disappearing behind us. It was hypnotizing to watch the track as it vanished endlessly in our wake; hypnotizing, too, to be so close and so silent, our reflections drowned in the reverberation of the train. Edith remarked that it was like a whole week of biograph. I said it was like a man's life, to speed thus into the unknown by the side of the woman you loved. I might have said a lot more in this strain if it hadn't been so hard to talk; Edith saying, besides, that my shouting tickled her ear. The sun set. The slanting shadows

ushered in the dusk; the evening star peeped out and vied with the newest of new moons. A waiter gave us the second call to dinner but we remained unmoved.

We slowed down at a miserable little settlement and a brakeman ran along the train swinging his lantern. An unknown voice, distinct through the summer darkness, said that we were at Santa Anita. Another voice said that we had been flagged. We listened without concern. Then the door behind us was swung open and our privacy was invaded by a party of four. They were all men of the bulky Western type, middle-aged, sloppily dressed, and one stood out from the rest by reason of the silver star on the bosom of his coat and a significant bulging of his hinder pocket. They were plainly all citizens of Santa Anita and were evidently acting with some united purpose.

"Are you Miss Turtill, Miss?" demanded the one with the star.

"It's them all right," said another voice, with ominous conviction.

"Tall, dark feller, about thirty," contributed another. "I guess this is the bird."

"Sorry to trouble you, Miss," said the sheriff to Edith, "but we'll have to take you off this train."

I sprang to my feet.

"You needn't worry about it," said the sheriff to me. "You're It too."

"What tomfoolery is this?" I demanded fiercely.

"My name is Edith Champlain," said my companion quietly. "I am a passenger to Butte, Montana. I will show you my ticket and you can read my initials on my dressing-case. You are obviously mistaking this gentleman and me for somebody else."

"No mistake about it," ejaculated the sheriff. "You are Cynthia Turtill, aged twenty, and I've been telegraphed from San Francisco to hold you and your companion as elopers; and what's more, Miss, your distracted popper will be here in an hour by special train."

"I tell you, you are making a mistake," said Edith. "I won't let you touch me."

"Now, see here," I said, strangling my anger and attempting to keep cool, "you've only to walk into the next car and look at my letters and things to find out what infernal asses you are making of yourselves. I have a letter of credit for two thousand dollars, a card-case, telegrams, a bill from my club——"

"Ain't he slick!" said a voice.

"Keep your soft soap for the gals," said the sheriff. "You're up against men in Santa Anita."

"Call yourselves men!" I cried as I saw them laying their hands on my shrinking Edith; and, inflamed to frenzy, I took one step forward and struck the fellow under the ear.

When the battle haze lifted I found myself with a black eye, a lip swollen to the size of a potato, an ache in my left side where I thought there ought to be a rib, my hat gone, my coat torn half-way down the back, and my wrists decorated with a pair of handcuffs. I had a vision of the express whisking into space, and Edith, beside herself, struggling in the arms of two of our persecutors.

"Now, gentlemen, to the jail," said the sheriff, and with that we started to march, accompanied by a dozen loafers who had risen spectrally out of the dark, and who were murmuring disparaging remarks about me. My heart misgave me as I saw the place contained but barely twenty houses, if so many, and it sank into my boots as we were led into an old adobe building with its windows barred with iron. Here, in a sort of office, innocent of all furniture except a table, a chair, a campaign portrait of President McKinley, two Winchester rifles, a spittoon, a book the size of a hotel register, and some paper and writing utensils, we were made to undergo some of the formalities of the law. I was entered on the record under the unassuming appellation of John Doe; Edith was made to figure as Cynthia Turtill, spinster, aged twenty years, held by instructions from San Francisco as being under age, and in the act of eloping beyond the bounds of her native State. This done, I was led into a cell and had the door slammed on me, while the clang of another, and the rasping of a lock, showed that she, too, had been meted out a similar fate.

Fortunately, though bruised and sore, I had come to no serious harm. I sat on my three-legged stool, and, lighting a cigar from the solitary candle—the handcuffs were horribly in the way,—tried to recover something of my outraged composure. By degrees I grew more and more cheerful, and even worked up a smile over our absurd

predicament, and settled myself in patience to await the arriving Turtill.

My reflections were interrupted by the jingle of keys and the reappearance of the jailer. His large, fat, stupid face betrayed some anxiety.

"I guess you'd better come along and keep the little lady quiet," he said. "She's having a canniption fit."

It may be imagined that I took him at his word. I was led down the passage and shown into Edith's cell, where I found the poor girl herself, utterly unstrung, moaning aloud, and with the tears streaming down her face. She gave a cry of joy at the sight of me, and caught my manacled hands and held them. The jailer regarded us both with marked depression.

"You've got a lot to answer for," he said to me. "I'd rather be a horse-thief than the kind of man you are. It wouldn't surprise me if old man Turtill carried a gun — and got to using it."

This seemed a favorable moment to enter into some explanations, but the sheriff shut me up with a wave of his hand.

"If you think you can talk yourself out of this mess you are mighty mistook," he said. "I don't know just what the penalty is, but you're going to get it in the neck, sure; and if there should be any gun-fight, old man Turtill can rely on the sentiment of this community to clear him in time to catch the morning train. If you were anyways a man you'd out with the truth and own up," he said. "You'd go down on your knees and beg her forgiveness. Haven't you done her enough harm already by winning her poor little heart?"

This view of the affair made Edith and me laugh in spite of ourselves. With me by her side she had regained her courage, and she looked wonderfully handsome and imperious as she ordered the sheriff to unlock my handcuffs.

He listened quite unmoved.

"Young lady," he said, "you can take your choice of having your beau with his handcuffs on — or no beau at all."

"Would you mind very much, then, if I asked you to leave us to ourselves?" said Edith.

"Mind!" he exclaimed. "Not on your life," and, heaving a sigh, he departed.

I tried to take Edith's hand, but at the sight of my manacles and my awkwardness in them she rippled over with laughter. I confess I was a little hurt by her merriment. The position was distinctly humiliating.

"You dear old Jack," she said, "there's only one way to take it, and that is as a tremendous joke."

"It would be jokier if these things weren't three sizes too small," I remarked.

She bent down and looked at my wrists, and then uttered a little cry to see them swollen and discolored.

"Oh, you poor fellow," she said, and putting her lips to the aching flesh gave me the balm of a dozen soft kisses.

"Edith, I love you," I said. "And if you'll only tell me——"

She laid her hand on my lips.

"Jack," she said, "when we're out of this horrid hole you can say all that if you want to. You may make the welkin ring with devotion. But you mustn't blame me — perhaps it's being over-civilized — but you look as though you had been fed through a steam-harvester, and I cannot let you love me till you are tidier."

"You've too strong a sense of the ludicrous," I said, very much affronted; "but I'll try and restrain myself. After all, I suppose I ought to feel a devilish happy man even as it is. You've managed to promise me a good deal, however guardedly you put it."

"I am going to be so good to you," she exclaimed.

There was a sudden commotion outside; the sound of voices; the tramp of nearing feet. We held our breath as there was a jingle of keys, and one of them turned audibly in the lock of our cell door. It was flung open by a short elderly gentleman with crisp gray hair; and close behind him loomed the sheriff and a stout lady, very much agitated, with her cap all awry on her head.

"Here they are, Mr. Turtill," said the sheriff.

I shall never forget the expression of that man's face as he stood and stared at us.

"This isn't my daughter," said Mr. Turtill.

"Oh, pa, where's Cynthia?" ejaculated the old lady.

The sheriff gazed at us with a jellified expression, as though we had somehow changed ourselves in the twinkling of an eye, like people in the Arabian Nights.

"And I let the special go!" groaned Mr. Turtill.

"It must have been Carson City after all," exclaimed his wife.

"Well, if I ain't dog-goned!" said the sheriff.

"There's our side of the story too," I said truculently.

"It must have been Carson City," said Mr. Turtill, oblivious to every word I had spoken.

"Take these things off my hands instantly," I said to the sheriff.

"I told you all the time it was Carson City," said the old lady.

"It wasn't my fault, it was this idiot's here," said Mr. Turtill, awaking at last to the fact of my existence. "I can only say you must have acted scandalously to get yourselves mistaken for my daughter and that unprincipled viper that has run off with her."

I tried to keep my temper. "Mr. Turtill," I said. "I don't want to make a mountain out of this little misadventure. You've lost your daughter and I hope I am man enough to make some allowance for your feelings, even if you have lacerated mine and this young lady's, and humiliated us beyond anything."

"I will give you twenty-five dollars and not one cent more," he said defiantly.

"It's not a question of money at all," I said.

"Oh!" he said belligerently.

"Having put us in this position you must get us out of it," I said. "I will ask you and your wife to kindly take charge of this young lady for to-night, and in that way, at least, save her from a most embarrassing position."

"I'm not accustomed to take charge of young ladies I don't know," returned Mr. Turtill.

I turned to Mrs. Turtill.

"Surely a woman will understand," I pleaded.

"Don't you try to get round my wife!" exclaimed Mr. Turtill. "I'm the head of this family, and when I say No, it's No!"

"But you are a mother," I went on, disregarding the old fellow. "Imagine your own daughter in the place of my friend here — alone, unprotected."

"Oh, my poor lost Cynthia!" exclaimed the old lady, beginning to weep.

"I must insist on this young lady's claim to your consideration," I said.

"I insist on being let alone!" roared Mr. Turtill. "I don't want any young lady but my daughter. If you pester me any more I'll have you arrested."

"You must get out of this jail, every one of you!" cried the sheriff with impartial ferocity.

"Where's your hat?" asked Edith, as we followed the Turtills out.

"I haven't any hat," I said. "I had once, but that was before I hit the sheriff."

"To think of being alone — at night — in a strange town — with a man who hasn't a hat!" said Edith.

"It's getting nightmarish," I said.

The Turtills by right of precedence, were the first to solicit the hospitality of the Pacific Ocean House. When they had been polished off I approached the clerk with some diffidence.

"I want to make some explanation," I began, "of the extraordinary circumstances — the outrageous circumstances ——"

"Oh, I know all about you," he said, cutting in. "You're the elopers. There's the door."

"But —" I protested.

"Would you rather go out or be thrown out?" he said.

"My dear young man," I said, "I am trying to explain to you ——"

"Don't 'dear young man' me," he returned acidly, and, pointing to the door, snapped out the single word: "Go!"

"It's all very well for you to say go," I said. "Go where?"

I will not bring my pen to write what he said then.

"Jack, Jack," pleaded Edith in my ear; "you mustn't fight him. Come away, Jack!"

We stood under the stars again and wondered what on earth we should do next.

"There must be a minister or a clergyman somewhere," I said, "and where there's a minister there is always a minister's wife."

Edith said nothing but took my arm despondently.

"I noticed a little church on the way to the jail," I said, and then, as we walked on a bit, peering to the right and left for any sign of the steeple, a passing Mexican put us on the track. A little frame house stood beside it. It seemed a happy augury that the windows were brightly lit.

"'YOU'RE THE ELOPERS,' HE SAID GENIALLY. 'GLAD TO SEE YOU'"

I knocked loudly, and the door was opened by a tall, thin man who held a lamp in his hand and looked down at us in surprise.

"You're the elopers," he said genially. "Glad to see you. Walk in. Was expecting you around before. Oh, yes, this is the place where people get married."

"That isn't exactly our errand," I remarked.

He lost his geniality at once.

"Oh," he said, as coldly as the whistle of the wind off an iceberg.

"I want to leave this young lady in the care of your wife," I said, "and I shall be delighted to pay you handsomely for the accommodation."

"My wife's been dead seventeen years," he said.

This was a facer indeed.

"I think I ought to explain —" I began.

"I can't listen to any explanations now," he returned. "I'm writing my sermon, and you must excuse me. Call again to-morrow between ten and twelve."

"You've simply got to help us," I said, buttonholing him almost with violence.

"Perhaps you might try Mrs. Todd," he said. "That's her boarding-house opposite."

This was a capital idea. I unhanded the minister and thanked him with effusion. We crossed the street, mounted Mrs. Todd's front steps, and were just about to knock when a dog sprang out of somewhere and tried to bite Edith. She kicked at it, and the brute, seizing her slipper, tore it off her foot. There was quite a mix-up for a moment, and when I had driven the animal away and found, to my joy, that Edith was not hurt, she asked me to try and find her slipper.

"If you don't find it I'll scream," she said.

I was beginning to grope about the floor of the little veranda when the door opened aggressively and Mrs. Todd herself appeared.

"I guess you're the elopers," she said, regarding us with piercing disfavor. "There was some talk of riding you on a rail. What do you want?" She said this last all in one word. It was like the click of a burglar's pistol in the dark.

"We want what most people want who come to boarding-houses," I said. "Board, for one thing. And more than board: the protection that one woman can afford another in distress."

I waited for her to speak, but she, with a Delsartean movement, shut the door in our faces and double-locked it on the inner side.

Edith had borne up pretty bravely till then. I suppose she had been crying all along in the dark, nicely and quietly, but now she began to sob aloud. I put my arms around her and tried to comfort her, but she pushed me away.

"Edith," I said, "we'll just go back to that minister!"

"Oh, Jack," she exclaimed; "I can't!"

"I love you!" I said. "I love you!"

"I did think of it at the time," she said, with a ghost of a smile. "But you were so stupid about it, and it seemed more your place than mine to suggest it."

"I never dreamed of such a thing," I exclaimed.

"It's sneaky," she broke out. "It's awful! They'll never believe that we didn't run away together."

"Suppose he's offended now and won't do it," I said as we knocked once more at the minister's door. But luck, for once, was on our side, and he promptly appeared holding the lamp in his hand as before.

"We've changed our minds," I said. "We've come back to be married."

It was worth money to see that man smile. He took us into a horsehair parlor and loved us, and then rang up a couple of witnesses from the livery stable. It took about nine minutes to marry us, and in ten he was a double-eagle richer (not to speak of the profit he made on the ring), and the two stable men were five dollars each to the good.

"Now lend me a hat and coat," I said, "and lead us over to the hotel and vouch for us."

He rigged me out in a frock coat and a bandit hat — apparently this was his costume on Sundays, — and then the three of us went back to the Pacific Ocean House, walking slowly on account of Edith's foot, and lined up before the impassive clerk.

"It's all right, Jim," said the minister, laying the marriage certificate on the desk.

But the clerk was of too proud a nature to show the least surprise. He glanced at the certificate as he might have done to a baggage check; and then, pushing a book toward me and handing me a pen, ready dipped in ink, laconically remarked:

"Register!"

"THE ONLY JEW THAT EITHER ONE OF 'EM EVER SAID TWO WORDS TO"

BY PROXY

BY

HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

AUTHOR OF "RED SAUNDERS"

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

RED sat on his own front porch; Mrs. Saunders was away for the day, and I was a visitor at Fairfield.

"Are you getting civilized?" I asked.

He laughed. "Funny," he said. "Something like that just popped into my head. I was thinking of the happenings out there," jerking a thumb toward the setting sun, "that didn't seem much out of the ordinary, till I had this place to stack up against them. Now, there was the time I worked for the Ellis ranch. A ranch is like a man: it has something that belongs to it, that don't belong to no other ranch, same as I

"MADE ANY OTHER HUMAN COUNTENANCE I EVER SEE LOOK LIKE A NIGGER-MINSTREL SHOW"

have just the same number of eyes and noses and so forth that you drew on your ticket, yet you ain't me no more'n I'm you. This was a kind of sober-minded concern; it was a thoughtful sort of a ranch, where everybody went about his work quiet. I guess it was largely because the boys was mostly old-timers, given to arguing about why was this and how come that. Argue! Cæsar! It was a regular debating society. Wind-river Smith picked up a book in the old man's room that told about the Injuns bein' Jews 'way back before the big high-water, and how one gang of 'em took to the prairie and the other gang to the bad clothes business. Well, he and Chawley Tawmson — 'member Chawley and his tooth? And you'd have time to tail-down and burn a steer before Chawley got the next word out — well, they got arguin' about whether this was so, or whether it weren't so. Smithy was for the book, havin' read it, and Chawley scorned it. The argument lasted a month, and as neither one of 'em knew anything about an Injun, except what you can gather from looking him over a rifle sight, and as the only Jew that either one of 'em ever said two words to was the one that sold Wind-river a hat that melted in the first rain-storm, and then him and Chawley went to town and made that Hebrew eat what was left of the hat, after refunding the price, you can imagine what a contribution to history I listened to. That's the kind of place the Ellis ranch was, and a nice old farm she was, too.

"I'd been working there about three months, when along come a man that looked like old man Trouble's only son. Of all the sorrowful faces you ever see, his was the longest and thinnest. It made any other human countenance I ever see look like a nigger-minstrel show.

"We was short-handed, as the old man had begun to put up hay and work some of the stock in corrals for the winter, so we took our new brother on. His name was Ezekiel George Washington Scraggs — tuneful number for a cow-outfit! — and his name didn't come anywhere near doin' him justice at that. Ezekiel knew his biz and turned in a day's work right straight along, but when you'd say 'Nice day, Scraggs?' he'd heave such a sigh you could feel the draught all the way acrost the bull-pen, and only shake his head.

"Up to this time Wind-river had enjoyed a cinch on the mournful act. He'd had a girl some time durin' the Mexican war, and she'd borrowed Smith's roll and skipped with another man. So, if we crowded Smithy too hard in debate, he used to slip behind that girl and say, 'Oh, well! You fellers will know better when you've had more experience,' although we might have been talkin' about what's best for frost-bite at the time.

"He noticed this new man Scraggs seemed to hold over him a trifle in sadness, and he thought he'd find out why.

"'You appear to me like a man that's seen trouble,' says he.

"'Trouble!' says Scraggs. 'Trouble!' Then he spit out of the door and turned his back deliberate, like there wasn't any use conversin' on the subject, unless in the presence of an equal.

"Scraggs was a hard man to break into, but Smithy scratched his head and took a brace.

"'I've met with misfortune myself,' says he.

"'Ah?' says Scraggs. 'What's happened to you?' He sounded as if he didn't believe it amounted to much, and Smithy warmed up. He ladled out his woes like a catalogue. How he'd been blew up in mines; squizzled down a mountain on a snow-slide; chawed by a bear; caught under a felled tree; sunk on a Missouri River steamboat, and her afire, so you couldn't tell whether to holler for the life-savers or the fire-engine; shot up by Injuns and personal friends; mistook for a horse-thief by the committee, and much else, closing the list with his right bower. 'And, Mr. Scraggs, I have put my faith in woman, and she done me to the tune of all I had.'

"'*Have* you?' says Scraggs, still perfectly polite and uninterested. '*Have* you?' says he, removin' his pipe and spitting carefully outdoors again. And then he slid the joker a'top of Smithy's play. 'Well, *I* have been a Mormon,' says he.

"'What?' says all of us.

"'Yessir!' says Mr. Scraggs, getting his feet under him, and with a mournful pride I can't give you the least idea of. "A Mormon; none of your tinkerin' little Mormonettes. I was ambitious; hence E. G. W. Scraggs as you now behold him. In most countries a man's standin' is regulated by the number of wives he ain't got; in Utah it's just the reverse—and a fair test, too, when you come to think of it. I wanted to be the head of the hull Mormon kingdom, so I married right and left. Every time I added to the available supply of Mrs. Scraggs, I went up a step in the government. I ain't all the persimmons for personal beauty, so I had to take what was willin' to take me, and they turned out to be mostly black-eyed women with peculiar dispositions. Gentlemen, I was once as lively and happy a little boy as ever did chores on a farm. See me now! This is the result of mixin' women and politics. If I should tell you all the kinds of particular and general devilment (to run 'em alphabetically, as I did to keep track of 'em) that Ann Eliza Scraggs, and Bridget Scraggs, and Belle Scraggs, and Fanny Scraggs, and Honoria and Helen Scraggs, and Isabelle Scraggs, and so on up to zed, raised with me, it would go through any little germs of joy you may have in your constitutions like Sittin' Bull's gang of dog-soldiers through an old ladies' sewing bee. Look at me! For all them years that cussed ambition of mine held me in its deadly toils, I never heard the sound of blessed silence. Trouble! I'm bald as a cake of ice; my nerves is ruined. If the wind makes a noise in the grass like the swish of skirts, I'm a mile up the track before I get my wits back, sweatin' coldly and profusely, like a water-cooler.

"'I ain't got anything to tie to but all them women by the name of Scraggs, and them ties I cut by travelin' fast between daylights. Wisht I could introduce you to Mrs. Scraggs as she inhabits the territory of Utah—you'd understand a power of things that may seem a little misty to you at present. However, I can't do that, nor I wouldn't neither, if I was to be made general superintendent of the whole show for my pains. I'll leave the aggregated Mrs. Scraggs in the hands of Providence, as bein' the only power capable of handling her. Yet I don't believe in Providence. I don't

"HE WAS DISAPPOINTED IN LOVE—HE HAD TO BE"

believe in no Hereafter, nor Heretofore, nor no Now; I don't believe in no East nor West, nor Up nor Down, nor Sideways, Lengthways, 'Cross-the-center, Top, Bottom, or Middle. I have lost my faith in every ram-butted thing a man can hear, see or touch, includin' everything I've left out. That's me, Joe Bush.' He stopped a minute. 'Trouble —' says he. 'Trouble — I wisht nobudy'd mention that word in my hearin' again.'

"Well, he had us gummed fast, all right. Nobody in our outfit could push up against such a world-without-end experience as that. But Scraggs was a gentleman; he didn't crowd us because we broke. In fact, now that he'd had his say, he loosened up considerable, and every now and then he'd even smile.

"Then come to us the queerest thing in that whole curiosity-shop of a ranch. It's name was Alexander Fulton. I reckon Aleck was about twenty-one by the almanac, and anywhere's from three to ninety by the way you figure a man. Aleck stood six foot high *as* he stood, but if you ran the tape along his curves he was about six-foot-four.

"He weighed one hundred and twenty pounds, of which twenty-five went to head and fifty to feet. Feet! You never saw such feet. They were the grandest feet that ever wore a man; long and high and wide, and all that feet should be. Chawley said that Alexander had ground plan enough for a company of nigger soldiers. And hung to Aleck's running gear, they reminded you of the swinging jigger in a clock. They almost make me forget his hands. When Aleck laid a flipper on a cayuse's back, you'd think the critter was blanketed. And then there was his Adam's apple — he had so many special features, it's hard to keep track of them. About a foot of Aleck's protrudin' into air was due to neck. In the center of that neck was an Adam's apple that any man might be proud of.

"His complexion consisted of freckles; when you spoke to him sudden he blushed, and then he looked for all the world like a stormy sunset. His eyes were white, and so was his hair, and so was poor old Aleck — as white a kid as they make 'em, and, beyond guessing, the skeeriest — not relatin' to things, but to people. How he come to drift out into our country was a story all by itself. He was disappointed in love — he *had* to be. One look at him and you'd know why. So he sailed out to the wild West, where he was about as useful as a trimmed nighty. We always stood between Aleck and the old man, until the boy got so he'd make straight once out of a possible five.

"First off, he was still; then, findin' himself in a confidential crowd, and bustin' to let us know his trouble, he told us all about it. He'd never spoke to the girl, it seems, more'n to say, 'How-d'ye-do, ma'am,' and blush, and sit on his hat, and make curious moves with them hands and feet; but there come another feller along, and Alexander quit.

"'You got away?' says Scraggs. 'Permit me to congratulate you, sir!' And he took hold of as much of Aleck's right wing as he could gather, and shook it hard. 'Alas!' says he, 'how different is the tale I have to tell.'

"'But I didn't want to come away!' stutters Alexander.

"'Didn't want to?' cries Scraggs, letting the pipe fall out of his mouth. Then he turns to me and taps his brow with his finger, casting a pitying eye on Aleck.

"As time went on Aleck got worse and worse. He had a case of ingrowing affection; it cut his weight down to ninety pounds. With him leaving himself at that rate, you could take pencil and paper and figure to the minute when Alexander Fulton was booked to cross the big divide. And we liked the kid. In spite of his magnificent feet, and his homeliness, and his thumb-handsidedness, I got to feel sort of as if he was my boy — though if ever I have a boy like Aleck, I put in my vote for marriage being a failure, and everything lost, honor and all. Probably it was more as if he was a puppy-dog, or some other little critter that couldn't take care of itself. Anyhow, we got worked up about the matter, and talked it over considerable when he was out of hearing. It come to this: there was no earthly use in trying to get Aleck to go back and make a play at the girl. He'd ha' fell dead at the thought of it. That left nothing but to bring the girl to Aleck. You see, we thought if we told the young woman that here was a decent honest man — hurrying over the rest of the description — just evaporating for love of her, that she might be persuaded to come out and marry him. We weren't going to let our pardner slip away without an effort anyhow. We couldn't do no less than try. Then come the problem of who was the

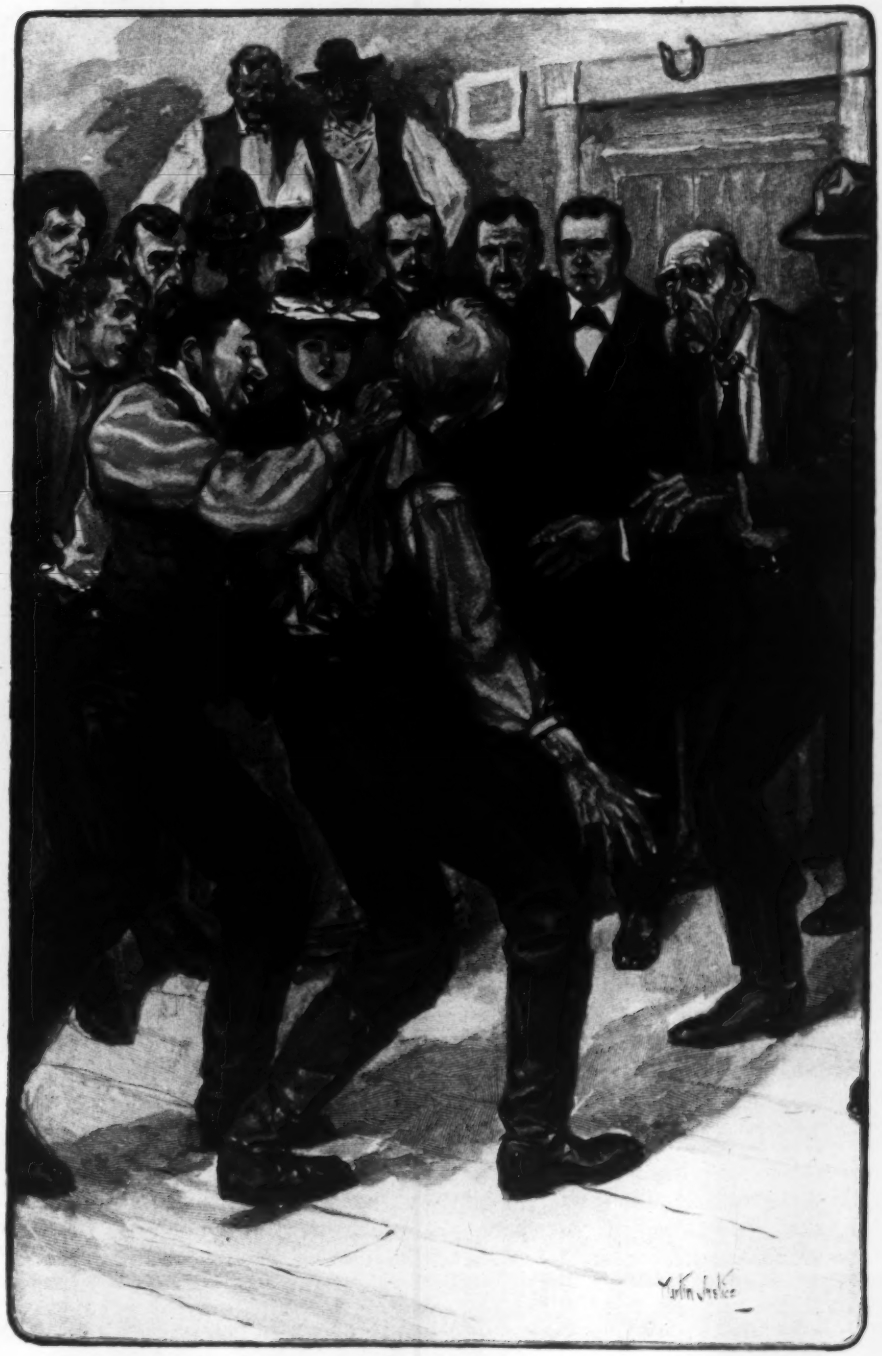
"'— YOU SEE THIS?'"

proper party to act as messenger. The rest of us, without bothering him by taking him into our confidence, decided that Scraggs was the proper man, because, if *he* didn't know Woman and her Ways, the subject belonged to the lost arts.

"But, man! Didn't he r'ar when we told him!

"'ME go after a woman!' says he. '*ME!!!*—Take another drink.' But we labored with him. Told about what a horrible time he'd had—he always liked to hear about it—and how there wasn't anybody else fit to handle his discard in the little game of matrimony—and what was the use of sending a man that would break at the first wire fence? If we was going to do the thing, we wanted to do it; and so forth and so forth, till we had him saddled and bridled and standing in the corner of the corral as peaceful as a soldier's monument, for he was the best-hearted old cuss under his crust that ever lived.

"'All right,' says he. 'I'll do it, and



"'I NEVER LAID EYES ON THAT LADY BEFORE'"

it's "Get there, Eli!" when I hook dirt. Poor old Aleck is as good as married, and the Lord have mercy on his soul! But there's one thing I wish to state: I'm running the job, and I run it my own way. I don't want any interfering nor no talk afterward—'s that understood?'

"It was. He was to cut loose.

"'All right,' says he. 'Poor Aleck!' So that night E. G. W. Scraggs took his cayuse and made for the railroad station, bound east.

"Aleck had give us full details. We knew all about his little town and about that house in particular; just how the morning-glories grew over the back porch, looking out on the garden patch, and where the cistern was, which, with his usual good luck, Aleck had managed to fall into, whilst they were putting a new cover on it. Yes-sir; we knew that little East Dakota town as well as if we'd been raised there; but we were some shy on details concerning the girl. I swear I don't believe Aleck had ever looked her full in the face. She was medium height, plump, blue eyes, brown hair, and that ended the description.

"We suffered any quantity from impatience before E. G. W. showed up. You see, there ain't such a lot that happens to other people occurrin' on a ranch, and we was really more excited over Aleck and his girl than a tenderfoot would be over a gun fight, and for the same reason: it was out of our ordinary.

"Scraggsy didn't keep us on the anxious seat. He was the surest thing I ever saw. Often I've watched him rope a critter; he never whirled his rope, even when riding—always snapped. And he never made a quick move—that is, a move that looked in a hurry—all the same, every time he let go of the rope, there was his meat on the other end of it. Women was the only thing that did E. G. W. Scraggs, and that's because he wholesaled the business. That ambition of his wrecked him. When he trotted around the track for fun, nobody else in the heat could see him for the dust.

"One evening about half-past eight, when the glow was still strong, here come Scraggs, prompt to the schedule. He was riding and a buggy trailed behind him.

"We chased Aleck over to the main house, where the old man, who stood in on the play, was to keep him busy until called for.

"Then up pulls E. G. W. and the buggy. In the buggy was a young woman, and a man.

"'Here we are,' says Scraggs, in the tone of one who has done his painful duty. 'Check the outfit—one girl and one splicer—have you kept holt of Aleck?'

"'Yes,' I says. 'We've got him—come in folks.' I was crazy to hear how he'd pulled it off. Soon's they got inside I lugged him to the corner, leaving the other boys to welcome the guests. 'Tell me about it,' I says.

"'Short story,' says he. 'Moment I got off the choo-choo I spotted the house—couldn't mistake it. Laid low in the daytime and scouted around as soon as night come. Girl goes down to the barn and comes back with a pail of milk. I grabbed her and put my hand over her mouth so's she couldn't holler. "Now listen," I says to her. "There's a friend of mine wants to marry you. When I let you go, you'll skip into the house and pick up what clothes is handy, and you'll vamoose this ranch at quarter of eleven, sharp, so we can make the next train west. If you ain't there, or if you say a single word to a human being—you see this?" and I stuck the end of my hoss-pistol under her nose. "Well, I'll blow the head clean off your shoulders with it." Then I laid back my ears and rolled my eyes around. Well, sir, she was scart so's she didn't know anything but what I said. I hated to treat a lady like that, but if I've learned anything concerning handlin' the sect, it's this—you got to be firm. There's where I made my mistake formerly. Then I let go of her and went back to the deppo. What she thought I couldn't even guess, but I knew I was goin' to have company, and, sure enough, 'bout three minutes before train time, here comes our friend. When I got her safe aboard I told her she needn't be scart. Lots worse things could happen to her than marryin' Aleck, and she says "yessir," and she kept on sayin' "yessir" to all I told her.—Wisht I could have found one like that, instead of eighty of 'em that stood ready to jump down my throat the minute I opened my mouth.—She told me she'd had a middlin' hard time of it and didn't mind a change. That surprised me a little, because I jedged from Aleck's talk she was an upstandin' critter—but, pshaw! Aleck would think a worm was a sassy thing if it squirmed in his direction. Then

I telegraphed Con Foster to have me a buggy and a minister ready for the three o'clock train, and to keep his yawp calked up. So as soon as I hit land again, there was the rig complete; we hopped in and started a-coming at once and fast, and here we are; for which I raise thanks, and all the curses of the Mormon gods be on the head of the man that gets me into such a play as this again! Snake old Aleck out and get the misery done with. That minister's chargin' me fifty cents an hour, and I don't know whether he's the real thing or not, at that. Con whispered in my ear that he worked in a grocery when he first struck town, dealt stud-poker for Johnny Early, quit that and took to school-teachin', then threw that up and preached. But what's the difference out here? He's expensive, anyhow, and all Con could find.'

"So I wagged my legs for the house and trotted Aleck down to the bull-pen.

"'Friend of yours there,' I told him.

"'That so?' says he. 'Who is it?'

"'Lady,' I says, kind of gay, thinkin' he'd be pleased.

"He stopped in his tracks. Then I remembered who I was talkin' to.

"'Come along, here, now!' says I, and nailed him by the neck. 'You ain't goin' to miss your happiness if main strength can give it to you.' His toes touched about once to the rod. I run him into the pen.

"'There,' says I, 'is somebody you know.'

"Well, sir, old Aleck looked at the gal, and the gal looked at Aleck, and the rest of us looked at each other. Soon's the kid got his breath from the shock he yells, 'I never laid eyes on that lady before!'

"Oh, Hivins, Maria! That was the awfullest minute I ever lived through. Poor old E. G. W. S.! We all turned away from him, out of pity. He had the expression of a man that's fell down a hundred foot prospect hole and been struck by lightning before he touched bottom. He grabbed aholt of the minister and swallered and swallered, unable to chirp.

"At last he rallied. 'You mean to tell me, Aleck,' he says, in a voice hardly strong enough to get through his mustache, 'that I've made a mistake?'

"Aleck was always willing to believe he was wrong. 'I'm *pretty* sure, Zeke—I ain't never seen you, have I, Miss?'

"'No, sir—not that I know of,' answers the girl, with her eyes on the ground.

"E. G. W. rubbed his brow.

"'Will you make good, anyhow, Aleck?' he coaxed. 'I got the minister and all right here—it won't take a minute.'

"I'd let go of Aleck in the excitement. At these words he made one step from where he stood in the house, through the window, to ten foot out of doors, and a few more steps like that, and he was out of the question.

"Then the girl put her face in her hands and begun to cry. She was a mighty pretty, innocent, plump little thing, and we'd rather have had most anything than that she should stand there cryin'. But we were all hung by the feet and wandering in our minds. The simple life of the cow-puncher doesn't fit him to grapple with problems like that.

"Then, sir, up gets Ezekiel George Washington Scraggs, master of himself and the situation.

"'Young lady,' says he, 'I have got you out here under false pretenses. I'm as homely as a hedge fence, and my record is dotted with marriages worse than a 'Pache outbreak with corpses and burning homes. I ain't any kind of proposition to tie up to a nice girl like you, and I swear by my honor that nothing was further from my thoughts than matrimony—not meanin' any slur on you, for if I'd found you before, I might have been a happy man—Well, here I stand: if you'll marry me, say the word!' By thunder, we gave him a cheer that shook the roof. You can laugh if you like, but it was a noble deed.

"The girl reached out her left hand—so help me Moses! She liked him! I took a careful squint at old Scraggsy, in this new light, and I want to tell you that there was something kind of fine in that long lean face of his, and when he took the girl's hand he looked like a gentleman.

"You wouldn't think that holding a gun to her head, and threatenin' to blow her brains out was just the touch that would set a maiden's heart tremblin' for a man, but if a woman takes a fancy to you, your habits and customs, manners and morals, disposition, personal appearance, financial standin', and way of doing things generally is only a little matter of detail.

"'How will this figger out legally?' E. G. W. asked the minister.

"The minister, he was a cheerful, practical sort of lad, ready to indorse anything that would smooth the rugged road of life.

"'Do you renounce the Mormon religion?' he asks.

"'Bet your life,' says Scraggs. 'And all its works.'

"'That settles it,' says the minister. 'Besides, I don't think anybody will ever come poking out here to make trouble — whenever you say the word.'

"'One minute,' says Scraggs, and he turned to the girl very gentle. 'Are you doing this of your own free will, and not because I lugged you out here?'

"'Yessir,' says she.

"'You want me, just as I stand?'

"'Yessir.'

"'Keno. I won't forget it.' Then he put his hand on her head, took off his hat, and raised his face. 'O God!' he prays, 'you know what a miserable time I've had in this line before. I admit it was nine-tenths my fault, but now I call for an honest deck and the hands played above the table. And make me act decent for the sake of this nice little girl. Amen.' Then he pulled a twenty-dollar gold piece out of his pocket and plunked her down before the minister. 'Shoot,' says he. 'You're faded.'

"Well, there old Scraggs — I say 'old,' but the man weren't more than forty — celebrated his eighty-first marriage in that old bull-pen, and they lived as happy ever after as any story book. Which knocks general principles. Probably it was because that no man was ever treated whiter than she treated him, and no woman was ever treated whiter than he treated her; he had the knack of bein' awful good and loving to her, without being foolish. Experience will tell, and he'd experienced a heap of the other side.

"Whenever I think of that couple, they always seem to be singing, out of pure lightheartedness. And now, what do you think of Aleck? The scare we threw into him that night wound up his moanin' and grievin' about the other girl. He never cheeped once after that, but got fat and hearty, and when I left the ranch he was makin' up to a widow with four children, as bold as brass. There was more poetry in E. G. W. than there was in Aleck, after all."

MY FRIEND PROSPERO

BY

HENRY HARLAND

AUTHOR OF "THE CARDINAL'S SNUFF-BOX"

PART FIFTH

I

IT was Sunday. It was early morning. It was raining,—a fine quiet, determined rain, that blurred the lower reaches of the valley, and entirely hid the mountain-tops, so that one found it hard not to doubt a little whether they were still there. Near at hand the garden was as if a thin web of silver had been cast over it, pale and dim, where wet surfaces reflected the diffused daylight. And just across the Rampio, on the olive-clad hillside that rose abruptly from its brink, rather an interesting process was taking place,—the fabrication of clouds, no less. The hillside, with its rondure of blue-grey foliage, would lie for a moment quite bare and clear; then, at some high point, a mist would begin to form, would appear indeed to issue from the earth, as smoke from a subterranean fire, white smoke with pearly shadows; would thicken and spread out; would draw together and rise in an irregular spiral column, curling, swaying, poising, as if uncertain what to do next; and at last, all at once making up its mind, (how like a younker or a prodigal), would go sailing away, straggling away, amorphous, on a puff of wind, leaving the hillside clear

again; — till, presently, the process would recommence *da capo*.

John and Annunziata, seated together on a marble bench in the shelter of the great cloister, with its faded frescoes, at the north-eastern extremity of the castle buildings, had been watching this element-play for some minutes in silence. But by-and-bye Annunziata spoke.

"What makes the cloud come out of the hill like that?" she asked, her eyes anxiously questioning his. "I have seen it happen many times, but I could never understand it. There cannot be a fire underneath?"

"If *you* can't understand it, Mistress Wisdom," responded John, smiling on her, "you surely mustn't expect a featherpate like me to. Between ourselves, I don't believe anyone can really understand it, though there's a variety of the human species called scientists who might pretend they could. It's all a part of that great scheme of miracles by which God's world goes on, Nature, which nobody can really understand in the very least. All that the chaps called scientists can really do is to observe and more or less give names to the miracles. They can't explain 'em."

"It is great pleasure to watch such things," said Annunziata. "It is a great blessing to be allowed to see a miracle performed with your own eyes."

"So it is," agreed John. "And if you keep your eyes well open, there's not a minute of the livelong day when you mayn't see one."

"It is very strange," said Annunziata, "but when the sun shines, then I love the sunny weather, and am glad that it does not rain. Yet when it does rain, then I find that I love the rain too, that I love it just as much as the sun, — it is so fresh, it smells so good, the rain-drops are so pretty, and they make such a pretty sound where they fall, and the grey light is so pleasant."

"Our loves," said John, "are always very strange. Love is the rummest miracle of them all. It is even more difficult to account for than the formation of clouds on the hillside."

"We love the things that give us pleasure," said Annunziata.

"And the people, sometimes, who give us pain," said John.

"We love the people, first of all, who are related to us," said Annunziata, "and then the people we see a great deal of — just as I love, first of all, my uncle, and then you and Marcella the cook."

"Who brings in the inevitable veal," said John. "Thank you, Honeymouth." He bowed and laughed, while Annunziata's grave eyes wondered what he was laughing at. "But it isn't everyone," he pointed out, "who has your solid and well-balanced little head-piece. It isn't everyone who keeps his loves so neatly docketed, or so sanely submitted to the sway of reason. Some of us love first of all people who aren't related to us in the remotest degree, and people we've seen hardly anything of, and know next to nothing about."

Annunziata deprecatingly shook her head.

"It is foolish to love people we know nothing about," she declared, in her deep voice, and looked a very sage delivering judgment.

"True enough," said John. "But what would you have? Some of us are born to folly, as the sparks fly upward. You see, there's a mighty difference between love and love. There's the love which is affection, there's the love which is cupboard-love, and there's the love which is just simply love-love and nothing else. The first, as you have truly observed, has its roots in consanguinity or association, the second in a lively hope of future comfits, and either is sufficiently explicable. But the third has its roots apparently in mere haphazard and causelessness, and isn't explicable by any means whatsoever, and yet is far and away the violentest of the three. It falls as the lightning from the clouds, and strikes whom it will. Though I mix my metaphors fearlessly, like a man, I trust, with your feminine intuition, you follow me?"

"No," said Annunziata, without compunction, her eyes on the distance. "I don't know what you mean."

"Thank Heaven you don't, pray Heaven you never may," said her inconsequential friend. "For love-love is a plague. You meet a person, for example, in a garden. You know nothing whatever about her, not even her name, though you fear it may be Schmidt. You meet her not more than half a dozen times all told. And suddenly one morning you wake up to discover that she has become to you the person of first importance in the world. She is practically a total stranger to you, she's of a different

nationality, a different rank, yet she's infinitely the most precious and important person in the world. When you're absent from her you can do nothing but think of her, gloating with throes of aromatic pain over the memory of your last meeting with her, longing with soul-hunger for your next. The merest flutter of her gown, modulation of her voice, glance of her eye, will throw your heart into a palpitation. You look in the direction of the house that she inhabits, and you feel the emotions of a Peri looking at the gate of Eden. And it gives you the strangest sort of strange joy to talk about her, though of course you take pains to talk about her in veiled terms, obliquely, so that your listener shan't guess *whom* you're talking about. In short, she is the be-all and the end-all of your existence,—and you don't even know her name, though you fear it may be Schmidt."

He lolled back at ease on the marble bench, and twirled his yellow-red moustaches, fancy free.

"But you do know her name, said Annunziata, simply, in her deepest voice, holding him with a gaze, lucent and serious, that seemed almost reproachful. "Her name is Maria Dolores."

The thing was tolerably unexpected. What wonder if it put my hero out of countenance? His attitude grew rigid, his pink skin three shades pinker; his blue eyes stared at her, startled. So for a second; then he relaxed, and laughed, laughed long and heartily, perhaps a little despitefully too, at his own expense. . . . But he must try, if he might, to repair the mischief.

"My poor child," he said, resting his hand on her curls, and gently smoothing them. "You are what the French call an *enfant terrible*. You are what the English call a deuced sharp little pickle. And I must try, if I can, without actually lying, to persuade you that you are utterly mistaken, utterly and absolutely mistaken,"—he raised his voice, for greater convincingness, — "and that her name is nothing distantly resembling the name that you have spoken, and that in fact her name is Mrs. Harris, and that in fine there is no such person, and that I was merely talking hypothetically, in abstractions; I must draw a herring across the trail, I must raise a dust, and throw a lot of it into your amazingly clear-sighted little eyes. Now, is it definitely impressed upon you that her name is *not*—the thrice-adorable name you mentioned?"

"I thought it was," answered Annunziata. "I am sorry it is not." And then she dismissed the subject. "See, it is raining harder. See how the rain comes down in long strings of beads,—see how it is like a network of long strings of glass beads falling through the air. When the rain comes down like that, it means that after the rain stops it will be very hot. To-morrow it will be very hot."

The bell in the clock-tower tolled out seven solemn strokes; then the lighter-toned and nimbler-tongued bell of the church began to ring.

"Come," peremptorily said Annunziata, jumping up. "Mass."

She held out her hand, took John's, and, like a mother, led the meek and unquestioning young man to his duties.

II

Of course there are no such heretical inventions as pews in the parish church of Sant' Alessina. You sit upon orthodox rush-bottomed chairs, you kneel upon orthodox bare stones. But at the epistle side of the altar, at an elevation of perhaps a yard from the pavement, there is a recess in the wall, enclosed by a marble balustrade, and hung with faded red curtains, which looks, I'm afraid, a good deal like a private box at a theatre, and is in fact the tribune reserved for the masters of the castle. (In former days those masters were the Sforzas. So, from this tribune, the members of that race of iron and blood, of fierceness and of guile, have assisted at the mystical sacrifice of the Lamb of God!) Heretofore, during John's residence at the presbytery, the tribune had stood vacant. To-day it was occupied by Maria Dolores and Frau Brandt. Maria Dolores, instead of wearing a hat, had adopted the ancient and beautiful use of draping a long veil of black lace over her dark hair.

John knelt in the middle of the church, in the thick of the ragged, dirty, unsavoury villagers. When Mass was over, he returned to the cloisters, and there, face to face, he met the lady of his dreams.

She graciously inclined her head.

"Good morning," she said, smiling, in a voice that seemed to him full of morning freshness.

"Good morning," he responded, wondering whether she could hear the tremor of his heart. "Though, in honest truth, it's rather a bad morning, isn't it?" he submitted, posing his head at an angle, dubious and reflective, that seemed to raise the question to a level of philosophic import.

"Oh, with these cloisters, one shouldn't complain," said she, glancing indicatively round. "One can still be out of doors, and yet not get the wetting one deserves. And the view is so fine, and these faded old frescoes are so droll."

"Yes," said he, his wits, for the instant, in a state of suspended animation. "The view is fine, the frescoes are droll."

She looked as if she were thinking about something.

"Don't you find it," she asked, after a moment, with the slightest bepuzzled drawing together of her eyebrows, "a trifle unpleasant, hearing Mass from where you do?"

John looked blank.

"Unpleasant? No. Why?" he asked.

"I should think it might be disagreeable to be hemmed in and elbowed by those extraordinarily ragged and dirty people," she explained. "It's a pity they shouldn't clean themselves up a little before coming to church."

"Ah, yes," he assented, "a little cleaning up wouldn't hurt them; that's very certain. But," he set forth, in extenuation, "it's not the custom of the country, and the fact that it isn't has its good significance, as well as its bad. It's one of the many signs of how genuinely democratic and popular the Church is in Italy,—as it ought to be everywhere. It is here essentially the Church of the people, the Church of the poor. It is the one place where the poorest man, in all his rags, and with the soil of his work upon him, feels perfectly at ease, perfectly at home, perfectly equal to the richest. It is the one place where a reeking market-woman, with her basket on her arm, will feel at liberty to take her place beside the great lady, in her furs and velvets, and even to ask her, with a nudge, to move up and make room. That is as it should be, isn't it?"

"No doubt, no doubt," agreed Maria Dolores, beginning to pace backwards and forwards over the lichen-stained marble pavement, (stained as by the hand of an artist, in wavy veins of yellow or pale-green, with here and there little rosettes of scarlet), while John kept beside her. "All the same, I should not like to kneel quite in the very heart of the crowd, as you do."

"You are a delicate and sensitive woman," he reminded her. "I am a man, and a moderately tough one. However, I must admit that until rather recently I had exactly your feeling. But I got a lesson." He broke off, and gave a vague little laugh, vaguely rueful, as at a not altogether pleasant reminiscence.

"What was the lesson?" she asked.

"Well," said he, "if you care to know, it was this. The first time that I attended Mass here, desiring to avoid the people, I sought out a far corner of the church, behind a pillar, where there was no one. But as soon as I had got myself well established there, up hobbled a deformed and lame old man, and plumped himself down beside me, so close that our coat-sleeves touched. I think he was the most repulsive-looking old man I have ever seen; he was certainly the dirtiest, the grimiest, and his rags were extravagantly foul. I will spare you a more circumstantial portrait. And all through the Mass I was sick with disgust and sore with resentment. Why should he come and rub his coat-sleeve against mine, when there was room in plenty for him elsewhere? The next time I went to church, I chose a different corner, as remote as might be from my former one; but again, no sooner was I well installed, than, lo and behold, the same unspeakable old man limped up and knelt with me, cheek by jowl. And so, if you can believe it, the next time, and so the next. It didn't matter where I placed myself, there he was sure to place himself too. You will suppose that, apart from my annoyance, I was vastly perplexed. Why should he pursue me so? Who was he? What was he after? And for enlightenment I addressed myself to Annunziata. 'Who is the hideous old man who always kneels beside me?' I asked her. She had not noticed anyone kneeling beside me, she said; she had noticed, on the contrary, that I always knelt alone, at a distance. 'Well,' said I, 'keep your eyes open to-day, and you will see the man I mean.' So we went to Mass, and sure enough, no sooner had I found a secluded place, than my old friend appeared and joined me, dirtier and more hideous and if possible more deformed than ever."

"Yes?" said Maria Dolores, with interest, as he paused.

"When we came out of church, I asked Annunziata who he was," continued John. "And she said that though she had kept her eyes open, according to my injunction, she had failed to see anyone kneeling beside me — that, on the contrary, she had seen me," he concluded, with an insouciance that was plainly assumed for its dramatic value, "kneeling alone, at a distance from everyone."

Maria Dolores' face was white. She frowned her mystification.

"What!" she exclaimed, in a half-frightened voice.

"That is precisely the ejaculation that fell from my own lips at the time," said John. "Then I gave her a minute description of the old man, in all his ugliness. And then she administered my lesson to me."

"Yes? What was it?" questioned Maria Dolores, her interest acute.

"Speaking in that oracular vein of hers, her eyes very big, her face very grave, she assured me that my horrible old man had no objective existence. She informed me cheerfully and calmly that he was an image of my own soul, as it appeared, corrupted and aged and deformed by the sins of a lifetime, to God and to the Saints. And she added that he was sent to punish me for my pride in thinking myself different to the common people, and in seeking to hold myself aloof. Since then," John brought his anecdote to a term, "I have always knelt in the body of the church, and I have never again seen my Doppelgänger."

Maria Dolores was silent for a little. They had come to the southern end of the cloisters, where the buttresses of the castle-walls, all shaggy-mantled in a green overgrowth of creepers, fall precipitously away, down the steep face of a natural cliff. They stopped here, and stood looking off. The rain had held up, though the valley was still misty with its vapours. Whiffs of velvety air, warm and sweet, blew in their faces, lightly stirred the dark hair about her brow, and, catching the flowery edge of her black lace mantilla, set it fluttering.

"That is a very good story," she said, by-and-bye, with a sober glance, behind which there was the glint of laughter. "In view of it, however, I suppose there will be no use in my delivering a message I came charged with for you from my friend Frau Brandt."

"Oh?" questioned John. "What message?"

"Frau Brandt has received from the owner of the castle the privilege of hearing Mass from the tribune; and she wished me to invite you in her name hereafter to hear Mass from there with us. But I suppose, in view of your 'lesson,' that is an invitation which you will decline?". The glint of laughter shone brighter in her eyes, and her mouth had a tiny pucker, amiably derisive.

John looked at her, his blue eyes bold.

"That is an invitation which I am terribly tempted to accept," he said, in a voice of unconcealed emotion, of patent meaning; and beneath his bold gaze, her dark eyes dropped, while I think a blush faintly swept her cheeks. "And first of all," he added, "pray express to Frau Brandt my grateful thanks for it — and let me thank you also for your kindness in conveying it. If, in spite of my temptation, I *don't* accept it, that will be for a very special reason, and one quite unconnected with my 'lesson.'"

Maria Dolores probably knew her danger. She turned, and began to walk backwards, towards the point where you can pass from the cloisters, through the great porte-cochère, into the garden, and so on to the pavilion beyond the clock. She probably knew her danger; but she was human, but she was a woman. Besides, she had reached the porte-cochère, and thus commanded a clear means of escape. So, coming to a standstill here, "What is the very special reason?" she asked, in a low voice, keeping her eyes from his.

His were bolder than ever. Infinite admiration of her burned in them, infinite delight in her, desire for her; at the same time a kind of angry hopelessness darkened them, and a kind of bitter amusement, as of one amused at his own sad plight.

"I wish I were rich," he exclaimed, irritably, between his teeth.

"Oh? Is *that* the very special reason?" asked she, with two notes of laughter.

"No," said he, "but it has a connection with it. You see, I'm in love."

"Yes," said she. "I remember your telling me so."

"Well, I wish I were rich," said he. "Then I might pluck up courage to ask the woman I love to be my wife."

"Money isn't everything here below," said she. "I have your own word for that."

"What else counts," said he, "when you wish to ask a woman to marry you?"

"Oh, many things," said she. "Difference of rank, for example."

"That wouldn't count with me," said the democratic fellow, handsomely. "I shouldn't give two thoughts to differences of rank."

Maria Dolores smiled — at her secret reflections, I suppose.

"But poverty puts it out of all question," John moodily went on. "I couldn't ask a woman to come and share with me an income of sixpence a week. Especially as I have grounds for believing that she's in rather affluent circumstances herself. Oh, I wish I were rich!" He repeated this aspiration in a groan.

"Poor, poor young man," she commiserated him, while her eyes, which she held perseveringly averted, were soft with sympathy and gay with mirth. "When do you begin your gardening?"

"Oh, don't mock me," he cried, with an imploring gesture. "You know, joking apart, that it's child's play for a man of my age, with no profession and no special talent, to fancy he can turn to, and earn money. I might, if I made supernatural exertions, and if Fortune went out of her way to favour me, add a maximum of another sixpence to my weekly budget. No, there's never a hope for me on sea or land. I must e'en bear it, though I cannot grin withal."

"Ah, well," said Maria Dolores, to comfort him, "these attacks, I have read, are often as short as they are sharp. Let us trust you'll soon rally from this one. How long have they generally lasted in the past?"

John's face grew dark with upbraiding; the sea-blue of his eyes, the gold of his hair and beard, the pink of his complexion visibly grew dark.

"You are so needlessly unkind," he said, "that you don't deserve to hear the true answer to your question."

She studied the half-obliterated fresco on the wall beside her.

"All the same," said he, "you *shall* hear it. If falling in love were my habit, no doubt I shouldn't take it so hard. But the simple truth, though I am thirty years old, is that I have never before felt so much as a heart-flutter for any woman. And, since you cite your reading, *I* have read that a fire which may merely singe the surface of green wood, will entirely consume the dry."

She continued to study the ancient painting. Her fingers were playing with the ends of her lace veil.

"Besides," he went on, "if I had been in love a dozen times, it wouldn't signify. For I should have been in love with ordinary usual human women. They're the only sort I ever met — till I met her. She's of a totally different order — as distinct from them as . . . What shall I say? Oh, as unlike them as starfire is unlike dull clay. Starfire — starfire — the wonderful, high, white-burning starfire of her spirit, that's the thing that strikes you most in her. It shines through her. It shines in her eyes, it shines in her hair, her adorable, soft, dark, warm and fragrant hair; it shines in her very voice; it shines in every word she utters, even in the unkindest."

"Dear me, what an alarmingly refulgent person you depict," laughed Maria Dolores, her eyes still on the wall.

"I have no gift for word-painting," said John; "though I doubt if the words are yet invented that could fitly paint my lady. She grows in beauty day by day. It's a literal fact — every fresh time I see her, she is perceptibly more lovely than the last, more love-compelling in her loveliness. But 'tis a thing unpaintable, indescribable, as indescribable as the perfume of a rose. Oh, why haven't I five thousand a year?"

"You harp so persistently upon your desire for money," suggested Maria Dolores, "one might infer she was a commodity, to be bought and sold. You begin at the wrong end. What good would five or fifty thousand a year do you, if you had not begun by winning her love?"

"No, I begin at the proper end, worse luck," John answered, glooming. "For, without a decent income, I have no right even to try to win her love."

"And that being so," questioned Maria Dolores, "I hope you conscientiously avoid her society, or, when you meet, make yourself consistently disagreeable to her?"

"There's no need for such precautions," John replied. "There's no fear for her.

She regards me as a casual and passing acquaintance. So I make myself no more disagreeable than I am by nature. And if I avoided her society, (which I am far from doing), it would be not for her sake, but for my own. For, though her society is to me a kind of anticipation of the joys of Heaven, yet when I leave it and find myself alone, the reaction is dreary in the superlative degree; and the fear, which perpetually haunts me (for I know nothing of her plans), lest I shall never see her again, is agonising as a foretaste of Heaven's antipode. Oh, I love her!"

He took, involuntarily I daresay, a step in her direction. She retreated under the vaulting of the porte-cochère.

"You seem," she commented, "to be getting a good deal of emotional experience,—which doubtless some day you will find of value. Why not, instead of gardener, embark as novelist or poet? Here is material you could then turn to account."

"Ah, there you are," he complained, piteously, "mocking me again. Ah, well, if you must have your laugh, have it, and welcome. A man can learn to take the bitter with the sweet."

"To spare you that discomfort," said she, moving deeper into the archway, while John's face fell, "I will bid you good-bye. I am to report, then, that you decline my friend's invitation with thanks?"

"With my most grateful thanks," he was able intensively to rejoin, in spite of his dismay at the imminence of her departure.

"And for a very special reason?" she harked back, now, suddenly, for the first time since they had touched thin ice, giving him a glance.

It was the fleetingest of fleeting glances, it was merry and ironic, but there was something in it which brought a flame to his blue eyes.

"For the very special reason," he answered, with vehemence, "that I fear the presence near me of—" He held his breath for a second, the flame in his eyes enveloping her; then, with an abrupt change of tone and mien, he ended, "—of Frau Brandt might distract my attention from the sermon."

She laughed, and said, "Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said John. And when she was half-way through the tunnel-like passage, "I suppose you know you are leaving me to a day as barren as the Desert of Sahara?" he called after her.

"Oh, who can tell what a day may bring forth?" called she, but without looking back.

For a long while John's faculties were kept busy, trying to determine whether that was a promise, a menace, or a mere word in the air.

III

"Rain before seven, clear before eleven" is as true, or as untrue, in Lombardy as it is in other parts of the world. The rain had held up, and now, in that spirited phrase of Corvo's, "here came my lord the Sun," splendidly putting the clouds to flight, or chaining them, transfigured, to his chariot-wheels; clothing the high snow-peaks in a roseate glory, (that seemed somehow, I don't know why, to accent their solitude and their remoteness); flooding the valley with ethereal amber; turning the swollen Rampio to a river of fire: while the nearer hillsides, the olive woods,—the trees in the castle garden, glistened with a million million crystals, and the petals of the flowers were crystal-tipped; while the breath of the earth rose in long streamers of luminous incense, and the sky gleamed with every tender, every brilliant, tint of blue, from the blue of pale forgetmenots to the blue of larkspur.

John, contemplating this spectacle, (and thinking of Maria Dolores? revolving still her cryptic valediction?), all at once, as his eye rested on the shimmer at the valley's end which he knew to be the lake, lifted up his hand and clapped his brow. "By Jove," he muttered, "if I wasn't within an ace of clean forgetting!" The sight of the lake had fortunately put him in mind that he was engaged to-day to lunch with Lady Blanchemain at Roccadoro.

He found her ladyship, in a frock all concentric whirls of crisp white ruffles, vigorously wielding a fan, and complaining of the heat. (Indeed, as Annunziata had predicted, it had grown markedly warmer.) "I shall fly away, if this continues; I shall fly straight to town, and set my house in order for the season. When do *you* come?" she asked, smiling on him from her benign old eyes.

"I don't come," answered John. "I rather like town in autumn and winter, when it's too dark to see its ugliness, but

save me from it in the clear light of summer."

"Fudge," said Lady Blanchemain. "London's the most beautiful capital in Europe — it's grandiose. And it's the only place where there are any people."

"Yes," said John, "but, as at Nice and Homburg, too many of them are English. And there's a liberal scattering, I've heard, of Jews, my heart's abomination."

"Oh, there are Jews and Jews. Jews are all right when they aren't Jewy," said Lady Blanchemain, with magnanimity. "I was rather hoping you would be a feature of my Sunday afternoons."

"I'm not a society man," said John. "I've no aptitude myself for patronising or toadying, and I don't particularly enjoy being patronised or toadied to."

"Is that the beginning and end of social life in England?" Lady Blanchemain enquired, delicately sarcastic.

"As I have seen it, yes," asseverated John. "The beginning, end, and middle of social life in England, as in Crim-Tartary, is worship of the longest pigtail, — a fetichism sometimes grosser, sometimes subtler, sometimes deliberate, often unconscious and instinctive. Everyone you meet is aware that his pigtail is either longer or shorter than yours, and accordingly, more or less subtly, grossly, unconsciously or deliberately, swaggers or bends the knee. It's a state of things I've tried in vain to find diverting."

"It's a state of things you'll find prevailing pretty well in all places where the human species breeds," said Lady Blanchemain. "The only difference will be a question of what constitutes the pigtail. And are you, then, remaining at Sant' Alessina?"

"For the present," answered John.

"Until — ?" she questioned.

"Oh, well, until she sends me away, or leaves herself," said he, "and so my fool's paradise achieves its inevitable end."

Lady Blanchemain laughed — a long, quiet laugh of amused contentment.

"Come in to luncheon," she said, putting her soft white hand upon his arm, "and tell me all about it." And when they were established at her table, a round table, gay with flowers, in a window at the far end of the cool, terazza-paved, stucco-columned dining-room of the Hotel Victoria, "Why do you call it a fool's paradise?" she asked.

"Well, you see, I'm in love," said he.

"You really are?" she doubted, with sprightliness, looking gleeful.

"All too really," he assured her, in a sinking voice.

"What an old witch I was," mused she, with satisfaction. "Accept my heart-felt felicitations." She beamed upon him.

"I should prefer your condolences," said he, in a voice from the depths.

"*Allons donc!* Cheer up," laughed she, dallying with her bliss. "Men have died, and worms have eaten them, but not for love."

"I wonder," said John. "That is a statement, it seems to me, which would be the better for some proving."

"At all events," said she, "you, for one, are not dead yet."

"No," admitted he; "though I could almost wish I was."

"Do you mean to say she has definitely rejected you?" she demanded, alarmed.

"Fortune has spared her that necessity," said John. "I haven't asked her, and I never shall. I haven't any money."

"Pooh! Is that all?" scoffed her ladyship, relieved. "You have prospects."

"Remote ones — the remoter the better. I won't count on dead men's shoes," said John.

"What is it your little fortune-teller at the castle calls you?" asked Lady Blanchemain, shrewdly, her dark old eyebrows up.

"She calls me *lucus a non lucendo*," was John's quick riposte; and the lady laughed.

But in a moment she pulled a straight face. "I seriously counsel you to have more faith," she said. "Go home and ask her to marry you; and if she accepts, — you'll see. Money will come. Besides, your rank and your prospective rank are assets which you err in not adding to the balance. Go home, and propose to her."

"'Twould do no good," said John, dejectedly. "She regards me with imperturbable indifference. I've made the fieriest avowals to her, and she's never turned a hair."

Lady Blanchemain looked bewildered. "You've made avowals — ?" she falteringly echoed.

"I should rather think so," John affirmed. "Indirect ones, of course, and I hope inoffensive, but fiery as live coals. In the third person, you know. I've given her two and two; she has, you may be sure,

enough skill in mathematics to put 'em together."

"And she never turned a hair?" the lady marvelled.

"She jeered at me, she mocked me, she laughed and rode away," said he.

"She's probably in love with you," said Lady Blanchemain. "If a woman will listen, if a woman will laugh! If you don't propose to her now, having ensnared her young affections, you'll be something worse than the wicked nobleman of song and story."

"Oh, well," John responded, conciliatory, "I daresay some of these days a proposal will slip out when I least intend it. So I shall have done the honourable thing — and I'm sure I can trust her to play fair and say me nay."

Lady Blanchemain slowly shook her head. "I'm glad you're not *my* lover," she devoutly murmured, plying her fan.

"Oh, but I am," cried John, with a bow, and an admiring flash of the eyes.

Her soft old face lighted up; then it took on an expression of resolution, and she set her strong old jaws. "In that case," she remarked, "you will have the less reluctance in granting a favour I'm about to ask you."

"What's the favour?" said John, on a tone of readiness.

"I want you to buy a pig in a poke," said she.

"Oh?" questioned he.

"Yes," said she. "I want you to make me a promise blindfold. I want you to promise in the dark that you will do something. What it is that you're to do you're not to know till the time comes. Will you promise?"

"Dearest lady," said the trustful young man, "I'm perfectly confident that you would never ask me to do anything that I couldn't do with profit to myself. Buy a pig in a poke? From you, without a moment's hesitation. Of course I promise."

"Bravo, bravo," applauded Lady Blanchemain, glowing at her easy triumph. "In a few days you'll receive a letter. That will tell you what it is you're pledged to. And now, to reward you, come with me to my sitting-room, and I will make you a little present."

When they had reached her sitting-room (dim and cool, with its half-drawn blinds and the straw-coloured linen covers of its furniture), she put into his hands a small case of shagreen, small and hard, and at the edges white with age.

"Go to the window and see what's in it," she said.

And obeying, "By Jove, what a stunner!" he exclaimed. The case contained a ring, a light circle of gold, set with a ruby, surrounded by a row of diamonds, — for my part, I think the most beautiful ruby I have ever seen. It was as big as a hazel-nut, or almost; it was cut, with innumerable facets, in the shape of a heart; and it quivered and burned, and flowed and rippled, liquidly, with the purest, limpidest red fire.

"'Tis the spirit of a rose, distilled and crystallized," said Lady Blanchemain.

"'Tis a drop of liquid light," said John. "But why do you give it to me? I can't wear it. I don't think I ought to accept it."

"Nobody asks you to wear it," said Lady Blanchemain. "It's a woman's ring, of course. But as for accepting it, you need have no scruples. It's an old Blanchemain gem, that was in the family a hundred years before I came into it. It's properly an heirloom, and you're the heir. I give it to you for a purpose. Should you ever become engaged, I desire you to place it upon the finger of the adventurous woman."

IV

Under a gnarled old olive, by the river's brim, Annunziata sat on the turf, head bowed, so that her curls fell in a tangle all about her cheeks, and gazed fixedly into the green waters, the laughing, dancing, purling waters, green, and, where the sun reached them, shot with seams and cleavages of light, like fluorspar. In the sun-flecked, shadow-dappled grass near by, violets tried to hide themselves, but were betrayed by their truant sweetness. The waters purled, a light breeze rustled the olive-leaves, and birds were singing loud and wild, as birds will after rain.

Maria Dolores, coming down the path that followed the river's windings, stood for a minute, and watched her small friend without speaking. But at last she called out, "*Ciao*, Annunziata. Are you dreaming dreams and seeing visions?"

Annunziata started and looked up. "Sh-h!" she whispered, with an admonitory gesture. She stole a wary glance

roundabout, and then spoke as one fearful of being overheard. "I was listening to the music of Divopan," she said.

Maria Dolores, who had come closer, appeared at a loss. "The music of — what?" she questioned.

"Sh-h," whispered Annunziata. "I would not dare to say it aloud. The music of Divopan."

"Divopan?" Maria Dolores puzzled, compliantly guarding her tone. "What is that?"

"Divo — Pan," said Annunziata, dividing the word in two, and always with an air of excessive caution.

But Maria Dolores helplessly shook her head. "I'm afraid I don't understand. What is Divo — Pan?"

"Don't you know what a *divo* is?" asked Annunziata, her clear grey eyes surprised.

"Oh, a *divo?*" said Maria Dolores, getting a glimmer of light. "Ah, yes, a divo is a saint, I think?"

"Not exactly," Annunziata discriminated, "but something like one. The saints, you see, are always very good, and *divi* are sometimes bad. But they are powerful, like saints. They can do anything they wish. Divo Pan is the divo who makes all the music that you hear out of doors, — the music of the wind and the water and the bird-songs. But you must be careful never to praise his music aloud, lest Divo Apollone should hear you. He is the divo that makes all the music you hear on instruments — on harps and violins and pianos. He is very jealous of Divo Pan, and if he hears you praising him, will do something to you. You know what he did to King Mida, don't you?"

"What did he do?" asked Maria Dolores.

Annunziata stole another wary glance about.

"Once upon a time," she recounted, always in her lowest voice, "many years ago, hundreds of years ago, the King of this country was named Mida. And he loved very much the music of Divo Pan. He loved to sit by the river here, and to listen to the music of the water, and of the leaves, and of the birds. I love to do it too, and I think he was quite right. But one day, in his house, there came a musician with a harp, and began to play to him. And the King listened for a while, and then he told the musician to stop. 'Your music is very good,' he said, 'but now I am going into the fields and by the river, where I can hear a music I like better.' But the musician with the harp was really Divo Apollone himself, disguised. And this made him very angry and jealous. And to punish King Mida he changed his ears to long hairy ears, like an ass's. So, if you love the music of Divo Pan, you must be very careful not to let Divo Apollone hear you praise it, or he will do something to you."

And to drive home this application of her theme, she held up a warning finger.

Maria Dolores had listened, smiling. Now she gave a gay little laugh, and then for a moment mused. "That is a very curious bit of history," she said, in the end. "How ever did it come to your knowledge?"

Annunziata shrugged. "Oh," she answered, "everybody knows that. I have known it for years. My grandmother who lived in Milan told it to me. Doesn't the water look cool and pleasant?" was her abrupt digression, as she returned her gaze to the Rampio. "When it is hot like this, I should like to lie down in the water, and go to sleep. Wouldn't you?"

"I'm not so sure," said Maria Dolores. "I should rather fear I might be drowned."

"Oh, but that wouldn't hurt," said Annunziata, with security. "To be drowned in such beautiful green water, among all those beams of light, would be nice."

"Perhaps you are not aware," said Maria Dolores, "that when people are drowned they die?"

"Oh, yes, I know that," said Annunziata. "But" — she raised calm pellucid eyes — "wouldn't you like to die?"

"Certainly not," said Maria Dolores, a shadow on her face.

"I would," said Annunziata, stoutly. "It must be lovely to die."

"Hush," Maria Dolores rebuked her, frowning. "You must not say such things."

"Why not say them, if you think them?" asked Annunziata.

"You mustn't think them, either," said Maria Dolores.

"Oh, I can't help thinking them," said Annunziata, with a movement. "It surely must be lovely to die and go to Heaven. If I were perfectly sure I should go to Heaven,

I would shut my eyes and die now. But I should probably have to wait some time in Purgatory. And, of course, I might go to Hell."

Maria Dolores' face was full of trouble. "You must not talk like that," she said. "You must not. It is wicked of you."

"Then, if I am wicked, I *should* go to Hell?" enquired Annunziata, looking alertly up.

Maria Dolores looked about her, looked across the river, down the valley, as one in distress scanning the prospect for aid. "Of course you would not," she said. "My dear child, can't we find something else to talk of?"

"Do you think I shall have a very long and hard Purgatory?" asked Annunziata.

Maria Dolores threw a despairing glance at the horizon.

"No, no, dear," she answered uneasily. "You will have a very short and gentle one. Anyhow, you'll not have to consider that for years to come. Now shall we change the subject?"

"Well," said Annunziata, with an air of deliberation, "if you are perfectly sure I shall not go to Hell, and that my Purgatory will not be long and hard, I think I will do what I said. I will lie down in the water and go to sleep, and the water will drown me, and I shall die."

Maria Dolores' face was terrified. "Annunziata!" she cried. "You don't know what you are saying. You are cruel. You won't do anything of the sort. You must give me your solemn word of honour that you won't do anything of the sort. It would be a most dreadful sin. Come. Come with me now, away from here, away from the sight of the river. You must never come here alone again. Give me your hand, and come away."

Annunziata got up, gave her hand, and moved off at Maria Dolores' side, towards the castle. "Of course," she said, "if I want to die, I don't need to lie down in the water. I can die at any moment I wish, by just shutting my eyes, and holding my breath, and telling my heart seven times to stop beating. Heart, stop beating; heart, stop beating;—that way, seven times."

"For the love of Mercy," wailed poor Maria Dolores, almost writhing in her misery. . . . Then, suddenly, she breathed a deep sigh of relief, and fervently exclaimed, "Thank God." John was advancing towards them, down the rugged pathway.

"Do please come and help me with this perverse and maddening child," she called to him, in English. "She's frightening me half out of my wits by threatening to die. She even threatened to drown herself in the Rampio."

"Children of her complexion can't die," said John, in Italian, (and Annunziata pricked up her ears). "They can only turn into monkeys, and then they have to live in the forests of Africa, where it is always dark, and all the men and women are negro savages, and all the other animals (except the mosquitos and the snakes) are lions and tigers. Besides, if Annunziata were to turn into a monkey, she couldn't have the sugared chestnuts that somebody or other has brought her from Roccadoro. On the chest of drawers in my room there has mysteriously appeared a box of sugared chestnuts. I thought they were for her, but they're not, unless she will promise never to turn into a monkey."

Annunziata's eyes had clouded.

"Of course I won't turn into a monkey," she said, in accents at once of disillusion and disdain. "I did not know there was any such danger. I should hate to be a monkey." Then her eyes brightened again. "May I go and get them now?" she asked, wistful and impatient.

"Yes," said John; "be off with you." And she went running lightly up the hill.

He turned to Maria Dolores. Her face (clear-cut, with its dark hair, against the red background of her sunshade) was white and drawn with pain. But she smiled, rather wanly, as her gaze met his, and said, in a weak voice, "Oh, I am so glad you came. I can't tell you how she was frightening me." And all at once her eyes filled with tears.

I needn't say whether John was moved, whether it was his impulse to take her in his arms and dry her tears with kisses. He did actually, on that impulse, give a perceptible start towards her, but then he restrained himself. "The child ought to be whipped," he broke out angrily. "You must not take her prattle so seriously."

"But *she* was so serious," said Maria Dolores. "Oh, when she threatened to lie down in the river, and let herself be drowned—!" Her voice failed her, as at the inexpressible.

"No fear of that," said John. "The first touch of the cold water (and icy-cold it is, a glacier-stream, you know) would bring her to her senses. But come! You must not think of it any more. You have had a bad shock, but no bones are broken, and now you must try to banish it all from your mind."

"What an unaccountable child she is," said Maria Dolores. "Surely it is unnatural and alarming for a child to have her head so teeming with strange freaks and fancies. Oh, I pray God to grant that nothing may happen to her."

"The most serious evil that's likely to happen to her for the present," said John, "will be an indigestion of marrons glacés."

Maria Dolores' tears had gone now. She smiled. But afterwards she looked grave again. "Oh, I wish I could get the dread of something happening to her out of my heart. I wish she wasn't so pale and fragile-looking," she said. Then there came a gleam in her eyes. "But you were going for a walk, and I am detaining you."

"The object of my walk has been accomplished," said John.

"Oh?" questioned she.

"I was walking in the hope, on the chance, that I might meet you," he hardily explained. "It's such an age since I've seen you. Are you making for the garden? I pray you to be kind, and let me go with you. I've been an exile and a wanderer — I've been to Roccadoro."

She had rebegun her ascension of the hill. The path was steep, as well as rugged. Sometimes John had to help her over a hard bit. The touch of her hand, soft and warm, and firm too, in his; the sense of her closeness; the faint fragrance of her garments, of her hair, — these things, you may be sure, went to his head, went to his heart. The garden lay in a white blaze of sunshine, that seemed almost material, like an incandescent fluid; but the entrance to the avenue was dark and inviting. "Let us," he proposed, "go and sit on a marble bench under the glossy leaves of the ilexes, in the deep, cool shade; and let's play that it's a thousand years ago, and that you're a Queen, (white Queen Blanche, like a queen of lilies), and that I'm your minstrel-man."

"What song will you sing me?" asked she gaily, as they took their places on the marble bench. It was semicircular, with a high carved back, (carved with the armorials of the Sforzas), and of course it was lichen-stained, grey and blue and green, yellow and scarlet.

"White Queen Blanche, like a queen of lilies,
Fairer and dearer than dearest and fairest,
To hear me sing, if it her sweet will is, —
Sing, minstrel-man, of thy love, an thou darest,"

trolled John, in his light barytone, to a tune, I imagine, improvised for the occasion. "But if it's a thousand years ago," he laughed, "that song smacks too much perhaps of actuality, and I had best choose another."

Maria Dolores joined in his laugh. "I did not know you sang," she said. "Let me hear the other."

"A song," reflected he, "that I could sing with a good deal of feeling and conviction, would be 'Give her but the least excuse to love me.'"

Maria Dolores all at once looked sober.

"Oughtn't you to be careful," she said, "to give her no excuse at all to love you, if you are really resolved never to ask her to be your wife?"

"That is exactly what I have given her," answered John, "no excuse at all. I should sing in a spirit purely academic, — my song would be the utterance of a pious but hopeless longing, of the moth's desire for the star."

"But she, I suppose, isn't a star," objected Maria Dolores. "She's probably just a weak human woman. You may have given her excuses without meaning to." There was the slightest quaver in her voice.

John caught his breath; he turned upon her almost violently. But she was facing away from him, down the avenue, so that he could not get her eyes.

"In that case," she said, "wouldn't you owe her something?"

"I should owe myself a lifetime's penance with the disclipine," John on a solemn tone replied, hungrily looking at her cheek, at the little tendrils of dark hair about her brow. "God knows what I should owe to her."

"You would owe it to her," said Maria Dolores, always facing away, "to tell her your love straightforwardly, and to ask her to marry you."

John thrilled, John ached. His blue eyes burned upon her. "What else do you think I dream of, night and day? But how could I, with honour? You know my poverty," he groaned.

"But if she has enough, more than enough, for two?" softly urged Maria Dolores.

"Ah, that's the worst of it," cried he. "If we were equals in penury, if she had nothing, then I might honourably ask her, and we could live on herbs together in a garret, and I could keep her respect and my own. Oh, garret-paradise! But to marry a woman who is rich, to live in luxury with her, and to try to look unconscious while she pays the bills, — she would despise me, I should abhor myself."

"Why should she despise you?" asked Maria Dolores. "The possession of wealth is a mere accident. If people are married and love each other, I can't see that it matters an atom whether their money belonged in the first place to the man or to the woman, — it would belong henceforward to them both equally."

"That is a very generous way of looking at it, but it is a woman's way. No decent man could accept it," said John.

"Up to a certain point," said Maria Dolores, slowly, "I understand your scruples. I understand that a poor man might feel that he would not like to make the advances, if the woman he loved was rich. But suppose the woman loved him, and knew that he loved her, and knew that it was only his poverty which held him back, then *she* might make the advances. She might put aside her pride, and go half way to meet him, and to remove his difficulties and embarrassments. If, after that, he still did not ask her, I think his scruples would have become mere vanity, — I think it would show that he cared more for his mere vanity than for her happiness."

Her voice died out. John could see that her lip quivered a little. His throat was dry. The pulses were pounding in his temples. His brain was all a confusion. He hardly knew what had befallen him, he hardly knew what she had said. He only knew that there was a great ball of fire in his breast, and that the pain of it was half an immeasurable joy.

"God forgive me," the absurd and exaggerated stickler for the dignity of his sex wildly cried. "God knows how I love her, how I care for her happiness. But to go to her empty-handed, — but to put myself in the position of being kept by a woman, — God knows how impossible it is."

Maria Dolores stood up, still looking away from him.

"Well, let us hope," she said, changing her tone to one of unconcerned detachment, "that we have been discussing baseless suppositions. Let us hope that her heart is quite untouched. And for both your sakes," she concluded, her head in the air, "let us hope that you and she will never meet again. Good-bye."

She gave him a curt little nod, and walked lightly, rapidly up the avenue.

John's brain was all a confusion. He looked after her helplessly. He only knew there was a great ball of fire in his breast, and that the pain of it was now unmixed.

V

Maria Dolores tripped into Frau Brandt's sitting-room, merrily singing a snatch of song.

"Gardez vous d'être sévère
Quand on vous parle d'amour,"

she carolled. Then she stopped singing, and blithely laughed.

Frau Brandt raised her good brown face from her knitting, and her good brown eyes looked anxiously upwards, slantwise over her tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles.

"What is the matter now?" she asked. "What has happened to vex you now?"

"To vex me!" cried Maria Dolores, in apparent astonishment. "Wasn't I singing aloud from sheer exuberance of high spirits?"

"No," said Frau Brandt, with a very positive shake of her white-capped head. "You were singing to conceal your low spirits. What has happened?"

"Ah, well, then, if you know so much and must know all," said Maria Dolores, "I've just proposed to the man I'm in love with, and been sent about my business."

"What do you mean?" asked Frau Brandt, phlegmatic. "What nonsense is this?"

"I mean my cobbler's son," Maria Dolores answered. "I, a Princess of the Empire, humbly offered him, a cobbler's son,

my hand, heart, and fortune, — and the graceless man rejected them with scorn."

"That is a likely story," said Frau Brandt, wagging her chin. Her blunt brown fingers returned to their occupation. "I see your Serene Highness offering her hand."

"At all events, will you kindly tell Josephine to pack our boxes. To-morrow we'll be flitting," her Serene Highness in a casual way announced.

"What say you?" cried Frau Brandt, dropping her knitting into her lap.

"Yes — to Mischenau, to my brother," the Princess pursued. "Of course you'll have to come with us, poor dear. You can't let me travel alone with Josephine."

"No," said Frau Brandt. "I will go with you."

"And you can remain for my wedding," Maria Dolores added. "I am going home to meet my brother's wishes, and to marry my second-cousin, the high and mighty Maximilian, Prince of Zelt-Zelt."

"Herr Gott!" said Frau Brandt, glancing with devotion at the ceiling.

VI

John, wild-eyed, was still where she had left him, in the avenue, savouring and resavouring his woe. "If only," he brooded, "she were of one's own rank in the world, then her wealth might perhaps not be such an absolutely hopeless impediment as it is. But to marry, as they say, beneath one, and to marry money into the bargain, — that would be a little too much like the fortune-hunter of tradition." He still sat where she had left him, on the marble bench, disconsolate, when the parroco approached hurriedly, from the direction of the house.

"Signore," the parroco began, out of breath, "I offer a thousand excuses for venturing to disturb you, but my niece has suddenly fallen ill. I am going to the village to telephone for a doctor. My cook is away, for her Sunday afternoon. Might I pray you to have the extreme kindness to stay with the child till I return? I don't know what is the matter, but she fainted, and now is delirious, and, I'm afraid, very ill indeed."

"Good Heavens," gasped John, forgetting everything else. "Of course, of course."

And he set off hotfoot for the presbytery.

(To be concluded)

RECLAIMING AN OCEAN BED

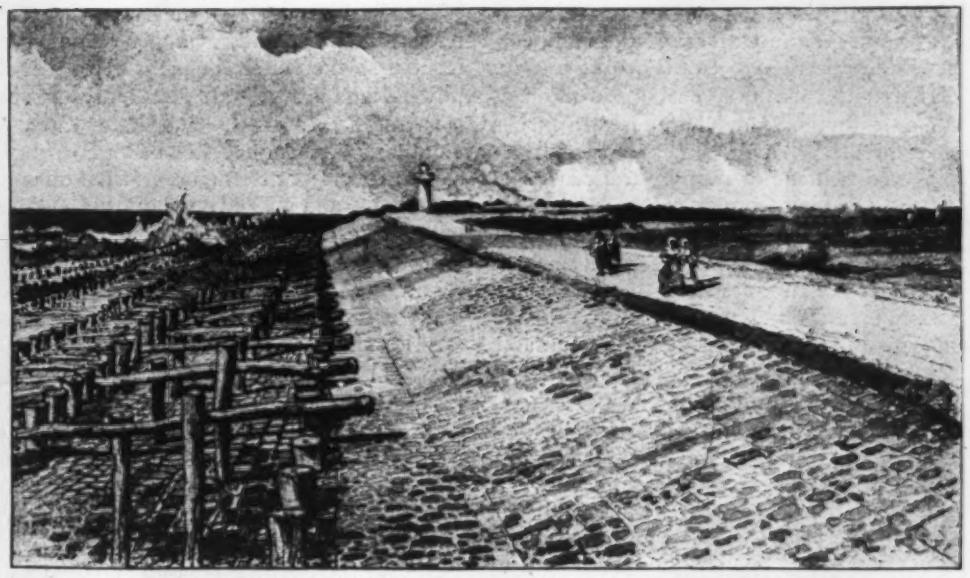
HOW THE DUTCH PROPOSE TO DRAIN THE ZUYDER ZEE AND RECONQUER FROM THE OCEAN ONE-TENTH OF THEIR KINGDOM

BY

WALTER WELLMAN

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRY FENN

"GOD made the sea, but the Dutch made the land." That is what they say in Holland; and they say truly. Old as the phrase is, it never had better application than now; for the Dutch are preparing to embark upon the greatest land-making enterprise the world ever saw. Everyone knows there is a duel to the death between Old Ocean and the Dutch. When the Dutchman is not fighting on the sea he is fighting the sea itself. The sea and he are both the best of friends and the best of enemies. Half of Holland is kept upon the surface of the earth only by dint of constant and successful warfare with the waters. Every true son of the Netherlands is trained to battle with the common foe which beats and surges and thunders against the shores of the Low



THE WEST KAPPELSCHE DIKE AT HALF TIDE

Countries. For centuries this struggle has been going on, and the Dutch have come out victorious. Their heads are still above water. But to hold their own against their enemy is not enough for these plucky, patient Dutchmen; they seek over him a greater triumph than any that has gone before. They have an old, an old and bitter score to settle with him. They hark back a few centuries to the dark and terrible days when the sea invaded the country; when it stole in with its phalanxes of white-plumed billows, marshaled by loud blasts from Boreas' bugle; when with mighty storm-blows it beat down the slender ramparts, overran the land, buried a prosperous country-side, overwhelmed cities old and proud and villages many and happy, and created the Zuyder Zee where once had been populous Friesland and North Holland.

Look at the map of Holland and see how the Zuyder Zee occupies the center of the country, cuts the realm in halves. It was not always there. It is an interloper. As late as the eleventh century old charts show that the present fringe of islands along the North Sea formed a contiguous part of the continent. When the Romans overran Western Europe, the greater part of what is now the Zuyder Zee was covered with forests infested by bears and wolves. In the center of this great forest, royal hunting grounds of long ago, was a lake called by Tacitus the "Flevo." In 1170 came the great inundation, known in the history of the Netherlands as the "All Saints' Day Flood." The sea, hurled by nor'westerly storms, beat against the natural barriers, ate and dissolved the sandy islands, swept into the interior, covered the forest. Cities were engulfed, towns destroyed, many thousands of human beings drowned. Quaint and pathetic are the old prints depicting those scenes of tragedy — the fierce storm, the rushing water, the crumbling land, the frantic people, the hopeless struggle to strengthen the dikes, the mad rush to save the lives of domestic animals, the pitiful insignificance of all human efforts against these titanic forces of the elements, and, finally, the poor inhabitants themselves unable to find dry land upon which to escape the fury of the invader. More floods followed in 1237 and 1250, carrying the waters further inland and widening their area till, by 1410, the Zuyder Zee had assumed substantially its present proportions.

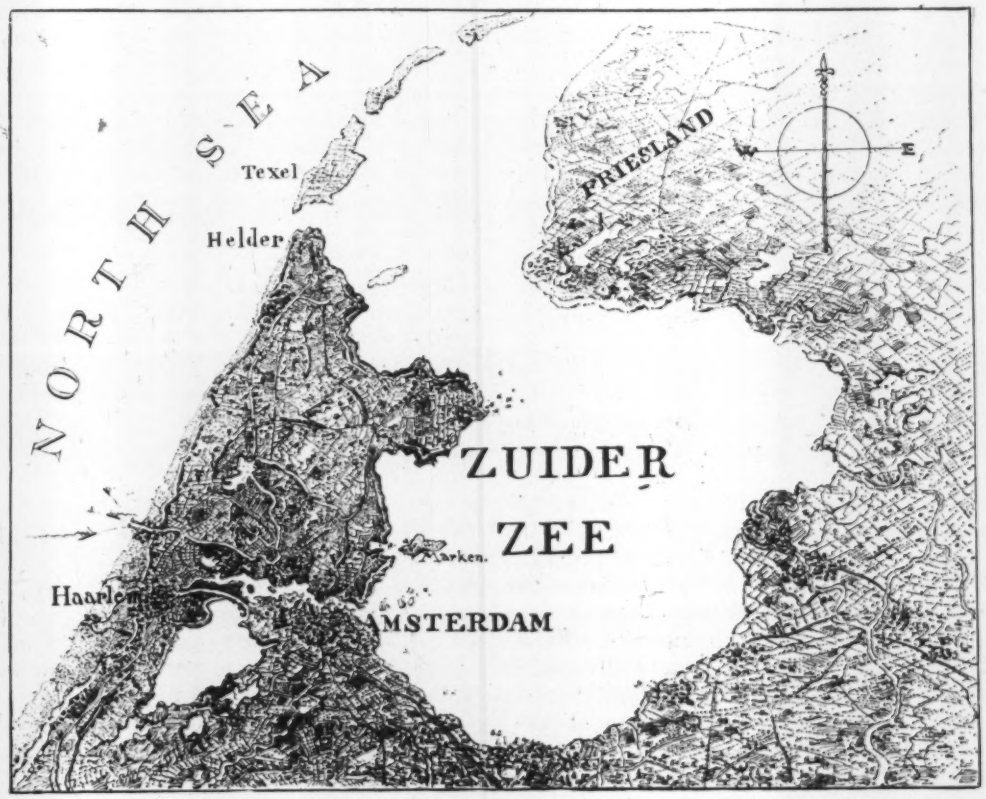
The feud thus begun between the sea and the Dutch is soon to write its final chapter. At last it is the Dutchman's turn. He plans a mighty revenge. Not till the sea has been made to give up the last hectare of that which it seized eight hundred years ago, not till it has been forced to retire, sullen and beaten, beyond the old frontiers, will he call the vendetta at an end.

What the Dutch now propose to do is to reclaim the whole of the Zuyder Zee from

the grasp of the ocean. It is a vast, a daring project, the most picturesque engineering enterprise known to the world to-day. An isthmian canal may cost more money; but an isthmian canal is, after all, only a great ditch. What is it in comparison with this bold scheme of robbing the sea of its prey, of rescuing from its clutches the little empire it has held dominion over for eight hundred years! While other nations are seeking colonial expansion the Dutch propose to create a hinterland at home. They propose to reclaim from the waters an area equal to one-fourteenth of all the present Holland. They propose to add nearly one-tenth to the area of cultivable land in their country. They propose to find new homes, where now the sea rages, for a population equal to four per cent. of all the inhabitants of the Netherlands. In the United States an enterprise of relative proportions would involve the creation of a new State like Missouri or Texas, the reclamation of land enough for more than three millions of people to live upon and thrive by agriculture.

Men must live, and their country they have to take as nature makes or unmakes it; and so the Dutch put afloat upon their new-formed sea great fleets of fishing vessels and traffic craft. But as a water of commerce the Zuyder Zee has never been satisfactory. It was shallow, full of dangerous shoals and wicked currents, and wrecks bestrewed it through the years. Fish there were to be caught, but the fisheries were a hazardous trade. Nor was the Zuyder Zee content to stay where it was. Restlessness was its inherited spirit. A born invader, it was ever attempting more invasions. Shallow, a mere pan of water, the winds toyed with it; and when sou'westers blew great guns, there appeared a difference of nearly twenty feet between the level on the eastern and that on the western side of the sea. The low banks were attacked, overrun, and the country beyond swept with a flood which poisoned the soil with its saline deposits. So all around the shores of this interior ocean the people had to fight for their birthrights. They realized, as their

MAP OF THE ZUYDER ZEE—SHOWING THE AREA IT HAS MAINTAINED FOR THE LAST FIVE CENTURIES

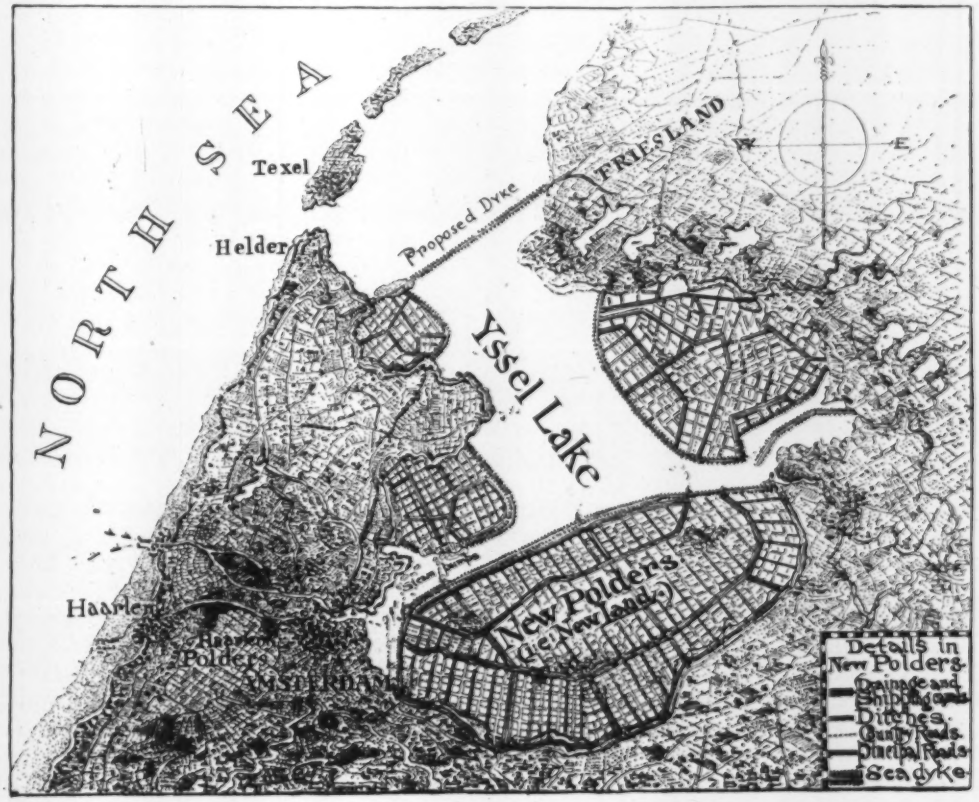


countrymen had realized in other parts of Holland, that their property, their security, depended upon an inch of water. The Dutch of many generations have felt that they had a foe in their midst. And often were they reminded of the genesis of this enemy when fishermen found their anchors catching in the trunks of trees of the ancient, long-submerged forest. There are traditions of divers and bold swimmers in the depths of that water catching glimpses of the ruins of the swallowed city of nearly a thousand years ago, but no historical confidence can be given them.

Upon the eminently practical minds of the Dutch the possibility of draining this vexatious gulf has long exercised an irresistible fascination. Better than the sentiment of reconquering an old enemy was the utilitarian creation of new lands for farms and gardens. Much in the way of such reclamation had been done in other spots during the past two hundred years. Here and there considerable areas of rich land were wrested from the grip of the sea. These recovered patches the Dutch call "polders"; and a striking example of the success of this method of adding to the cultivable area of the country is found in the famous Haarlem Polder, where the lake of that name, lying far below the level of the North Sea, was pumped back into the ocean, leaving 42,000 acres of dry, fertile land upon which 17,000 people now dwell in peace and comfort. Every visitor to Holland has opportunity to note the richness of the polder lands along the Y, which was drained in the cutting of the great Amsterdam-North Sea Canal. If there is anything the Dutch love it is good land—land that will produce crops year after year without the use of artificial fertilizers. Some of the best lands in Holland have been reclaimed from the sea; then why not reclaim still greater areas—why not make dry land of the Zuyder Zee itself?

When the Dutch go at a thing they do not lack in thoroughness. They overlook nothing, they carefully weigh all things. For more than half a century they have

MAP OF THE PROPOSED RECLAMATION—SHOWING POLDERS (RECLAIMED LAND), THE INCLOSED YSSEL LAKE, AND THE GREAT DIKE SHUTTING OUT THE NORTH SEA

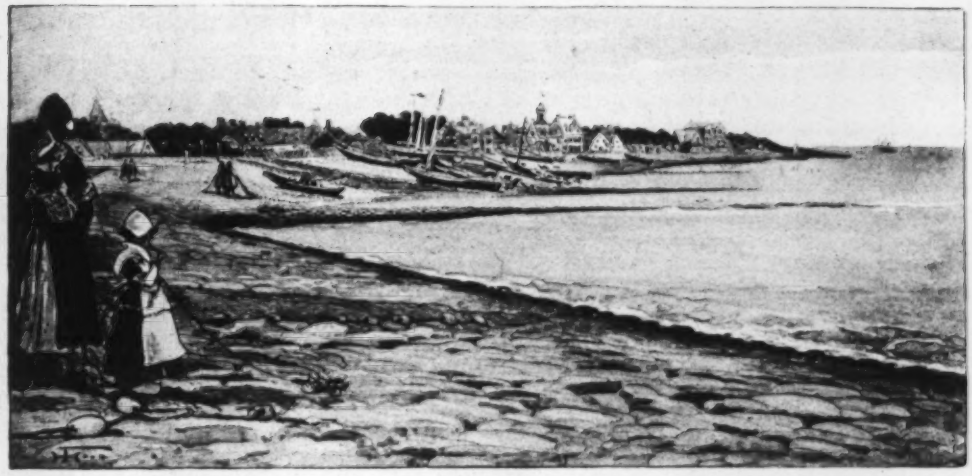


been talking of draining the Zuyder Zee. But it is only within the last few years that they have taken up the subject in a serious manner. The first thing they did was characteristic: they appointed a commission to inquire carefully into every phase of the problem — engineering, economic, agricultural, governmental, hygienic, hydraulic, financial. They reckoned with every foot of material, every gallon of water, every hectare of land, every gulden of outlay and probable income. They prepared a great bill which Queen Wilhelmina introduced in the Staats-General — a bill which comprised a statement of the whole case with an elaborateness almost unknown in American or English legislative procedure. This measure has not passed yet; but no one doubts that sooner or later it will become law, and the great work of reclaiming the Zuyder Zee will be practically begun.

None but Dutch engineers — or possibly American — would have the courage to go at such a problem. Here is an inland sea with an area of about 1,400 square miles. On one side it is fed by a river of large volume, the Yssel, and by many smaller streams. On the other it is open to the ocean, and through this wide mouth the tides and storms of the North Sea roll with great fury. How to get the water out of this great basin — and keep it out, — how to convert the bottom of that sea into an agricultural district supporting thousands of people who shall live in no danger of another overwhelming by the ancient enemy, at first staggered even the Dutch, the greatest hydraulic engineers in the world. At the outset the problem of what to do with the Yssel puzzled them most. The Dutch may make the land, they may drive out the sea and bar him out with their great dikes, but there was the river with its steady volume of water; it could not be dammed up; it could not be blotted out; it must be reckoned with; its waters must be disposed of. The earliest proposition was to throw a dam across the mouth of the Zuyder Zee to keep out the North Sea, and then to carry the Yssel down to the ocean, some seventy-five miles, perched high above the surrounding country on a great artificial embankment. Even the enthusiasts winced at this colossal scheme, and for a time the Zuyder Zee reclamation project halted, awaiting an easier solution.

Then came a Dutch engineer, Herr C. Lely, long-time Waterstaat Commissioner and now a member of parliament, with the simplest sort of key to the complicated problem. His idea was one of those engineering inspirations which in symmetry of proportions and perfect adaptability reach the level of high art, captivating the imagination like a poem.

"Here," said Herr Lely, "is our Zuyder Zee. It submerges about 1,400 square miles of land. This land we want for our farmers and village-folk, for a Greater Holland. But do we want all of it? Is there not some part of it which is not worth reclaiming? Yes. Turn we now to the geologic and hydraulic charts. We know every foot of the bottom of this sea, thanks to the thoroughness with which we have made soundings and borings. We find that the valuable parts are the shoal parts lying near the present shores. These parts are valuable because their bottoms are of clay, light clay, gravel, and light gravel. The deeper parts, near the sea-mouth, scoured by storms and tides, have sandy bottoms. These are not so good for agricultural purposes. The shoals near the shore, having alluvial deposits from the Yssel and the other rivers brought down from the valley of the Rhine, will make us good farms; the deeper sandy areas are almost worthless. Now, our problem is what to do with the Yssel waters? To me it seems simple: We will bar out the ocean with our great sea wall across the mouth of the basin; we will construct inner dikes inclosing the various and valuable shoal areas; from behind these inner dikes we will pump the water, thus reclaiming that which is best for us, about two-thirds of the whole; and in the other part, the central, deep, sandy-bottomed part, we will let the water stay; it shall be, instead of our Zuyder Zee, our Yssel Lake; into it the Yssel shall flow unimpeded; instead of a shallow sea swept by tides and storms we shall have a deep inland lake, comparatively smooth, whose surface shall carry our commerce; it shall, instead of a salt sea, in time be a fresh water lake, from which water may be taken for irrigating the dry lands in Friesland; Amsterdam shall not be cut off from water communication to the eastward; having this land-locked inland sea, in the very heart of our little country, opening to the ocean only by means of locks, we shall



THE SEA DIKE NEAR HELDER

be able to use it as a part of our system of national defense, for here our ships may find safe refuge in fresh water whilst the enemy's craft may easily be kept out, and successful attack by land would be made almost impossible."

This solution was generally accepted. It settled all doubts as to the practicability as well as the desirability of the great reclamation. The plan has been adopted, the economic and financial questions involved have been worked out in great detail, and only the authorization of the parliament is needed for an actual beginning.

The backbone of this tremendous engineering project is the great sea-dike, which is to perform the all-important function of shutting out the North Sea — keeping the ancient enemy at a safe distance. This once accomplished, all that remains is simple. Probably the Dutch are the only hydraulic engineers in the world who would calmly propose to wall off a stormy, angry sea, swept by great tides and lofty tidal waves, from an inner body of water measuring twenty-five miles across. The Dutch not only propose it, but they know just how they are going to do it; they have counted every cubic foot of timber, every pound of stone, every willow twig, every day's labor that will be required. They know what they are about. They even have estimated exactly how long the work will take.

This, the greatest of all sea embankments in the wide world, this modern and beautifully useful Chinese wall, will extend from the mainland of North Holland a short distance across a shallow strait to the island of Wieringen, thence across the Zuyder Zee to the coast of Friesland. The total length of the "afsluit dijk" is 24.8 miles. Massive it must be, firm as a rock, to withstand the attacks of the storms which will beat against it from the North Sea, to resist the pressure of the ice which in winter will drive with terrible force upon its ramparts. Despite the fact that there are here no rock foundations, and that the whole structure must be planted upon the sandy bottom, the Dutch have no fear. All their lives they have been struggling with just such unpromising materials. Nothing but walls of sand now protect most of Holland from the inroads of the ocean. Sand makes a good bulwark, and also a good foundation, if you know how to use it, and there is no trick in this trade that the Dutch engineers had not mastered generations ago.

How is this mighty bulwark to be constructed? At the shore they will fashion mats of interwoven willow twigs, about one meter in thickness and of convenient length and breadth. These will be towed out, loaded with stones, earth, sand, and mud, and when sunk will form the foundation of the whole structure. This "linkstuk" rampart, reinforced by solid foundations of timber, will rise almost to the low-water level, and will be faced with stones brought from Scotland and Norway. It will have a breadth of about one hundred feet, and it is designed to serve as the mainstay of the larger structure which is to be superimposed upon it. This latter, composed chiefly of sand, will start from the center of the other wall and rise at a gentle

slope, stone faced, to a height about sixteen feet above the high-water level, and eight and one-half feet above storm level. The total base width of this great bank of sand will be two hundred feet, and the bottom width of the entire embankment, bulwark and backing together, will be eighty-six meters, or about two hundred and eighty feet. The Dutch engineers are confident that this huge pile will endure all the assaults the sea can make upon it. The face turned toward the ocean will present an exact counterpart of the artificial beaches which protect nearly all Holland — a surface of stones from the bottom of the sea to a height above the reach of the mightiest waves, with a flat bench more than thirty feet wide between the low and high tide lines to receive and moderate the thrust of the surf.

When this great sea wall is finished it will be a giant causeway twenty-five miles in length, showing about eighteen feet of its height, and one hundred and ninety feet of its breadth above the mean level of the waters on the ocean side. It will carry a double-track railway and also a wagon road, both affording a short line of communication between the two parts of the little country — North Holland on the west and Friesland on the east. Sluiceways with locks will permit of the escape of water from Lake Yssel and also the passage of vessels. Fortunately, the Zuyder Zee is shallow here, the average depth of water being about four meters or thirteen feet, and the greatest depth in one or two spots about thirty-five feet. Fortunately, also, two-thirds the way across from Wieringen is a shoal which shows above low water. Here an island will be constructed, and the work of building the dike can thus go on from four points simultaneously — from the Wieringen and Friesland shores and from both sides of this island of sand built up with "linkstuk" additions.

AN INUNDATION OF THE ZUYDER ZEE

From an old print

The great dike finished, the ocean shut out at last, and the Zuyder Zee made an interior lake, the real work of reclamation will begin. Here Dutch conservatism comes to the front. Instead of rushing at the whole undertaking, determined to finish it up as rapidly as possible, as Americans would probably do, they propose to take their time to it, to proceed by well-ordered, deliberate steps. First they build a dike around about 53,000 acres of land in the northwestern corner of their new-made lake. In building these impoldering dikes they follow methods similar to those employed in the construction of the great

embankment, but on a much smaller scale and with a less expensive structure. It is only Lake Yssel they have to shut out now, and the Yssel is to be without tides and without serious storms or ice-rushes. So they will throw up their wide, gently sloped banks of sand, rising only ten feet above the level of the lake, put on a small facing of stones for protection against erosion by the waters, and, when this is done, plant pumping stations at intervals and pump out the water behind the banks. The area between dry land and this dike is the polder; and, of course, as its bottom slopes downward from the now dry land toward the lake, it will become gradually dry as the water is removed, until finally the whole polder is reclaimed from the grasp of the sea which has held it so many centuries. As soon as one of the polders is quite or nearly finished, another will be undertaken, and thus the "dry-making" will go on through a long series of years. Thirty-three years are allowed for completion of the whole project, which may be concisely described as follows:

The great sea dike — first to ninth year, cost $16,000,000.

The northwestern polder — eighth to fourteenth year; area 53,600 acres; cost $5,000,000.

The southeastern polder — eleventh to twenty-fourth year; area 266,000 acres; cost $24,750,000.

The southwestern polder — twenty-first to twenty-eighth year; area 77,860 acres; cost $9,140,000.

The northeastern polder — twenty-fifth to thirty-third year; area 125,600 acres; cost $14,000,000.

FIGHTING TO SAVE THEIR DIKES DURING A STORM

From an old print

An idea of the magnitude of this "dry-making" may be judged from the fact that the average depth of the water now covering these eight hundred and eighteen square miles is a little more than eighteen feet. That means nearly three cubic miles, or 14,000,000,000 tons, of water. Inasmuch as all this is to be pumped out during a period comprising about twenty years, an average of 70,000,000 tons must be taken out each twelve-month, making it, without doubt, one of the largest water-pumping operations known to the history of engineering. A surprisingly small installation of machinery will suffice, however, to do the work. According to the plans of the engineers, the pumping stations are to have a capacity of one horse-power to 1,000 hectares one meter in depth; in other words, one horse-power to each block of water about two miles square and of a depth

REPAIRING THE DIKE AT HELDER AFTER A STORM

slightly exceeding one yard. The total horse-power required is estimated at only 4,330, and the economy of the plan is found in the fact that a pumping plant once set to work, it will go on for years, night and day, without stopping; and as fast as one polder is made dry all, or nearly all, of the pumps may be moved on to the next one. Each polder is subdivided into three or four sections, or "afdeelings," and the first to become dry may be put under cultivation before the others are relieved of their water by the pumps.

What is to be the cost of the work considered as a whole? And what is to be gained by it? Obviously, the greatest item in the cost is found in the shutting out of the sea. Construction of the great dike alone is to cost more than $11,000,000. Necessary works in connection therewith, such as improvements at the island of Wieringen, a new canal from Harlingen to Piaam, etc., raise the total outlay for this part of the project to 40,800,000 guldens, or above $16,000,000. Nor is this all. Four and a half million guldens are devoted to a subsidy for the Zuyder Zee fishermen who will now find their vocation gone; some are to be provided with new boats, suitable to deep sea fisheries, while others are to be retired on old-age pensions. Improvement of the Zwolsche harbor, at the mouth of the Yssel, will cost nearly 4,000,000 guldens. For works in connection with the national defense — locks especially designed for naval ships, etc. — 8,000,000 guldens are allowed. All these items together make up the sum of 57,000,000 guldens, or $22,800,000, as the cost of shutting out the ocean and converting the Zuyder Zee into an interior fresh-water lake.

The actual cost of the entire project is thus summarized:

For the outshutting of the sea	$23,000,000
For the impoldering of the land	53,000,000
Total cost	$76,000,000

But the careful Dutch economists have not failed to reckon with the matter of interest. They have taken a period of thirty-six years, comprising the beginning of the work and the date when the last acre of the final polder is placed under cultivation. For this period they have figured out the interest upon the investment, gulden by gulden, year by year, and they have found that the capitalized (3 per cent.) cost of their great project at the end of the thirty-sixth year will represent the enormous sum of 370,316,700 guldens, or $148,126,480.

But the end of the seventeenth year from the beginning of the work will find

the northwestern polder all under cultivation, with its total area of 53,600 acres, of which 46,500 will be productive land. All these 46,500 acres will then yield an annual rental estimated at about $9.50 an acre. By the end of the twenty-seventh year the huge southeastern polder will have been reclaimed — 247,000 acres of fertile ground. By the end of the thirty-first year the 70,000 acres of the southwestern polder will be growing crops and paying rentals. And by the end of the thirty-sixth year the northeastern polder will add its 112,000 acres to the arable and income-producing area. Placing upon the credit side of the ledger the rentals derived from these finished parts of the work, it has been calculated that at the end of the thirty-sixth year, when the whole area has been reclaimed and put into use, the net aggregate cost of the entire enterprise will be $101,116,800, of which $76,000,000 is for actual construction, and the remainder the interest charge less current income.

At the end of this period the State will find itself in possession of 478,720 acres of cultivable land, recovered from the sea at a cost of $211 an acre. The commission which patiently investigated this and all other phases of the project, estimated that the new lands would have a renting value of $10 an acre; and this is claimed to be a low figure, since land in other polders, no better than this, brings rentals of from $14 to $18 an acre. It is proposed, however, to lease all the new area at 4½ per cent. upon its cost, which would be $9.50 an acre, and this income, it will be readily seen, would suffice to pay the interest charge of 3 or 3½ per cent. upon the bonds and leave enough over for a sinking fund. It is believed the whole tract will be taken up by farmers as fast as it is ready, as the average quantity of land to be placed upon the market each year is only about 14,000 acres. The experience with other lands in the Netherlands reclaimed from the sea has been that they produce large crops without the use of artificial fertilizers. The lessees will be required to make their own improvements, but they will have the advantage of water transportation from farm to market for all their products, since it is proposed to intersect the polders with canals and navigable ditches which will touch the borders of every farm.

There is nothing the Dutch like better than planning out a new country-side. They are fond of making maps of their reclaimed areas with everything worked out with geometrical and mathematical exactness — farms, canals, ditches, roads, locations for villages, churches, and school-houses. Where now the Zuyder Zee basks calmly in the sun or beats up salt billows as the fit seizes it, they propose to have in their four polders, eight parishes, forty villages, 4,000 farms, and 200,000 dwellers, of whom 40,000 will be workingmen. — That is ten workingmen to each farm, and each farm to consist of only one hundred and twenty acres — one man to each twelve-acre lot. In the United States this would be thought a most extravagant allotment of labor, but it must be remembered that in Holland they have intensive farming — they nurse and cull their fields as a flower gardener his violet beds.

When this greatest of all sea-expelling projects shall have been completed, visitors to Holland will be able to travel about the shores of the present Zuyder Zee, upon the crests of two hundred and twenty-three miles of dikes, inclusive of both the great sea wall and the polder-enclosing embankments. Walking or riding across the former they will have the North Sea on one side, with its waves and tides; and if they chance to be there during a heavy storm, they will see spray flying over the wagon road and railway, and the mighty waves beating in vain against the artificial barrier which man has so patiently erected. When they look to the north they will see the boiling salt water rising within eight feet of the top of the bank whereon they stand: but, when they turn to the southern side, they will behold a comparatively placid body of fresh water whose level is eighteen feet lower. Notwithstanding this difference between the surfaces of the two seas, despite the force and fury of the expelled one, often with ice in its arms to be used as a battering ram in mad efforts to regain its lost domain, the Dutch are calmly confident the rampart will stand the test forever and a day.

The visitor who takes a walk upon the top of the two hundred miles of interior dikes will look down at the waters of the Yssel Lake, only ten feet below. But on the landward side he will see farms, crops, houses, churches, canals, and ditches, men

and women busy in the fields, from twenty to thirty-two feet below his standing place. The chimneys of the farm-houses and the tops of the tall stacks of grain will be on a level with the surface of the lake the other side of the wall. Ships sailing that sheet of water will afford their passengers a most excellent panoramic view of the country, spread far beneath and beyond the artificial banks. This topsyturvyness is characteristic of Dutchland; for there they do not "go down to the sea in ships," but climb hills when they wish to embark, and descend them again when they have finished their sailing over the elevated plateaus of water.

Thus we see how a new Holland will arise out of the ocean. In this vision of prosperous communities occupying the bottom of a sea, there is something that appeals strongly to the imagination. An even more vivid appeal is found in contemplation of the effect upon the dead cities of the Zuyder Zee. Round the edge of that body of water now sleep some of the most ancient towns in Europe. It is difficult for the present generation to realize the part which these decaying cities once played in the history of the world. Stavoren, on the east coast, dates back to 300 B. C., and was a great commercial center long before the ocean swept in and made it a seaport. As the capital of Friesland, it had its gardens and palaces, where princes and ambassadors gathered from all parts of Europe to make treaties of commerce or alliances with Romans, Danes, Germans, and Franks. The fame of its wealth spread throughout the world.

Hoorn, on the west coast, had as early as 1400 a cattle fair which soon assumed the proportions of an international gathering. Strange dispensation of fate, Hoorn by the dry-making will become an inland town, many miles from any other water than that of a canal—Hoorn which once sent her merchantmen to all parts of the known world and whose sailors were famous everywhere;—Hoorn whence sailed Tasman, who discovered New Zealand and Tasmania; Schouten who was the first to round Cape Horn (and named it after his native town), and Koern, who founded Batavia. Once the home of 25,000 prosperous people into whose laps the world poured its wealth, Hoorn has now only 10,000 sleepy dwellers; and at last it must become an agricultural village, with cabbage-fields growing where once its fleets lay so proudly in the bay. Enkhuizen is more fortunate, for it may remain at the edge of the new lake to dream of former maritime glories. But it will not matter much to Enkhuizen, where once 60,000 people sent out a thousand ships, but which is now a fishing village of 5,000 souls who wander lazily through miles of silent streets.

Medemblik, too, ancient capital of all this country before Hoorn and Enkhuizen existed, will now cease dreaming of its old-time mastery of the main and turn its attention to the market gardening of the new polder lands. Medemblik, which once sheltered kings and armies and had its palaces and parliaments, is now a town of tottering walls and tumbling houses, a decrepit, toothless old man among cities. All these picturesque relics of former ages, with Edam, Vallendam, Monnickendam, and many more, will now be more or less transformed by the new dry-making; they will become the centers of agricultural districts where intensive farming may pay the yearly rentals to the State and leave enough over for a well diffused prosperity. The dead cities of the Zuyder Zee may be resurrected by the wizard hand of modern engineering science.

THE COMMITTEE ON MATRIMONY

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT

BY

MARGARET CAMERON

AUTHOR OF "COMEDIES IN MINIATURE"

CHARACTERS:

PHYLLIS ARLINGTON
ROBERT CHALMERS

A richly furnished, if somewhat conventional, drawing-room serves as a background. Pictures, hangings, rugs, bric-a-brac, books, all indicate that taste and discretion have been exercised in their selection, but it is evident, also, that the family life is lived elsewhere and that this room, like certain tables in boarding-house dining-rooms, is reserved for transient guests. The chill impression given by the careful exactness of every detail is somewhat modified, however, by the cheery crackle of a wood fire, and by the shaded lights, whose rays soften, even while they illumine, the mathematical precision of the room.

Phyllis Arlington, a slender, supple girl, whose dreamy gray eyes, sensitive nostrils, and softly molded chin bespeak an impressionable nature,—an indication somewhat contradicted, it is true, by the firmness of her lips,—sits near a table on the left, occasionally taking a few stitches in the embroidery which lies, for the most part, in her lap. The lamplight, filtering through a daffodil shade, falls upon her white wool gown and adds a glint to her fair hair, which is neither bright enough to be golden nor dark enough to be brown.

To Robert Chalmers, a vigorous, resolute, practical young fellow, who lounges among the pillows of a divan on the right, she seems a delectable vision, and his eyes pay constant, eager homage, the while his slower lips temporize to suit her mood.

PHYLLIS [*continuing an argument*]:

WELL, Kipling may be all that you say, but to me he seems deplorably lacking in delicacy and idealism.

ROB: I fancy that life in India may not be conducive to the development of either of those qualities; but he's keen and direct, with an apparently inexhaustible fund of humor and a command of the English language that is simply marvelous! Moreover, he never goes into mawkish, morbid analysis of the commonplace, nor does he write unhealthy books which—to use his own words—"deal with people's insides from the point of view of men who have no stomachs."

PHYLLIS [*laughing*]: Rob! You quote Kipling as other people quote the Bible, and you have an appropriate text for any—occasion.

ROB [*taking a book from a small table near him*]: Well, one can't open one of his books without finding something worth reading. Listen to this, for instance. [*Reads.*] "How can a man who has never married; who cannot be trusted to pick up at sight a moderately sound horse; whose head is hot and upset with visions of domestic felicity, go about the choosing of a wife? He cannot see straight or think straight if he tries; and the same disadvantages exist in the case of a girl's fancies. But when mature, married, and discreet people arrange a match between a boy and girl, they do it with a view to the future, and the young couple live happily ever afterward. As everybody knows."

[*Laughs.*] What a jolly, sarcastic beggar he is!

PHYLLIS: Does that impress you as being sarcasm?

ROB [*lowering the book to stare at her*]: Great Scott! Does that impress me as being sarcasm! What else could it be?

PHYLLIS: Well, I know one can't be too certain of Kipling's opinions, but, at any rate, he *might* mean that. Many people would agree with him.

ROB [*returning to the perusal of his book*]: Humph!

PHYLLIS: Now, for instance, that has been, for a long time, a favorite theory of mine, and if the day ever comes when I care enough for a man to want to marry him, I shall refer the matter to a committee of our friends and abide by their decision.

ROB [*hotly, throwing the book aside*]: Do you mean to say that if you loved a man, you would permit any one else to decide for you whether or not you should marry him?

PHYLLIS [*calmly*]: I mean precisely that. I should deem myself prejudiced and consequently unfit to decide so important a question.

ROB [*leaning forward and speaking argumentatively*]: But, Phyllis, can't you see how absurd it is? The idea of expecting — or permitting — any one else to decide for you a question that concerns you so vitally — a matter so purely personal.

PHYLLIS [*very earnestly*]: That's just the point! It does concern me so vitally that I can't be expected to look at it from a rational point of view. I am too near it; I have no perspective. And I'm surprised to hear you speak of marriage as purely a personal matter, Rob.

ROB: But no one else can know your heart, so how ——

PHYLLIS [*quickly*]: For that very reason, anybody else's judgment would be better than mine. What right have two people to say: "Because we love each other, we will marry, be the consequences what they may"? That kind of love has been well defined as "an egotism of two."

ROB [*rising impatiently*]: And in its place you would establish an intellectual companionship, which, after it has been investigated and approved by your cold-blooded committee, you will allow to expand — perhaps — into a calm affection. Cupid with a microscope! [*He goes to the fireplace and stands impatiently rubbing his hands before the blaze.*]

PHYLLIS [*resignedly resuming her embroidery*]: Indeed, you misunderstand me. But Mrs. Treavor says that in questions relating to marriage, people think far too much of their own selfish desires, and far too little of the effect of their indulgence upon humanity.

ROB [*dryly*]: Did Mrs. Treavor marry to benefit humanity?

PHYLLIS [*sadly*]: No; and she has realized her mistake and suffered bitterly for it.

ROB [*somewhat quizzically, turning toward her*]: Did she tell you that too?

PHYLLIS: Oh, no! How can you be so unfair to her, Rob? But one who knows her well can see how bravely she struggles to make the most of what life has left possible for her.

ROB [*standing with his back to the fireplace, hands behind him*]: Well, it's left a good deal. Joe Treavor is one of the straightest, manliest fellows I know.

PHYLLIS [*impatiently*]: Oh, yes, I dare say — from a man's point of view! But so lacking in perception, in — in ——

ROB [*bluntly*]: Well, in what?

PHYLLIS: Oh, in everything that a woman like Mrs. Treavor needs!

ROB: Why, then, did she marry him?

PHYLLIS [*triumphantly*]: That's just it! She *loved* him — and idealized him — and so, of course, she couldn't see that he was of too coarse a fiber to satisfy her soul needs.

ROB [*returning to the divan*]: Her soul fiddlesticks!

PHYLLIS [*indignantly*]: Rob! If you only knew Mrs. Treavor, you'd understand how fine and strong and womanly she is, and what a perpetual sacrifice her life has been.

ROB [*taking up his book again*]: Perhaps I should; and yet — I'm only a man, you know.

PHYLLIS [*quickly*]: Yes, but such a — [*She stops in confusion.*]

ROB [*again throwing book aside and going toward her eagerly*]: Yes? You were about to say ——?

PHYLLIS [*shyly*]: You're so different from other men! So reasonable — so much more sympathetic — so — so — oh, you know!

ROB [*standing behind her chair*]: Phyllis, am I different enough to — to ——

PHYLLIS [*with an effort, faintly*]: To what, Rob?

ROB [*bending over her*]: To win you, dear? I love you, Phyllis! I know I'm not a poet and I don't understand lots of your theories, but — I love you! [*Phyllis hides her face from him. After a pause he almost whispers*] Phyllis!

PHYLLIS: Yes?

ROB [*tenderly*]: Are you offended? Why don't you answer me?

PHYLLIS [*archly*]: Did you ask anything?

ROB [*eagerly, taking her hand*]: Don't trifle, dear! I ask everything! Your love — and you! Do you love me, Phyllis? A little?

PHYLLIS [*softly*]: Yes — a little.

ROB: Phyllis! (*He tries to put his arms about her but she springs up and eludes him.*] Really, — really, you love me?

PHYLLIS [*keeping a chair between them*]: Really, — really, I — love you! [*He moves around the chair and she retreats behind the divan, saying hastily*] But you must behave very well if you expect me to continue to do so. For example [*he advances: she backs away*], you must not be — greedy!

ROB [*at right of divan, protestingly*]: But, dearest!

PHYLLIS [*at left of divan, teasingly*]: Well — dearest?

ROB [*pleadingly*]: Phyllis, dear, don't tease — *now!*

PHYLLIS: Very well; I'll be as serious as you choose, if you'll promise ——

ROB: Yes?

PHYLLIS: To treat me as a prisoner of war and not as — a target!

ROB [*reproachfully*]: A prisoner?

PHYLLIS [*very sweetly*]: Have I not surrendered? [*He moves quickly toward her, but as she withdraws he steps back.*]

ROB: Very well; I promise. Come out from behind your fortifications. [*She sits on the divan.*]

PHYLLIS [*pensively, after a pause*]: I wonder what Mrs. Treavor will say?

ROB [*ardently*]: What matter? I'm content to know what you have said! [*He draws a chair very near her and sits.*] Phyllis [*persuasively*], when will you marry me?

PHYLLIS [*in alarm*]: Marry you! Oh — why — let's not talk about that!

ROB: Phyllis! What do you mean?

PHYLLIS [*breathlessly*]: Why — you know — there's something to — to consider first.

ROB [*bewildered*]: Why, what? What is there? Is anybody's consent required? We're orphans, and of age.

PHYLLIS: Yes, but I wonder if — if they — will let us — marry.

ROB [*still puzzled*]: They? Who in thunder are "they"?

PHYLLIS: Why, my friends, you know, to whom I must submit the matter.

ROB [*relieved*]: Oh, your people! Why, of course, they will! I suppose I must ask your uncle, as a matter of form, for your hand, but that'll be all right! Both he and your aunt know that I love you, and they've been very kind to me.

PHYLLIS: Oh, uncle Jerry! Of course, he won't object! And if he did, I could coax him out of it in five minutes. Ah! Ah! [*She holds up a warning hand as he moves impulsively toward her, and slips away to the farther end of the divan. He sits beside her.*] And Auntie would agree with uncle Jerry. She always does.

ROB: Well, then, who else is there whom we must consult?

PHYLLIS [*faintly*]: The — the committee.

ROB: The committee? What committee? Surely, Phyllis, you don't intend — you *can't* intend to refer this matter to — oh, pshaw! Of course, you don't!

PHYLLIS [*more firmly*]: But I do, Rob! I must! Don't you see? We're in no position to judge whether our marriage would be best for us — best for humanity.

ROB: Why aren't we?

PHYLLIS: Because we love each other. [*As he tries to clasp her in his arms she shrinks from him.*] No, no, Rob! You mustn't! Indeed, you mustn't until — until we are certain.

ROB [*gravely*]: Aren't you certain now, Phyllis?

PHYLLIS: That I care, yes — but not that I dare marry you. Our judgment is so warped now by our love for each other that it's impossible for us to be entirely rational. [*She rises, speaking impressively.*] But so much depends upon the wise solution of this problem, not only for us but for society, that we must invoke the aid of earnest, serious minds, and rely absolutely upon their conclusions.

ROB [*quietly, rising also*]: Far be it from me to question the wisdom of the East, but it will be some years, I fancy, before that eminently Oriental idea takes root and flourishes in the Occidental mind. Why, Phyllis, that's the philosophy of India, where happy marriages, as we understand them, are absolutely unknown.

PHYLLIS [*reverently*]: Mrs. Treavor says that no one can estimate the psychic influence of the home. Its potentiality is limitless; its consequences so far-reaching as to be incalculable; and if the elements combining in its atmosphere are not well balanced, only evil can result.

ROB: But, Phyllis, dear——

PHYLLIS: She says, too, that only by awakening the cosmic consciousness in man, and a sense of his personal relation to all mental causation, can we hope to establish ideal conditions and become quite free. And so we must enter reverently into the realm of cause and abide by its laws, Rob.

ROB [*pacing to and fro*]: How are you going to ascertain all this, Phyllis?

PHYLLIS [*somewhat reluctantly*]: Well, I suppose one never can be absolutely certain, but [*resuming her seat upon the divan*] we must do all we can to find out, mustn't we, Rob?

ROB: Oh, I suppose we must! But——

PHYLLIS: Just a moment, please. We'll name a committee—two of my friends and two of yours—and they will select a fifth person [*Rob dubiously shakes his head*] and then we shall let them decide for us whether or not we are really suited to each other and may marry with reasonable safety.

ROB [*sitting beside her and taking her hand*]: See here, Phyllis, listen to me. You're talking nonsense, dear. No one could decide that as well as we can. [*She vainly tries to withdraw her hand. He continues earnestly.*] You know me well. I have loved you for years, and I have kept nothing back from you that could influence your love for me. You don't doubt that I love you, do you? Do you, Phyllis?

PHYLLIS: No.

ROB: Nor my ability to care for you?

PHYLLIS: Oh, no!

ROB: Then why tantalize me? Say that you'll marry me—soon!

PHYLLIS [*rising, almost crying, and pulling her hand away*]: I can't, Rob! I can't! It wouldn't be right!

ROB [*very gravely*]: You insist upon appointing this absurd committee? Upon laying bare the sweetest, most sacred feeling in our lives, and inviting those people to dissect it, examine it, and pronounce upon its quality?

PHYLLIS [*obstinately*]: I do!

ROB [*rising*]: Evidently I have labored under a grave misapprehension. I gathered the impression, somehow, that you cared for me—that you might even love me.

PHYLLIS [*piteously*]: Oh, I do! I do!

ROB: Then why in the name of all that's reasonable——

PHYLLIS: Mrs. Treavor says——

ROB: Hang Mrs. Treavor!

PHYLLIS [*rising*]: Robert!

ROB [*bowing stiffly*]: I beg your pardon.

PHYLLIS [*with dignity*]: Mrs. Treavor says that our hearts are dangerously deceptive, and that it's only after we have suffered and suffered that we dare trust to their impulses.

ROB: And so you are making me "suffer and suffer" that you may be certain of me. Is that it?

PHYLLIS [*simply*]: No, dear. But I know so little of sorrow—my life has been so smooth and so happy—and we have been so—so happy—together—that I can't trust myself. And I must know that I'm doing you no wrong before I promise to marry you.

ROB [*stepping quickly to her side and taking her hands*]: Dear little woman, how could you do me a wrong?

PHYLLIS [*gently*]: You don't seem to understand, Rob, that there are very grave ethical responsibilities to consider. And then, we've said nothing yet of the effect of the sub-conscious mind which when it is untrained, as [*hesitatingly*]—as yours is, dear,—may exert a very baleful influence. Some one has said that there are a great many very excellent people who are not at all excellent for each other, and we may be among them.

ROB [*positively*]: Well, we're not! However, I suppose I must submit, though I think it's arrant nonsense—and worse. It's sacrilegious!

PHYLLIS: Oh, Rob!

ROB: But we'll be even that, if it pleaseth my lady. Come, we'll sit here and select our committee [*she permits herself to be led to the divan, where they sit*]—and—oh, I say! You must let me keep possession of that hand, you know, as a sort of—er—retaining fee, to quiet my scruples about this jury business. So! Now, you begin.

PHYLLIS: I'll name one, and then you name one.

ROB [*kissing her hand*]: All right. Fire away!

PHYLLIS: Mrs. Treavor.

ROB [*protestingly*]: Now, see here, Phyllis, that's hardly fair! Mrs. Treavor belongs to the ultra-anti-masculine wing of the woman movement, and opposes marriage on principle. She is, no doubt, an excellent woman, but——

PHYLLIS [*fervently*]: She's a noble woman, Rob, with such profound soul-depth!

ROB: H'm! Well—I'm not so sure about the soul-depth, girlie. She doesn't seem to have soul-depth enough to appreciate her husband, who is one of the finest, cleanest, most all-round good fellows I've ever known—and I know him well. She doesn't seem to have soul-depth enough to realize that that puny, spindle-legged boy of hers needs more of her attention than her clubs and classes. She doesn't seem to feel [*Rob warms as he proceeds and Phyllis withdraws her hand*] that her husband and son are freezing to death in the extremely rarified atmosphere of the home that she ought to make warm and cheery and wholesome, while she floats about in a transcendental haze, lecturing to a lot of sentimental women [*Phyllis indignantly rises and crosses to the other side of the room*] about how to satisfy the "soul hunger" of humanity—humanity with a capital H!

PHYLLIS [*coldly*]: I knew that you couldn't be just to Mrs. Treavor, Rob, but I didn't expect you to be brutal. She is my dearest friend; the woman upon whose judgment I most rely.

ROB [*springing up and excitedly pacing to and fro*]: Yes, and she's the woman who's responsible for all this foolishness! She fancies herself misunderstood and unappreciated, and prates about her wasted life! She inveighs against men and against marriage, and teaches good, sweet, sensible girls like you to believe that you can't trust to the promptings of your own pure hearts——

PHYLLIS: But, Rob, list——

ROB:—and that there's something in her hazy, remote, bloodless philosophy that will atone to you for the sacrifice of your sacred human yearning for love and all that it brings to a woman! I know her kind, confound 'em, and they're all dangerous!

PHYLLIS [*with freezing dignity*]: You forget yourself, Robert! We are not discussing Mrs. Treavor. She is my choice for one member of our committee. [*She crosses the room with stately tread.*]

ROB [*pausing in his walk for a moment*]: You will not withdraw her name, Phyllis?

PHYLLIS [*coldly*]: Certainly not.

[*She returns to the seat she first occupied, near the lamp, and makes a pretense of continuing her embroidery, but her glance furtively follows him. He resumes his impatient walk. Of a sudden he pauses behind her chair, his eyes widen and brighten with an illuminating thought; he puckers up his lips as if to whistle, throws back his head in a silent laugh, and then, again reducing his features to gravity, crosses slowly to the divan and throws himself once more among its pillows.*]

ROB [*deliberately*]: Very well, I accept Mrs. Treavor—though I don't like her—[*Phyllis prepares to be affable again*] and I'll name—er—let me see—Duncan Graham!

PHYLLIS [*in consternation*]: Rob!

ROB [*in a tone of mild surprise*]: Well?

PHYLLIS [*indignantly*]: That crusty old bachelor?

ROB [*judicially*]: Why not? Man of excellent judgment, Graham. Scotch, you know. So cool and hard-headed.

PHYLLIS: Pig-headed, you mean!

ROB: And eminently modern, I should say.

PHYLLIS [*with heat*]: Yes, too modern! He seems to regard married men as victims of untoward circumstance, and he *congratulates* engaged girls! Horrid old thing.

ROB [*with quiet dignity*]: Phyllis, you are speaking of a man for whom I have the greatest admiration.

PHYLLIS [*very erect, two bright spots of color burning in her cheeks*]: I don't care! He *is* horrid! Why, Rob, he'll make no end of a fuss!

ROB: A fuss?

PHYLLIS: Yes; he'll be sure to raise a lot of objections. He thought Will Forbes was so foolish to marry Mollie Turner, and she's such a sweet, dear girl, too!

ROB [*with amusement*]: Yes, I know. He even tried to argue Forbes out of the notion, and when he failed he said that the worst of congenital idiocy was its hopelessness.

PHYLLIS [*indignantly*]: I don't see anything funny about that! I suppose he'll go about saying that you are a congenital idiot, too! He told me at the Terry's dinner the other night that he thought you had a great future before you, if [*with withering scorn*] you didn't marry too soon. And then he quoted that silly old saw: "A young

man married is a man that's marred." Spiteful old thing!

ROB [*to himself*]: The deuce he did! Bull's-eye, by Jove! [*To her, carelessly*]: Yes, I know that to be his opinion. That's the reason I chose him. You know, Graham sees so clearly all the obstacles that matrimony puts in a man's way — the added responsibility [*counting them off deliberately on his fingers*], the loss of personal liberty, the petty social duties, the possible — er — nagging, the narrowed horizon, the contracted environment, the curtailed opportunities, the ——

PHYLLIS [*hysterically, rising*]: You needn't go on, Mr. Chalmers! I've heard quite enough! I wouldn't for anything in the world, entail such sacrifice upon you!

ROB [*mildly*]: My dear little girl, how excitable you are!

PHYLLIS [*sits suddenly, tapping on the table with her finger tips*]: I am not your dear little girl! And I'm not in the least excited!

ROB: But, Phyllis, be calm a moment and listen to reason.

PHYLLIS [*again springing to her feet*]: Reason! Reason! That's like a man! You all care so much more for what you call "reason," and for practical, sordid considerations, than you do for our happiness! [*Turns her back upon him.*]

ROB [*suppressing a smile*]: But I understood that this committee was to be formed for eminently practical purposes, to suggest and consider the objections to our marriage that we couldn't be expected, under the circumstances, to discover.

PHYLLIS [*over her shoulder*]: You seem to have no difficulty in discovering them!

ROB: But Graham could think of so many more! You see, he's not hampered by his love for you! [*Phyllis sniffs disdainfully. Rob lazily leans back among the cushions.*] Now, that's settled. Who's your next candidate?

PHYLLIS [*turning upon him suddenly*]: Do I understand that you will not withdraw Duncan Graham's name?

ROB: Certainly I'll not. Why should I?

PHYLLIS: You want that crabbed, dyspeptic, pessimistic, stubborn, detestable old Scotchman making his cynical comments on — on our love for each other?

ROB [*slowly rising and moving toward her, speaking solemnly and impressively*]: But you remember that Mrs. Treavor says that love between a man and a woman is, of itself, an insurmountable subjective obstacle, evanescent in its very nature, and paralyzing to the conservation of soul energy; and that only when these subjective distortions are cast aside, and the higher potentialities of the spirit are educed, can the submerged mentality become transcendentally greater in scientific idealism, and the ego, vibrating to a dominant note in the thought-atmosphere, become a finited spirit, potentially whole. [*To himself, ruefully*]: I'm afraid I got that mixed!

PHYLLIS [*who has been staring at him in amazement and consternation, runs past him and throws herself, weeping, upon the divan, crying*]: Oh, Rob! Rob! *Rob!*

[*Impulsively, he starts to comfort her, but checks himself, shakes his head, thrusts his hands resolutely into his trousers pockets, and stands looking down at her.*]

ROB [*very tenderly*]: Phyllis, shall we give up this idea? Shall we put our faith in our love for each other, and [*smiling slightly*] — chance it?

PHYLLIS [*rising, wrathful, tearful, defiant*]: No! No! No! We *can't* give it up! But you must withdraw Duncan Graham. I will not have him on that committee! You understand, Rob?

ROB [*thoughtfully, to himself*]: Now for one big, brutal bluff! [*He turns toward her, speaking sternly.*] Phyllis, listen to me. I have yielded thus far to your folly because I hoped you'd see the absurdity of your position. [*She makes an imperious gesture, which he ignores.*] Your conduct shows me that my hope is vain. Now, we'll decide this question at once, if you please. You know that I love you. You know what my circumstances are, financially and socially, and what your position as my wife would be. You say that you love me. If you love me, you'll marry me. [*He takes out his watch.*] I will give you five minutes in which to decide whether or not you'll marry me within three months. If, at the end of five minutes, you have not decided, I shall go away — and I shall not return. [*Phyllis is defiant.*] . . . One minute. [*Phyllis taps her foot and clasps and unclasps her hands.*] . . . Two minutes. [*Phyllis fumbles for her handkerchief.*] . . . Three minutes. [*Phyllis furtively wipes her eyes.*] . . . Four minutes. [*Phyllis drops among the pillows and weeps.*] . . .

Five minutes! [*He closes the watch with a snap and returns it to his pocket.*] Phyllis [*tenderly*], will you marry me? [*Phyllis sobs. After a slight pause Rob walks rapidly to the door where he turns and looks back at her.*] Phyllis? . . . Good-night.

[*Exit Rob.*]

[*As soon as the curtain falls behind him, Phyllis sits up, listens to his departing steps, and springs to her feet.*

PHYLLIS [*calling*]: Rob! Rob! Oh, Rob! [*As he appears in the doorway she withdraws a few steps.*]

ROB [*politely*]: You called? [*She nods and sobs.*] You wished to say ——?

PHYLLIS [*faintly, struggling with her sobs*]: I'll — I'll withdraw — Mrs. Treavor's — name — from that — that committee, — if — you'll withdraw ——

ROB: Well?

PHYLLIS: If you'll withdraw — Duncan Graham's.

ROB [*entering*]: Oh, well, that's fair. Of course, I will. But *really* [*slowly drawing nearer to her*], I don't see the need of any other committee, if — if — if *we* ——

PHYLLIS [*beaming, expectant, joyous*]: Why neither do I, you old goose! [*She stretches out her hands to him, and as he moves toward her with extended arms* ——]

[QUICK CURTAIN]

THE MATE FROM MAINE

BY

COLIN McKAY

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

AS the captain, a moody, ill-natured man, paced impatiently about the poop, a slim, smooth-faced young fellow came up the gangplank.

"Captain Barker?" he queried, approaching the old man. Captain Barker wanted to know who in the infernal regions he might be if he wasn't himself.

"Well, I hope you're not your usual self to-day, sir," responded the young man, smiling sarcastically. "I'm your new mate."

The skipper stared. The boyish features and milk-and-water complexion, the slim white hands, the shining broadcloth, boiled linen, and hard hat — everything about the young man denoted the city dude. The skipper stared.

"Humph," said the skipper at length. "So you're the mate the agents engaged for me. There's some queer mates out of Philadelphia, I know, but you take the palm. If you don't look like a counter-jumper, I don't know what does. What have you been sailing in — bumboats, cat boats, yachts, or hospitals?"

"The agents bade me tell you to report at their office at once," quoth the lad nonchalantly.

The old man, grunting disgustedly, went off about his business, and the lad, left alone, proceeded to take a leisurely survey of his charge.

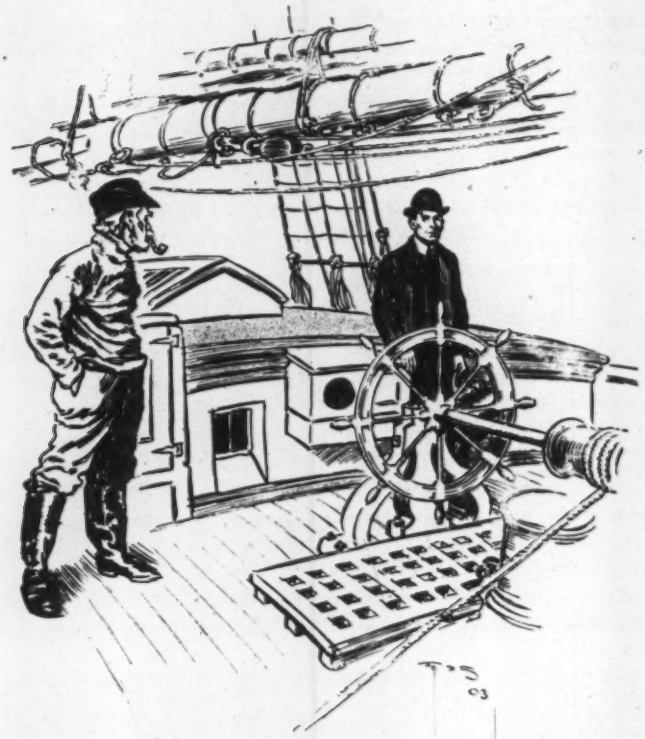
The "Eliza Mae," a three-masted schooner of 250 tons register, was old, and long service in the wearing, tearing coasting trade made her look older than she was. Now, having just taken in her cargo of coal, she was dirty and disreputable.

When the dandy mate had finished his inspection, a truckman appeared with his dunnage, and he went below to get into sea togs.

"Well," said Whalen of Ship Harbor, "that chap don't look long for this world. S'pose he'll live to reach Halifax?"

The rest of us made no comment. Our new mate did not impress us very much.

In an hour or so the old man returned with his papers and a pilot, and we got under way. The new mate took hold of things a little unhandily perhaps, but with the unmistakable grip of the man who is sure of himself and his work. For a coasting mate



"WANTED TO KNOW WHO IN . . . HE MIGHT BE IF HE WASN'T HIMSELF"

he carried considerable style. As an officer he was masterful, commanding prompt and ungrudging obedience; as a man — well, he appeared to submerge his personality in his position, and we neither liked nor disliked him. Indeed, we were so indifferent that we never took the trouble to find out his name. The captain called him "Sonny"; and to us he was simply "mate."

After a nice run down the river and across the bay we breasted Cape May, but here a smoking easterly caught us in its teeth, and drove us to anchor behind Delaware Breakwater. Up to this time the old man had been too exalted to bother the mate or us, but now he fell on drinkless days and began to vent his resultant ill-humor upon everybody and everything. On the mate, however, his cursing and nagging seemed to make no impression, and of course his failure only fanned his wrath to flame. And then, as a last resource, he would turn his attention to us — the hands — and raise hail columbia generally.

At length one morning we got under way, and, being an unhappy, undisciplined crowd, we weren't over-smart about it. The captain blustered and swore, and because we could not do the work of thirty men he averred that we were the worst lot of scalawags that ever cumbered a vessel's deck. Also he allowed the mate didn't know enough to hang himself, and, to prove it, came forward while we were getting the anchors on the bows and started to interfere and find fault with the work. Now, in invading a province so peculiarly the mate's, the old man was overstepping all bounds. No self-respecting mate could tolerate it.

"Captain Barker, go aft and mind your business," said the mate quietly.

Captain Barker was dumfounded, but not for long. "None of your impudence, young man," he roared. "I'm master here and I'll do what I please. If I didn't superintend everything, I don't know what would become of the ship."

"Attend to your end of the ship; I'll look after mine," said the lad, still quietly. "I'm tired of being treated like a loblolly boy. If you weren't half crazy for the want of drink, you'd know your place."

The captain came out of his coat and threw it on the deck. "I've a good mind to lick the daylights out of you, you long-legged, dough-faced galoot," he shrieked. With

his great bulk shaking with passion and his huge fists sawing the air, he looked formidable enough, and the youngster, who did not look long for this world, appeared uneasy; and no blame to him. "But I won't," went on the old man; "I won't fight no featherweight looking as if he were just out of the hospital. I'll put Whalen in your berth, and send you forward — that's what I'll do. If it hadn't been for those fool agents, I wouldn't have taken you — no, not for ballast. But they can't dictate to me now. So forward you go."

"Very good, sir," answered the youngster, as calm as the clock.

The old man seemed surprised at the ready acquiescence of the lad, and cooled down immediately. Then he ordered Whalen to assume the duties of mate and went aft.

A sou'west breeze was blowing briskly, but a heavy swell still rolled in from the east, and the old hooker met it, and, frantically pitching, crashed a white way out to the open sea. In ten minutes Sonny — the disgraced mate — was leaning over the rail, retching out his soul. The skipper jeered, Whalen laughed, and we grinned; but not for long. The erratic, uncertain motions of the ship, the raw, dank smell of the ground-swell, produced a sinking sensation in my diaphragm. The old man went below and some of my shipmates began to look rather blue.

Whalen, the mate, feeling a twinge of conscience, or a qualm of sickness, bade the youngster not unkindly to go below and turn in for a while. Sonny rose up, wiped his blue lips, and smiled a yellow, sickly smile. "Thank you, mate," he said. "I prefer to stop on deck. I'll be all right presently. Seasickness cleans out my system, and I feel like a new man afterwards."

"Poor devil!" said Sydney. "He oughtn't to be here. He's been a good sailorman

"SONNY . . . WAS SITTING ASTRIDE THE MAIN-GAFF"

once, but he's been broke up and had to live ashore for some time. His spirit is broken too."

Steadily the gale gathered strength. By dawn next day the old "Eliza" was running under single-reefed foresail. By noon she was having all she could do to keep clear of the following sea.

The old man, sober and sick, stood in the scuttle, watching the high, green-hooded seas sweeping out of the gray waste astern and bellowing by. "She's slow and sluggish — the old 'Eliza,'" he said. "She'd be better off with her head under her wing."

"Aye," said Whalen, "she'd be safer. I wouldn't risk runnin' her much longer. It's going to blow like all git-out soon."

So presently we hove her to under close-reefed foresail and locked the helm a-lee. Thus she lay fairly comfortable.

As the afternoon advanced, however, the weather worsened; the wind blew more furiously, the sea raged more wrathfully. The old hooker rose less readily to meet the swift assault of the seas, and fell more heavily into the yearning troughs. The white crests of the waves, torn off by the wind, swept the decks in broad sheets of spray, stinging, blinding, soaking us; and now and then fresh bodies of broken water broke over the bows and swirled aft in a seething flood.

At eight bells — 4 P.M. — we manned the pumps, but a half-hour passed and we had not sucked her. Whalen, in alarm, sounded the pump well and found three feet of water in her hold.

A moment we looked at one another blankly; then, recovering our self-possession, started the pumps, and, ashamed of our weakness, jested over our plight.

"OLD COOK"

"If this gale don't go down mighty sudden, this old tub will, sure," said Whalen solemnly. "Time ye were saying your prayers, Sonny."

Sonny only smiled, and worked harder. He was wet to the skin, and must have been weary, but he looked better than when he came aboard. A ruddy color had crept into his cheeks and his eyes were dancing.

When we stopped for a spell, Whalen reported two feet in the well; and by supper time we had her pretty free. Night came — a ghostly, transparent night. A large oval moon peered pallidly through skurrying, gauze-like clouds, its silver light irradiating the rage of the sea. Overhead the tall spars threshed dizzily to and fro; and, beneath, the black hull, shuddering and straining, wallowed through the welter of phosphorescent water like some tortured leviathan. Slowly but surely the gale grew in violence, and the sea, in sullen sympathy, raged beneath it. The old tub put her bows into it more and more, and our position at the pumps became perilous.

At last a tremendous roller broke aboard by the fore-rigging and roared aft in a chaos of black and white, knocking us helter-skelter. When the flood subsided I found myself sitting on the poop, bruised and dazed. Whalen was washing about the waist along with the wreckage of the long boat. Sydney and the seventh son were picking themselves up in impossible places. And Sonny — the youngster — was sitting astride the main-gaff, smiling imperturbably.

"Heigho, mate!" he yelled; "you'll have to watch those fellows if you don't want to drown us." Then, seeing the cook coming out of his gutted galley, "Here, old cook. Come, watch out for us. Let us know when you see a big fellow, so we can get in the rigging."

So, with old cook watching out, we started the pumps again. All hands were wet and weary and cold — for it was mid November — but we only knew that we must keep the pumps going. The captain was below in his bunk, sick and scared.

Old cook in the rigging, being a devout Catholic, began to make crosses at the seas; and while he kept it up we pumped in peace. For three hours, while old cook crossed the seas, never a one boarded us. It was a curious, awe-inspiring thing — this charming of the great, green-hooded,

white-fanged monsters — but just then it made little impression on us, so weary and wretched we were.

About midnight old cook, sick or scared, went below, and then the sea, as if shaking off some spell, raged yet more furiously. Out of the white waste to windward rolled a great wave, its forefront fringed with phosphorescent fire.

"Get to the rigging — jump for your lives!" roared Whalen and Sonny in a breath.

And we obeyed promptly — all except the seventh son, a stupid fellow and slow. Then that mountainous mass of water rolled over the bows and broke in a thunder of foam. The invisible ship shuddered at the shock and seemed to be sinking under us. All beneath us the sea was mother white, sparkling in the moonlight. As we looked down we saw the head of the seventh son rising above the foam, like a man who had been caught in an avalanche of snow and ice.

"Come in the rigging, you fool," shouted Sonny.

And the seventh son of the seventh son, standing there on the deck with the water up to his neck, what do you think he said?

"Guess I'll wait till it comes up to my chin," he shouted back, being as stupid as sin.

The naïve, matter-of-fact tone was ludicrous — at least it struck us that way — and we burst into a hoarse, dry laugh. It was funny under the circumstances — the saying of the seventh son.

Presently the schooner freed herself, but it soon became evident that the shock had strained her cruelly. The water began to gain on us. Now and then the pumps choked with coal, and while we were clearing them the water gained with ominous rapidity.

The old man and the cook were called, but neither would give us a hand.

"The old man is half-scared to death," said Whalen, after the third attempt to get him on deck. "Maybe drink, or the lack of it, has unstrung his nerves. Anyway, he's in a blue funk. When I told him we were sinking he just glared and muttered like a lunatic. And old cook is worse than him. He's laying in his bunk, saying his beads to beat the band."

The old "Eliza" began to behave abominably. Mostly she put her nose into the seas sheer to the foremast, and now and then she fell into the trough with a sickening, ominous thud. The water came aboard faster than she could throw it off, and her decks kept flooded from rail to rail. We got axes and handspikes and proceeded to knock out the bulwarks. In this work we were ably assisted by the sea, and it was soon accomplished.

"THE CAPTAIN WAS BELOW IN HIS BUNK, SICK AND SCARED"

The ship lightened a little as the great breaches in her bulwarks allowed the sea to have a clean sweep of her. But not for long. She was straining badly and the leak was getting worse. She settled again as the water in the well slowly gained on us. Still we pumped on, steadily, doggedly, keeping a wary watch for big seas. A cold, clammy hand was on our hearts, but we had found our second wind. Sonny, his face set like flint, his white hands raw and bleeding, toiled with us stoically.

As the ship settled the seas drove us more frequently from the pumps, and presently the time came when to man the brakes was tempting destruction.

"It's no use," said Whalen, abandoning the pumps. "We can't keep her afloat this way. If we can't do something else for her, she's bound to go down."

The old tub had eight feet of water in her hold and every sea was making a clean breach of her. Her frantic pitchings, her slow, sluggish ascents and heavy crashing descents told us she could not live long. At every plunge we held our breath, fearing it would be her last.

"What can we do, boys? I'm at my wit's end." Whalen was a brave man and a

good seaman, but he was a poor commander in a great emergency. We looked at one another blankly; we looked at our struggling ship and the raging sea in dull despair. Then, while the dawn, high and windy, was breaking, a strong voice, vibrating with a viking ring, rose above the roar of the gale. "We've got to run her. It's all we can do."

Sonny, the ex-mate, was speaking, and the words came from him like a command. Wondering vaguely, we turned to look at him. Eyes flashing, nostrils dilating, lips quivering, he stood swaying easily to the motions of the ship; calmly smiling when a spray struck him in the face, and licking with a fierce relish the sweet salt from his lips.

"It's taking desperate chances, I know," he went on; "maybe she'll be sunk before we get her away; but it's our only hope. She's started her bow timbers, and p'r'aps she won't leak so bad running before it. That was the way with the 'William Hastings' of Portland. I took her into St. Thomas with fifteen feet of water in the hold."

"What! Were you in the 'Hastings' that time the old man and mate gave up?" demanded Whalen.

"Yes, I was second mate of her."

"Then you're Sunderland — son to Bully Sunderland. I thought you were a bigger man."

"Oh, I got broke up a while back and have been in a hospital three months. But are you going to run her? If you don't do something mighty sudden, I will."

"Go ahead then. If you're Sunderland, you know what to do better than me."

"Get into the rigging, all of you," commanded Sunderland. "And you, Whalen, when she falls off, slip forward and slack off the foresheet."

Sunderland went aft, hove the wheel hard up, and fastened it so with a becket. Then he went down the cabin companionway, closing the scuttle after him.

Slowly the schooner fell off, and we held our breath. As she came broadside to the sea, three great geysers, one after another, rolled, slap, bang, smash right over her, burying every part of her hull. She shuddered as if from a death-blow, and, thinking her decks had been stove, we waited grimly for the end.

But suddenly she emerged, yawed to windward about two points, faltered uncertainly, then swung on the slope of the sea right off before the wind. Sunderland jumped on deck, took the wheel, checked her, and held her before it. Whalen ran forward and gave her sheet. The old "Eliza" gathered way and sped like a frightened thing before the gale.

"Now, lads," shouted Sunderland, from his post at the wheel, "rig life-lines around the pumps and start the music again. If we can only lighten her up a bit, she'll run like a duck. Keep up your spirits, boys, and we'll make port yet."

The youngster communicated some of his own cheerful courage and confidence to us, and tired, wretched, and hungry as we were, we went to work again with renewed strength and hope.

On sped the ship while the great seas ravened around and over her. Huge-headed monsters came aboard by the mizzen-rigging, swept boiling and frothing obliquely across the deck, and tumbled overboard again by the fore-rigging. Mostly they rolled right over us, for now we were wasting no time dodging seas. We trusted to the life-lines.

Sunderland got many a sea in his back, but he held her before it cheerfully. At times we heard his powerful voice ringing down the wind in snatches of song:

"No topsails are splitting, no sheets giving way,
No long nights of pumping, awaiting for day,
But safe in my love's arms, I'll roll to and fro
As I hearken to the tempest —"

and a sea, crashing about our ears, would drown the rest.

"Sunderland is as happy as a boy," said Whalen. "He'll pull us through if any man can. To think I thought to frighten him yesterday."

"The old man would feel small if he came on deck now — the cowardly cur," said Sydney. "Guess it doesn't take much to make a Sunderland happy," he added grimly. "If you ask me, I feel more like praying than singing."

All the same Sunderland's singing encouraged us greatly, and when at last Whalen reported that we were gaining on the leak, we felt like singing too — only we hadn't sufficient breath. When we had lowered the water in the hold to six feet, we remembered we were hungry and I went in quest of food. I hauled old cook

"THE SLIM YOUNGSTER, TIRELESS AND CALM, WHIRLING HER WHEEL"

out of his bunk, but he promptly crawled back, moaning and whining, as though sheer out of his wits. Then I went to the galley, but it was gutted completely — cleaned out, cleaner than old cook had ever kept it.

In the cabin pantry, however, I found two loaves of bread and two tins of corned beef, and we had a fine feast.

Sunderland, giving Whalen the wheel, went below, belaying-pin in hand, to persuade the captain and cook. He brought them up, but he couldn't make men of them. It was so evident that they wouldn't be of use to us, and their abject terror was such a pitiable thing to witness, that he immediately ordered them below again.

All the morning we toiled on, gradually gaining on the leak. Once Sunderland, who was at the wheel, cried out sharply: "Get to the rigging — for your lives!"

All of us, except the seventh son, promptly jumped. And just as we reached the foot-ropes, a high-walled swell toppled over the stern, rolled right over Sunderland, broke at the mizzenmast, buried the seventh son, and went out over the bows. Sunderland emerged from it smiling, and later the seventh son arose, looking rather surprised and dazed. The pump brake, to which he clung, was bent at right angles, and the brake was an iron bar over three inches in circumference.

"It struck me in the chest," explained the seventh son, "and lifted me straight out. It couldn't break my grip, I knew; but I thought it would stave my chest."

He had the greatest grip ever I saw had the seventh son of the seventh son.

Almost immediately the gale abated appreciably, and, though the tops of the seas continued to shine diagonally over us, no more big fellows troubled us. We steadily lowered the water till, by noon, there was hardly two feet in her hold.

The ship being now buoyant enough to get out of the way of the seas, occasionally we took a spell and made a search for food. And a fruitless search it proved. The

store-room in the fore deck-house was washed clean. A barrel of flour, a tin of coffee, and some sea-soaked biscuit were found in the cabin pantry — that was all.

"Man the pumps again," said Sunderland when we reported the situation to him. "You can eat when we get to port. I've been five days without food before now, but I don't calculate to go hungry long this trip. If I'm any judge we'll pass Cape Sable some time this evening and we ought to be in Halifax this time to-morrow. This wind is going to haul more to the westward, and after we get by the Cape we'll strike smoother water. There'll be no rest, no sleep, till we get in for any of us."

So, while Sunderland kept the wheel, we toiled at the pumps. The tiresome toil, the lack of sleep, the wet and cold, began to tell on our strength. Our bodies were bruised and sore, where we had been battered about by the sea; our muscles ached; our eyes were bloodshot and burned by the salt spray; and to our blistered touch the pump brakes were like red-hot iron.

Night came, luminous and clear, but still the gale gave no sign of blowing itself out. The moon looked down, cold and careless. The ship flew through the welter of whipped cream, with the slim youngster, tireless and calm, whirling her wheel, and four men, weary and cold and sleepy, toiling like automatons to keep her afloat.

Sunderland maintained his will indomitable, singing to keep himself and cursing to keep us awake. If he had nodded, the ship would have broached to and probably ended her career; if he had allowed us to stop working for a moment, we would have stopped where we stood and slept till the vessel sank beneath us.

At last day came again, and, though the wind still blew mightily, the sea had become considerably smoother. But we scarcely cared; our strokes were so weak and slow that we hardly held our own against the leak, and we realized bitterly that we could not keep her afloat much longer unless we got something to renew our strength.

"We must have something to eat or we can't hold out, boys," shouted Sunderland; and as he spoke we were suddenly aware again that we were famishing. "Come here, Whalen, and take the wheel. I'll try and get something for you."

Sunderland went below, started a fire in the cabin stove, and in half an hour took the wheel again and sent us below. There were pancakes and coffee for us. The pancakes stunk abominably — he had fried them in grease the cook had been saving to slush the masts with — but, washed down with draughts of hot coffee, they tasted delicious. We were pretty ravenous.

When we started the pumps again, we managed to gain on the leak a little. All the morning we toiled. Sunderland wanted to turn out the captain and cook and make them help, or slaughter them, but we said we would sooner drown than have their help. So he let the shameless rascals be.

At noon we made Sambro, as Sunderland said we should, and two hours thereafter we came to anchor in the harbor of Halifax. Then Sunderland looked at us and we looked at him, as men who meet after many and perilous days. The beardless boyish face looked old — old and drawn with stern lines; the cheeks were sunken and white — white as death; great rings were under the eyes; but the eyes themselves were steady and bright as ever.

"That'll do, men," he said, in quiet commanding tones. "Turn in and take a sleep. I'm going ashore as soon as I can signal a tug, and I'll send off men to pump her out and bring you some food."

Mechanically we went forward, stepped into our gutted fo'castle, and looked without understanding upon the havoc there.

"Well," said Whalen, and his voice was no bigger than a tired babe's, "I thought he wouldn't live the trip out."

"And the old man — blast his cowardly heart! — called him a counter jumper; a good-for-nothing galoot," said Sydney.

"He ordered us to take a snooze," said the seventh son, very sensibly.

And thereupon we lay down in our wet clothes on the wet floor, and, while the wind whistled in the rigging and the water slowly trickled into the hold, we dropped into deep and dreamless sleep. Little we recked that there were seven feet of water in her hold. Sunderland was in charge.

When we woke up the captain and cook had gone ashore, but there were men at the pumps and food was prepared for us in abundance, and dry clothes too. Sunderland had arranged for our comfort against our waking up, but Sunderland himself, the intrepid and indomitable spirit who had triumphed over the rage of the sea and the weakness of the flesh, we never saw again.